

EDWARD S. PARSONS: CHARRETTE! THE LIFE OF AN ARCHITECT

Interviewee: Edward S. Parsons

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Description

Edward Shier Parsons was born in Tonopah, Nevada, in 1907. He attended schools in Salt Lake City and Reno. Interested in an architectural career from a very early age, Parsons studied his profession at the University of Southern California and graduated in architecture from the University of Pennsylvania. He returned to Nevada to establish his practice and to engage in a wide variety of activities related to his profession. A brief stint in the army provided the only interruption in his productive career.

Mr. Parsons's career exemplifies integrity and caring. His integrity is reflected in his numerous projects, from the many graceful homes he designed to the innovative Incline High School and the functional yet pleasing buildings at the University of Nevada, Reno: Fleischmann Agriculture and Home Economics, the Orvis School of Nursing, and the first three phases of the Medical School complex. He discusses these projects in great detail.

He also describes serving his community and the state of Nevada as a citizen member of numerous boards and committees. Parsons has been the leader in Nevada in historic preservation restoring numerous buildings and in his service to the National Trust for Historic Preservation. He also served as state preservation coordinator for Nevada for the American Institute of Architects, and as an active member of the Comstock Historic District Commission, the Nevada Historic Preservation Review Committee, and Washoe Landmark Preservation, Inc. He has been professionally involved in the restoration of the State Capitol Building, Morrill Hall on the UNR campus, Bowers Mansion, Lake Mansion, the Berlin Mill, the Virginia City, Belmont and Genoa courthouses, Fort Churchill and other projects.

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An Oral History Conducted by Mary Ellen Glass

University of Nevada Oral History Program

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PREFACE TO THE DIGITAL EDITION

Established in 1964, the University of Nevada Oral History Program (UNOHP) explores the remembered past through rigorous oral history interviewing, creating a record for present and future researchers. The program's collection of primary source oral histories is an important body of information about significant events, people, places, and activities in twentieth and twenty-first century Nevada and the West.

The UNOHP wishes to make the information in its oral histories accessible to a broad range of patrons. To achieve this goal, its transcripts must speak with an intelligible voice. However, no type font contains symbols for physical gestures and vocal modulations which are integral parts of verbal communication. When human speech is represented in print, stripped of these signals, the result can be a morass of seemingly tangled syntax and incomplete sentences—totally verbatim transcripts sometimes verge on incoherence. Therefore, this transcript has been lightly edited.

While taking great pains not to alter meaning in any way, the editor may have removed false starts, redundancies, and the “uhs,” “ahs,” and other noises with which speech is often liberally sprinkled; compressed some passages which, in unaltered form, misrepresent the chronicler's meaning; and relocated some material to place information in its intended context. Laughter is represented with [laughter] at the end of a sentence in which it occurs, and ellipses are used to indicate that a statement has been interrupted or is incomplete...or that there is a pause for dramatic effect.

As with all of our oral histories, while we can vouch for the authenticity of the interviews in the UNOHP collection, we advise readers to keep in mind that these are remembered pasts, and we do not claim that the recollections are entirely free of error. We can state, however, that the transcripts accurately reflect the oral history recordings on which they were based. Accordingly, each transcript should be approached with the

same prudence that the intelligent reader exercises when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries, and other sources of historical information. All statements made here constitute the remembrance or opinions of the individuals who were interviewed, and not the opinions of the UNOHP.

In order to standardize the design of all UNOHP transcripts for the online database, most have been reformatted, a process that was completed in 2012. This document may therefore differ in appearance and pagination from earlier printed versions. Rather than compile entirely new indexes for each volume, the UNOHP has made each transcript fully searchable electronically. If a previous version of this volume existed, its original index has been appended to this document for reference only. A link to the entire catalog can be found online at <http://oralhistory.unr.edu/>.

For more information on the UNOHP or any of its publications, please contact the University of Nevada Oral History Program at Mail Stop 0324, University of Nevada, Reno, NV, 89557-0324 or by calling 775/784-6932.

Alicia Barber
Director, UNOHP
July 2012

INTRODUCTION

Edward Shier Parsons is a Nevada native, born in Tonopah in 1907. He attended schools in Salt Lake City and Reno. Interested in an architectural career from a very early age, Parsons studied his profession at the University of Southern California and graduated in architecture from the University of Pennsylvania. The title to his memoir recalls his college days at Philadelphia—a need to have assignments in on time, with students moving their projects on little carts (charrettes). He returned to Nevada to establish his practice and to engage in a wide variety of activities related to his profession. A brief stint in the Army during World War II provided the only interruption to an increasingly important and productive career.

Mr. Parsons is best known in western Nevada as a designer of gracious homes and of various public and educational structures. His contributions to the architecture of the University of Nevada Reno campus, for example, include buildings of the colleges and schools of agriculture, home economics, nursing, and medicine. During his maturing

years, Mr. Parsons developed new interests in historic preservation and restoration, which resulted in numerous interesting projects at Fort Churchill, Bowers Mansion, Fort Genoa, and the state capitol building. Dr. Don D. Fowler's introduction discusses these valuable activities.

When invited to participate in the Oral History Program, Mr. Parsons accepted readily. He was a cooperative and full chronicler of his activities through thirty-nine taping sessions, all in the Oral History office, between July, 1980 and August, 1981. A "job book" helped him to recall various contracts. The job book and a generous additional donation of papers, drawings, and manuscripts are adjuncts to the memoir and have been deposited in the Special Collections Department of the University of Nevada Reno Library. Mr. Parsons's review of his oral history transcript resulted in a few eliminations of repetitive material and some small corrections in fact, but no changes in language.

The Oral History Program of the University of Nevada Reno Library preserves

the past and the present for future research by tape recording the recollections of people who have been important to the development of Nevada and the West. Resulting transcripts and supporting materials are deposited in the Special Collections departments of the University libraries at Reno and Las Vegas. Edward Parsons has generously donated the literary rights in his oral history to the University of Nevada and has designated the volume as open for research.

Mary Ellen Glass
University of Nevada Reno
1983

SPECIAL INTRODUCTION

Edward S. Parsons' career exemplifies all that is best in the profession of architecture: integrity and caring. His integrity is reflected in his numerous projects, from the many graceful homes he designed to the innovative Incline High School and the functional yet most pleasing buildings that serve the University of Nevada, Reno so well—Fleischmann Agriculture and Home Economics, the Orvis School of Nursing, and the first three phases of the Medical School complex. His integrity and his caring are evinced in his long record of service to his community and the State of Nevada as a citizen member of numerous boards and committees. "Pillar of the community" is an overworked phrase, but certainly an appropriate one in Mr. Parsons' case.

His integrity and caring are also evident in his work to preserve the architectural and historical heritage of Nevada. He has been the leader in Nevada in historic preservation in his work on the restoration of historic buildings and in his service to the National Trust for Historic Preservation, as State Preservation Coordinator for Nevada of the American

Institute of Architects, and as an active member of the Comstock Historic District Commission, the Nevada Historic Preservation Review Committee and Washoe Landmark Preservation, Inc. He has been professionally involved in the restoration of the State Capitol Building, Morrill Hall on the UNR campus, Bowers Mansion, Lake Mansion, the Berlin Mill, and the Virginia City, Belmont and Genoa courthouses, among other projects—all landmark buildings in Nevada's history.

Finally, his sense of caring is reflected by the donation of his papers to the UNR Library and the time and effort involved in producing the oral history contained herein. Both are extremely valuable as an historical record of an illustrious architectural career. More importantly, they reflect the integrity and the caring of Edward S. Parsons, F.A.I.A. He has enriched all our lives by his presence in the State.

Don D. Fowler, Mamie Kleberg Professor
of Historic Preservation
University of Nevada Reno, 1983

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

To Helen
To Edward, Jr.
To Alice
To Sharon
To Tim

the components of my family for their tolerant understanding of me.

CHARRETTE! A quaint custom developed at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris, France in the latter half of the Nineteenth Century. An art student working on his competitive painting until the deadline hour rushed his wet creation on the flatbed of a little cart or charrette to prevent the colors from running. Architectural students at the University of Pennsylvania were granted the same privilege of last minute delivery of their class “A” designs by allowing two helpers to frantically carry horizontally their still moist projects mounted on heavy drafting boards from the draftroom, down the monumental stairway to the lock-up room. Of course, there were no little carts, but the charrette became symbolic of the whole mad scene that began with the program assignment five or six weeks prior to the deadline.

So, in my befuddled search for a title to this oral history, it struck me how similar my architectural career has been to my student days of one charrette after another—hurry and finish one project to make the deadline and to get to the next. Voila Charrette!

Edward S. Parsons, FAIA
Architect

FAMILY BACKGROUND, EARLY LIFE AND EDUCATION

I'm trying to recall the early incidents of my grandfather before he was married. I heard that he came over on horseback from the East. I'm not sure where he was born, but I got the impression it was Boston, and emigrated on horseback. He probably stopped in Salt Lake City, or got that far.

Then I don't know anything about how he met my grandmother. I know her name was Rose, and that's where my father got his middle name, Arthur Rose Parsons. But suffice it to say that he became active in the cattle and sheep business and throughout his life he made quite a business of the sheep and cattle business. Newspaper clippings* which I saved gave a pretty good accounting of him, more than I can say. Therefore, I'd like to just say that you'll find the anecdotes there about my grandfather.

I got to know him best, of course, when my father was sick. He contracted silicosis in Tonopah. Then my mother took my brother and me to Monrovia where my father was trying to recuperate. My grandfather was very loyal— I mean there was a good relationship

between father and son because he was there quite a bit of the time when my father was ill. Evidently he had semi-retired. But that was before the War, I do remember that—World War I—that my grandfather was wiped out financially due to World War I, that occurring about 1917 or '18. My father, died in 1914.

So, in that period, I got to know my grandfather. I remember in Monrovia in April, one morning—of course, it was April Fools—my grandfather said to my brother and me, “Hey kids, hurry up and see the fire engine”

“There, where?” Of course, then he pulled the “April Fool” and I thought, “Now [laughing], how could I fool my grandfather?” But there was a good relationship, you see, between my grandfather and me.

From there on, it wasn't long before my father died and we moved to Salt Lake City. Again my grandfather took charge. A house was built or purchased at 454 Douglas

*See Parsons papers, UNR Library

Avenue. I remember my mother was given a car, a 1914 Buick. She was a tiny person and when she came down the street, you could see the top of her head, you see, peering through the wheel, the (laughing, gesturing] steering wheel. Of course, I often marveled about that because there was no power steering in those days and she wheeled that thing around like a Mack truck.

My grandfather was still a semi-wealthy man because he lived on East Temple Street (and that's one of the principal streets where the established people lived), just about opposite from where my mother's house was. We lived at 454 Douglas Avenue which measured, of course, from Temple Street, so my grandfather lived about three blocks away.

During the time after my mother's death, my grandfather and his second wife asked my brother and me to come over to the house, after seeing my brother and me dressed like ragamuffins, which was quite unnatural. I'm skipping around; I'm trying to think of my grandfather's relationship rather than my mother's right now. But we had holes in our socks— stockings, you know, and we'd paint our legs and knees up, and make 'em look black [laughing]. Anyway, the luxury of going into his house, and enjoying his huge shower—I never saw anything so big—and having to take a shower-bath, where before all I'd ever seen was a tub-bath (and I guess those were kinda infrequent [laughing]). So that was a very vivid impression of my grandfather and that relationship.

Another was after he lost his money during the first World War, when I was in college. This would be in the late twenties, early thirties. I would stop and visit in Salt Lake City from Reno, going to Pennsylvania. But this time, he had to sell the house and was living in a small apartment near Temple Square. But he was the same sweet person.

His second wife was irritated at him because he was always giving to the church, and to charity, and she said, "He can't afford that. Why does he insist on giving away his money?" But that's, of course, the way he was, sweet until the time he died. I don't think he ever realized he was poor. He certainly wasn't poor in spirit. And a lot of that rubbed off on me later on, you know. Everybody has their hard knocks, and by golly, no one went through harder knocks than he did, winning and losing two fortunes, you might say.

I remember too, someplace in our lives going to the Keystone Ranch in Colorado. That was a beautiful time. That had to be when I was about eleven years old. My brother and I were both there, and I remember this ranch house was just like any ranch house, full of flies. My God, I never saw so many flies! And over the dining room table where some of the ranch hands ate, hung this coil of flypaper, all black [laughing] with flies! They thought nothing of it, but it impressed me. I was impressed, also, by going horseback riding and being caught in a thunderstorm. There was something about a piece of paper on the road that blew and frightened the horse, I thought I was going off into the dirt because I wasn't an accomplished rider.

I remember an amazing thought (and forgive me if this seems crude), but my first experience of seeing a cow being serviced by a bull. I don't think they even publish that in movies! [Laughing] But I learned something!

It was my grandfather who helped me make up my mind to go to the University of Pennsylvania. When I found after being one year at USC that perhaps Pennsylvania might be better as a college in architecture than that at USC, because the dean of the school had said how hard the boys worked in Pennsylvania, because he was a graduate of that school. Well, I thought if I have to go away to school, I'll go

to the best. Now, how to tell my grandfather that I'd like to make this change: Well, I was surprised when I got a letter back saying he thought it was a good idea, as long as I had to go away to school. There was an estate left by my father's passing which was quite sizable; it was enough to put my brother and me through college and then it petered out after that. So it wasn't a matter so much of expenses as I thought it would be. I had no idea of what the estate was worth. So that impressed me, that a man would think in that broad terms of how and what would be best for me and my brother.

Mary Ellen Glass: He looks so kind of stern in his picture.

Yes, but he wasn't. Oh, he was a very liberal man and very lovable. Yes, I guess he was stern in that he was, I think, a disciplinarian, in that when he (going back to that house on Douglas Avenue) was very upset to see us dressed as we were. I don't think I mentioned that after my mother's death, we had this woman and her husband to take care of us, and it wasn't the same as the immediate family, you see. So I guess it was good enough for certain conditions, but to him it wasn't good enough, and he got us over there and got I us over there and got] us cleaned up. Then sometime after that, a few months later, he got my aunt, Mrs. Lockman, to come over for a few months.

One of the crises I remember—speaking of stern—he was very stern when my mother died. She died for her faith as a Christian Scientist. So on that night, on her deathbed, the practitioner was over, and he took that practitioner apart limb by limb. Whether he swore or not, I don't know. But he certainly was angry and that was the end of my being a Christian Scientist. They would not let us go back to the Christian Science Sunday school. But I was asked to join a church. I could pick

out anything I wanted., So I decided I'd like to join with the Episcopal Church, St. Mark's in Salt Lake City, because they had the best Boy Scout troop in town. I'd learned that Troop 51 was the leader, beating out all the Mormons [laughing]. I remember the Scoutmaster was [E. B.] Heisler, and he was a great Scoutmaster.

Well, after we moved from Salt Lake to Reno, to live with my aunt (this is 1922), the only times I visited my grandfather then was on my trips back and forth to Pennsylvania. I did that out of a sense of loyalty and duty, but it was sort of hard because there was nothing much to talk about. But he was always glad to see us. Then, of course, shortly thereafter he died. I don't know too much about my grandmother Rose, or his second wife, other than what I mentioned.

I remember my aunt who married my uncle Ed Parsons was quite a character. Sadie McChrystal was her name. She could tell stories that were whoppers, and just sort of a fun person. When we would come back from Sunday school, walking from St. Mark's church up to Douglas Avenue (we had streetcar fare, but we didn't want to spend money for the streetcar), we stopped in a little grocery store about Seventh Avenue. And why it was open, I don't know (on a Sunday). We'd spend our money on a punch board [laughing], and there goes our nickel, you see. But then I'd continue and walk on up to my uncle's house and visit with Sadie, so we could read the Sunday papers, the comic strips. And we would spread ourselves out on the floor, my brother and I. We certainly enjoyed that! Here was a nice, big house, an apartment house; I guess my grandfather had subsidized my Uncle Ed. I never knew him to have a real job. But he was a good fellow that way. He taught me how to dance. "Now, you'll have to learn how to dance, and these are the steps." Of course, I was a shy little fellow,

but it was very interesting, because I think I remember them from that experience of visiting with my uncle and Aunt Sadie.

On my father's side I have an aunt Elsie. Aunt Elsie married Walt Andrew. He had two children, Harriet who was the older, and Maurice King named after my grandfather. They were interesting but they lived down another section of town. And, again during that trauma of Mother's death, they took my brother and me in for a couple of weeks, as I recall.

Then my Aunt Elsie got sick while we were wintering in Reno, and she lost all of her hair. But it grew back out again. It was some horrible intestinal trouble. After her death, Uncle Walter took his two children to Los Angeles where he remarried. She was a pretty thing. But you know, as so often happens, stepmother and daughter don't hit it off. But Maurice King and he had a very good association.

So, this led to some kind of parting-of-the-ways. I don't understand it, because I do remember when I went to USC my first year in 1927, visiting with them, and the relationship was pleasant. But a few years later, I sort of lost track of Harriet and Maurice King. There was something that I never did understand. I think M. K. was a little bit effeminate. But the family sort of split up after that.

My cousin Harriet did find herself in Reno. In fact, it was about fifteen years ago that I learned about her presence in Reno. She had looked me up and I met her a couple of times. Then I lost track of her. She married a person whose name I've forgotten, and then suddenly, about five years ago, I read of her death. This kind of shook me up a bit because I thought maybe I had neglected her. But you never know; this was a relationship that never did really click.

What I've tried to do is collect all of the Parsons, the group you wanted me to recall.

My mother and father are both buried in Salt Lake City in the cemetery there. One day, I think, I'm going to go visit the graves because I don't know where they are. It's strange how you're always in good health, and so you don't think about other people dying and what their problems were.

I've been more close to my wife's family, on the Steinmiller side. And that, incidentally, is where my wife and I will be buried, in Mountain View Cemetery, the Masonic field, whatever you call it. It's possible I might come back to some incidents about my grandfather [Parsons].

I can recall (I'm speaking of my grandfather Shier, who lived in Pioche)—my uncle Frank Lockman who married my mother's sister, Ann Shier—something about Uncle Frank telling me when he was visiting or in Delamar, where my grandfather [Shier] ran his drugstore. He was put to work, or maybe helping filling medicine bottles. And the precise way that these had to be filled—not a drop too many, not a drop too few, just right. Well, this irked [laughing] my Uncle Frank to no end. And it seems odd to me now that Frank would never let a drop of gold dust get away from him, but what's a drop of medicine or two [laughing]?

One of the interesting things I've remembered about my grandfather Shier, from whom—my middle name, of course, is his name. Being English, he would come downstairs in my mother's house at 454 Douglas Avenue (and I don't know what the occasions were, but for a visit to Salt Lake, because he came from Pioche), would come down in his pants and suspenders trailing, with his long-john underwear showing, of course, make himself a cup of scalding hot water. And I guess with the pretense

of tea mixed in with it, he'd drink this stuff scalding hot. And I always thought what a spectacle he was! [Laughing] With his back end showing and his suspenders trailing, hovering over the stove (and of course in those days, I think it was a gas and wood or coal combination). And what I was doing up at that hour of the morning, I don't know. But that's what impressed me, this very stubborn Englishman. And I think I get some of my stubbornness from [laughing] him!

One time, on one of his visits, I heard him and my mother (after my father's death) arguing about something. And I guess it was very emotional because my mother said, "I've been a bad girl." I remember that. I don't know what she was "bad" about, but this is the father, you see, still in command with his daughter. I never thought of him except as an old man [laughing]. He was not the sort of generous person that my Grandfather Parsons was. But that, I think, what makes up families—the differences. Even after he'd left our household all those years, he was still a dominant person. Even with my wife when she gets emotional she says, "My father would never let that happen." You know, reprimanding me for my being lenient over something or other.

I'd say, "Well look, he's not your husband and he has no influence over me except that I loved him very much."

Well, let's see. What else can I say about my grandfather Shier?

Did he talk to you about Delamar? Pioche?

No. I do recall now an owl was shipped to us in Salt Lake City by my grandfather. And this thing had been shot in the wing and couldn't fly. For some silly reason he shipped that to his daughter, Laura, my mother. And we kept that poor creature in the basement for

several weeks and we fed it raw meat on the end of a stick, until apparently the wing was getting better. And my mother was getting conscience stricken whether we should take it to the zoo. So we decided to take the easy way out and leave the basement window open at nighttime. She said that she heard it give two hoots as he left for freedom [chuckling]. But I do recall there was a big cage about six feet high, we first kept him in, and then gave him more freedom and let him fly around the basement. It was my job to clean up the [laughing] droppings. Why would a person send a shot owl? [Laughing] But it was interesting to have a creature like that close by to get to study it.

My Grandfather Shier must have had quite a hold on my mother because I remember when she was at the University of Nevada, about 1902 or '03, and those were hard times for any student, I came across a letter years later—after she had died—that pleaded, or more or less stated the case of why she needed a new dress. After all, she'd been wearing her sister's hand-me-downs (my aunt, Mrs. Lockman). So Laura had spent, I think, something like three dollars out of her allowance to buy this dress, for whatever reason, I don't know whether it was stated. But [laughing] the letter was an impassioned plea, I guess it was about three pages long, of why it was necessary to have a new dress. And that struck me as indicative of the times—that money was short.

If it hadn't been for your grandfather Parsons, you'd have had a pretty tough time as children.

Well, that's true because he arranged, after my mother's death, to have the estate put in a trust fund with the Walker Bank I think it was in Salt Lake City. And when the Depression came (this was after my grandfather's death),

I then had to deal with a Mr. Brayton. He was telling me how all these investments were just about wiped out during the Depression years. We had much correspondence, and I didn't know sic'em about any investment, you know. My Uncle Lockman and Brayton corresponded and talked on the telephone. My Uncle Frank thought that my brother and I were being taken advantage of. But I can understand it, whether they were taking advantage, I don't think so, but you know, bankers are just matter-of-fact people. They're not all that interested in every doggone family trust. At least that's my impression. They're going to do what they have to do.

But certain properties that they had invested in, people defaulted, and there was no rent, no income from these. So, it cut our money a little short. But I've always felt fortunate that it all lasted until the time, almost, that I graduated. My brother graduated just about the same time, because his was a four-year course at Annapolis and mine was a five-year course, and I had to repeat one semester. That put him graduating before me. So it was decided that the residue from the estate would go to my brother, which was about six or seven hundred dollars. That was enough for him to buy a car because he wanted to get married; he married before I married. I don't bear any resentment against the way the estate was handled. If I'd been halfway trained in that kind of thing I might have been a little sharper. But as long as I was getting through school, I didn't care.

Somehow I gave the impression, when I was in school, of having lots of money because this girlfriend that I was going with, after three years there said, "Ed, why don't you buy a car?" She said, "You've got plenty of money."

I gave the impression that I had, and I guess I do give the impression that I have plenty of money. I don't begrudge somebody

when I want to tip a maid or a bellboy. Why not? Maybe I learned this from my grandfather—some of that rubbed off.

You will see in here [shows photo album] many pictures in Tonopah in my early childhood days. But I have no recollection of those parties, I was just too young. And an incident that was told to me, a story about my being apprehended just in time, as I had this hammer over this child's head and about to crack him with it. Boy! [Chuckling] It wasn't out of any meanness, but there was a hammer—hit somebody on the head, that's all! Thank goodness I was well supervised!

So anything I tell you about my early childhood would be what I conjure up from the pictures I've reviewed. But what impressed me was that in Tonopah, there must have been a lot of good times with the families that lived there. Because at birthday parties everybody was dressed in little white suits, black stockings, but suits down to your knees. And who could wash those suits, and starch them, and all that business, just like they lived in San Francisco? But that was the way it was done, I guess somewhere around 1910 or 1914,

As I say, anything I say would be fanciful during my childhood in Tonopah, and after that, I can begin recall. Especially going to Salt Lake City, entering school there, and then going on vacations with my mother and her friend Mrs. Catherine Luke. They were classmates, I guess, in college. We'd go to Lake Tahoe and rent a cottage or meet.

I had very many enjoyable associations with my mother during the time that we were in Salt Lake and up until the time of her death.

I remember, it was during World War I—my mother was very patriotic. She would go down—did they call those "Victory Gardens" back in those days? Yeah We grew or raised vegetables and had our little garden. But more

to the point, she would go down to the early market (five or six o'clock in the morning) and buy fresh fruit. One time she bought cherries, came home, preserved the cherries. That winter, I was sent downstairs to get a jar of cherries (in a mason jar, of course). And we took one bite—yuk!—full of salt. She had used salt instead of sugar\$ [Laughing] But we just put more sugar on 'em, trying to make do because we were all so frugal, you know, in those days!

Another incident, when we were still at Douglas Avenue—this caretaker, her husband was sort of a sloppy person—came home one afternoon, saw a bowl of Lux soap, shaved soap, proceeded to pour cream on it, and ate it. I wasn't there but Mrs. [Blanche] Burgess said, "What happened to that bowl of soap I had?"

He said, "Oh, is that what it was? I thought it was cereal and I ate it!" [Laughing]

Now, how could a person eat it—but anyway it makes a good story! Now, that impressed me (very much so).

There was an incident, an experience in Salt Lake City at that house. My mother always believed in outdoors, and the fresh air. Salt Lake is similar to Reno in climate, and here was this beautiful weather going on and so she decided to build a sleeping porch around the back end. She instructed the carpenter to divide it two-thirds one way, and onethird the other, so that she would have her section, onethird, and my brother and I would have the other two-thirds. They both opened from different doors. So I went up and watched the progress of the work and came down and told my mother, "Didn't you want that partition two-thirds, onethird?"

She said, "Yes."

I said, "Well, he's putting it in the middle."

So she went up there—storming up—and said, "That's wrong." Well, I guess that I was

showing my interest then without knowing it, in building. And that sort of saved the day for everybody. Of course, I've had varied incidents of what influenced me to take up architecture. My mother had a lot of heart to be living alone in this big house with my brother Bill and myself. I don't think I ever remember having much money when I was a kid, but I never felt denied, like we do now, that I was missing anything—it was just the way things were.

I don't remember my grandmother who was on my Grandfather Shier's side. Whether she had died early, I don't know. He had two daughters, Ann the older, and Laura, my mother. And there was an Edgar Shier, too; a brother. I don't know where he fitted—whether he was the oldest of all—I just remember the name, I don't have any recollections of Edgar Shier, except probably through letters. So, I'm proud of my heritage on those two sides—one being that Shier was a very practical sort of a guy.

There are clippings of my Grandfather Shier about what a great man he was in that community. Therefore, that's why I say I'm proud of that heritage.

Well, I've talked about the two daughters and the son. We switch back now to my Grandfather Parsons. I forgot what the 'C' stood for (I think that it was Critchlow), and the 'R' was Rose [in] Arthur R. Parsons.

Arthur R. Parsons went to Lehigh University. They called him "Rosie." He must have suffered the pains of— [laughing] all get-out for that moniker! But, so be it!

I think I have all of his children. And incidentally, N. K. Parsons—Grandfather—was one of eleven children. Huge family! And of course, I know nothing about the rest of the family because he came from the East someplace and settled in Salt Lake City, where he started his business as a stockman.

The story is that he came from the East on horseback, so he was kind of a pioneer in that respect.

N. K. Parsons had two wives. The first one died, and I don't have much recollection of her. The other was quite a different personality.

I'd like to talk about my father a little later, but let's say that my Aunt Elsie Parsons married a Walter Andrew. And I've always remembered him as a handsome man, and—here's a picture here, taken in 1927.* Before I get ahead of that, he married my Aunt Elsie Parsons. Coming back to Elsie—she was a great person. I got to know her after my mother's death because we all lived in Salt Lake City at the time of my mother's death, and she took my brother Bill and me under her wing for a few weeks.

Prior to that we used to cut the lawn, her lawn, They had a nice sort of "estate" (you know how youngsters think about these things). So it was fun to go there and pick up fifty cents or seventy-five cents, or whatever it was, And the children were nice kids—but, of course, being younger we weren't too close. All told, there was only about a few years difference—five or six. But I do remember so much, It's sort of an envious feeling staying in their house over the weekend, and on Sunday morning everybody piling in on Aunt Elsie and Uncle Walter's bed—their two children and Bill and me. It felt a little strange in coming into a different kind of association. But it sticks in my mind as being very much fun—you know, everybody romping around on the bed. It's a wonder it didn't break down. Read the funny paper, you see, and enjoy a leisurely breakfast, a different kind of association.

Then my aunt contracted some kind of a disease or sickness in which all of her hair fell out, and she was stark bald. And that must have been quite a trauma. But it took a good year and a half for the hair to grow back, In

those days, of course, everybody wore their hair long and natural and put up in sort of buns or switches, or whatever you call those hairdos. I don't think anybody ever knew a beauty parlor in those days. Lipstick and rouge was, I don't think, very much in vogue. Powder, yeah, I remember powder, But I do remember everybody, my mother included, collecting hair so that they could make one of these switches, and when they finished combing their hair they would strip the hair out of the comb and put it in a little sack, or whatever. [Laughing] It's sort of repulsive when you think about it now. Anyway, it was the style.

It's too bad I can't think of more [about] my Aunt Elsie, but just that she was a lovely person,

My Uncle Ed was just the complete opposite of my father. He was more of a playboy type, nothing serious about him. His attitude in life was, well, if you want to send me to college and have a good time, that's great—otherwise don't bother. Of course, my father was serious-minded and accepted my grandfathers's bid or offer for college, so he went to Lehigh University in Pennsylvania where he studied mining engineering. But Uncle Ed was the "born loser" type—getting involved with some silly invention like a trolley-wire thingamabob for streetcars. And this was supposed to be some great invention. Well, trolleys were always' skipping off the overhead wire, and if something disputed that, the motorman had to get out and go around and put the wheel back on the trolley wire. But that didn't work out,. He got involved with other kinds of inventions, always putting up the money with a partner who was going to

*See Parsons papers, UNR Library

make a killing. Nothing ever worked. All he was doing was spending money.

He married a McChrystal. McChrystal was a very famous family in Salt Lake City and I really think that Aunt Sadie supported Uncle Ed, because they had a nice home; I think it was on Ninth Avenue intersecting with East South Temple (never could keep those directions straight), on South Temple Street going east. And my grandfather lived on about Twelfth Avenue. My Uncle Ed lived on the corner of Ninth Avenue and East South Temple. So, that was a nice apartment, and I think I mentioned before that it was always fun for my brother and me to stop off and go to Uncle Ed's and Aunt Sadie's for a get-together with the funny papers. (We didn't take a paper at 454 Douglas Avenue.)

After my mother's death, and being orphans and being allowed to go around in ragged clothes and nobody cared— Uncle Ed would make us come downtown, and we'd go into a department store like ZCMI and buy clothing. Oh boy, what a treat that was! New knickerbockers and shirts and ties— it was really a grand experience. What else can I talk about E. C. Parsons?

When I got out of college, I sent my aunt and uncle Parsons some watercolor drawings I had made at the University of Pennsylvania. I was always giving away everything, you see. After Aunt Sadie's death, years later, I said, "Uncle Ed, if you still have those watercolors and if you don't have any more use for them, I'd like them back."

Well, I didn't realize what I—it was a lousy thing to do. If he'd have sent them without my asking it would have been much finer. He sent everything back that I had given to him. And it only struck me years later that that was an unkind thing to do. But I guess he realized that there was no further reason for him to keep them. As I say, he ended up

in the county hospital in Los Angeles. He just smoked himself to death.

And it really was too bad because I knew that death was inevitable. And I saw him in this ward with all these other fellows—every last one of them smoking [chuckling]. The area just full—I don't think it was an air-conditioned hospital at the time—full of this stale cigarette smoke and hacking and coughing, and whatnot. I was still smoking at that time, and therefore—and for other reasons—I gave it up years later. But certainly, I look back at that as one reason.

Then I came back from the University of Pennsylvania, the first day back, I was asked to be a pallbearer for my best friend Dan McKnight (his picture is in here). And that takes me back through all the high school days that I'd kind of forgotten.

High school started for me in 1922 when the old Reno High School was on West Street. But I don't think there were more than 250 people, or 300 at the most in the whole high school. The senior class was always the top echelon, of course. You don't talk with juniors or sophomores. So I never knew my wife at the time. She was in high school when I was there and she was a freshman when I was a senior. Therefore, I didn't meet her until years later.

But I always took my work in high school very seriously. we lived in various places when I was in high school. First —I remember we lived in a house on Fifth and Virginia Streets, right across the street from the Presbyterian church, which is now gone, but where the Circus-Circus is, on that corner. When I look back, I think of that tremendous transition.

This was a fine old house. I think it was called the Orr home, I'm not sure. But my Aunt and Uncle Lockman bought the house in early 1922 or maybe it was '21. They remodeled it into apartments—five high-class apartments. And this was the time when you

had the six-months divorcing law. So you could get good rents for those kind of people. And we later lived in a two-story single-family house adjoining the apartment house.

It was my job and my brother's job to take care of the yard, to take out ashes from the furnace, keep the fires going— [but] only after a certain time. My uncle, who was an early riser, would build the fires. And then he'd go around closing the windows for these divorcees' apartments that he could reach on the first floor, because he didn't want to have that heat wasted. He'd build a fire in the stove of our house on Fifth Street, next to the alley, and get the fire going. And then—he didn't have to do it—he would take the poker and rattle the stove. What a racket that made! Because just above it was a grill in the ceiling, you see, to heat the bedroom above. Fussing around with the stove was enough to wake us up, that was the final call! [Laughing] And that made you get up, now, no more procrastinating! I enjoyed living in the house very much. There was sort of a comradeship about. That's when my brother and I, I guess, were the closest ever.

Did I mention that one winter, he and I decided to go into business making Christmas wreaths? He took the orders and I made the wreaths. A couple of weeks before, we had gone up into the Dog Valley region and got boughs to make these wreaths from. We had two sizes, a seventy-five-cent wreath and a dollar wreath; ten inches and twelve inches. You know, you wouldn't think about how much difference a ten-inch diameter is and a twelve-inch diameter, until you start to cover that wire with boughs. And you, of course, take short branches and wind it with a sort of a spiral process in which you'd lay on another bough, thus concealing the wire. So I took pride in the fact that I never had any wire showing. Just like the difference of

a good rug and a beautiful rug—you can't see the nap.

So my brother's job—it seemed easy to me—[was] going out and taking orders. And he had blue eyes; they were very attractive. I learned this later—how soulful he was I guess [laughing] he appealed to these housewives—they couldn't resist him. So he took more orders than I could make; I had to stay up all night long, while he read a book! [Laughing] He'd done his work Other than that, why, we weren't—never did associate ourselves with any other ventures, except that we did our part in the house.

Let's talk about the Andrew family., Walter Andrew married my father's sister, Elsie Parsons. I don't know exactly what date that was, but it had to be in around 1915, in that era. Aunt Elsie was a lovely person, who took care of my brother and me after my mother's death for a period, oh, for a couple of weeks—as I mentioned before. Prior to that Bill and I used to go up to their house and cut the lawn because their two children were too young at that time. And I remember they had a lovely two-story house. And it was just nice to have that companionship—I guess no one can take the place of a mother, but it was nice to feel secure. Other times we'd go up there and just romp around in the house.

I remember my cousin, M.K., named Maurice King Andrew. And for some reason, secured a pound of butter from the kitchen refrigerator (icebox in those days), and smeared the kitchen floor with butter. And he got the holy you-know-what [laughing]. He doesn't remember that, but it impressed me for some reason. Kids seem to know things about kids.

His sister was Harriet. She was a sweet person; I assumed that until after her mother's death. Now, Aunt Elsie died in the early twenties, and that created quite a trauma

for both Harriet and M. K. I think Harriet must have been about two to three years older. Well, something happened there after the death of my aunt. My uncle remarried Vera. I don't know her last name. Vera was a very pretty woman, but Harriet and Vera didn't get along. That created a friction that developed and lasted all the rest of their lives. And unfortunately, Harriet just drifted away and she became almost incorrigible. (Since she's dead now I can talk about her without resurrecting some ghost from the past.) But she was favored by her father, Walt Andrew, which put a terrible strain on young M. K.

N. K. had a problem; that was with teeth. Like his Uncle Ed, my namesake, E. C. Parsons, he had buckteeth. Uncle Walter spent about \$2,000 straightening Harriet's teeth, but in those days, \$2,000 was a tremendous sum of money. When N. K. wanted his teeth straightened, he [Uncle Walter] said, "You're all right, you're good enough." That became—it was a very self-conscious thing for the younger person to be rejected. It was only after he got into the Army and was about ready to be discharged, after many, many years, his teeth were straightened or cut off and bridge-work put in. And this made a great difference to the personality of young N. K. So this goes back to the wartime, I guess I'd say it was after he'd been overseas, so it must have been in the late 1940s.

It was just three days ago that I heard from him, out of the blue, and he wanted to know if I was the Ed Parsons that he knew. And of course, this is the last of the Parsons and he wanted to find his family again because all the rest of the people had gone. Now, he didn't know [Harriet] had died. She died in Reno unfortunately, having been knocked around from pillar to post with various men. And nobody in the family would have anything to do with her, which was too bad. And N.

K. doesn't want to speak her name any more. And Vera took a favor to N. K.—Harriet being rejected, drifted away. And some time or other she died and left N. K. just drifting from the father as well as his stepmother. But he loved his stepmother, as this picture [in album] shows. Now this was taken around 1927 when I was at USC.

Walt was a good-looking man and I guess he knew it because he had a succession of wives after that—all of six, I just learned from N. K. When Walt died, I guess he drifted from bad to worse, his bathrobe, containing an old cigar butt was given to N. K.—that was all. And you can just imagine the terrible feeling he got receiving this dirty old rag and a cigar butt; the only memory he had of his family. I told him yesterday that I would send him copies of these pictures, to help him reestablish his position in life. He's now a nice-looking man, a little bit stooped (it's on page 64), white hair, the teeth are straightened and you can just see the semblance of a protrusion of the two front teeth, you see. He's smiling [in picture], but his mouth's not open. But I enjoyed visiting with N. K. and knowing that he developed into such a fine person with all the adversity that he'd had as a child.

I guess that's all I should talk about in the way of M. K.

Going back to Tonopah, some of my playmates were Art Spitzer; do I want to say Roy, no, Bob, Spitzer? Two brothers.

My father, I didn't know too well because he died when I was eight years old. And my brother and I went to Salt Lake City. But I recall him as a very thin man and I think that silicosis had a great deal to do with it. I have a picture someplace in my memoirs of my father with a baseball bat over his shoulder. He was manager of the baseball team at Tonopah. Also, another group picture of students, at Lehigh University, where he got

his education as a mining engineer., He was also manager of the baseball team.

My father was a very conscientious man in his business as a mining engineer, having built the Desert mill in Tonopah. I have a telegram someplace in my files that he received from this mining company, "Would you accept posi-' as mill superintendent, salary \$400 a month and house?" And of course [laughing], he grabbed it. That was quite a sum of money in those days. And that's where he got really started.

I have a collection of love letters that my father wrote to my mother shortly after they were married. And you'd think that one day's separation, let alone a week, was just a tragedy! They're beautiful letters, and why they were saved, I have no knowledge. But they were saved by my mother in all those years and kept by my aunt, Mrs. Lockman. And finally, I came across them and I said, "Oh, I'll take the whole bunch!"

One of the recollections I have is my father shaving. I was laying in bed and the door was open and he was standing up before the mirror in the bathroom. And the occasion was simply one of naturalness, there was no special occasion, but I guess I just thought, "That's my father." It was around 1914 because it was [New Years], and all the bells began to ring, train whistles whistled, and quite a celebration in the evening. I don't think it was that much during the daytime. But I remember that was in 1914, ushering it in.

Here's a horoscope of my father's* and I couldn't tell you what it all means; only a person who believes in this kind of thing would be able to tell you what the symbols used are. Of course, the signs of the zodiac are here, the birthday given—born January 23, 1876. I think it would be interesting to those who are interested in a horoscope.

I found this series of clippings on my father.

Word has been received by Edward C. Parsons of the death at Las Vegas, Nevada of Arthur Rose Parsons, a well-known mining engineer and mill operator. His father, N. K. Parsons of this city has been in attendance at his bedside for more than two months and was with him at the end. No arrangements have been made for the funeral.

Mr. Arthur Rose Parsons was a man of fine attainments and until it became evident within the past year that his battle for life was a losing one, his prospects were for a brilliant future. He was born in this city in 1876, the son of N. K. and Hattie Parsons, the latter of whom died six years ago. He was educated in this city and at Lehigh University, where he was graduated as a mining engineer in 1900. His active mining work began at Delamar, Nevada, where his success in the milling of ores was so pronounced as to attract the attention of the Tonopah Mining Company. He was placed in charge of the Desert mill at Miller's, Nevada and his success in the treatment of the ores of the Tonopah company placed him in the front rank of his profession.

Failing health took him to California three years ago. Up to the day of his death, he was retained upon the rolls of the company at full salary. His marriage in 1906 in Salt Lake City to Laura Shier of Delamar, Nevada, who had two sons, Edward and William, surviving him. His brother Edward C. Parsons of 875 East First South Street and his sister Elsie Parsons Andrew of Miller's, Nevada are well known in Salt Lake.

There's another two or three other articles here, but I don't think I should read them. I think that gives a pretty good summary of

*See Parsons papers, UNR Library

what he did. It ties in some of the things that I spoke of from memory.

Too bad, people when they make clippings don't put the dates on. I've learned to do that. So, they're undated. Wait a minute, here's one. May 3, 1931, [when] my grandfather died. So there are eight newspaper clippings to put on file.*

This is a nice tribute to my grandfather, too. It's a telegram from an E. W. Stevens and O. A. Kellogg and K. H. Manderfield, Montevista, Colorado, to D. J. Lindsay, North Salt Lake, Utah.

Please extend to M. K. Parsons congratulations and best wishes for many happy returns of the day. Only wish could be with you to honor the one man who has been the strongest factor in developing the livestock industry of the West and whose honor, integrity, and high ideals and sweet character has been an inspiration to all who had the privilege of contact with him.

I think that's wonderful—it summarizes what I knew of my grandfather. And I think I mentioned Hattie Rose, the other wife—the later wife of my grandfather who says, "He's just too kindhearted, too good."

There were a dozen partners with my grandfather, M. K. Parsons, in a stock deal involving an oil company in Utah or Colorado. And I guess it didn't amount to much, but I think it was about shale oil. And this was forgotten until around the 1940s—it was after I was back from the Army so it had to be—let's say around the 1950s. A person came to me and wanted my background because I and Harriet and M. K. and Uncle Ed and Walt were the only heirs left—and my brother (would that make six?), out of this group of twelve. So there must have been over a hundred people involved, and they were trying to find out all the heirs so they could

make an equitable distribution by buying out their interest, or asking them if they would like to go with the venture, or put more money into it and therefore have a greater claim.

Well, my Uncle Ed and Uncle Walter, Harriet, M. K., and my brother, all elected to take the money. I think that amounted to around \$600. Then I said, "I'll take the shares." I wasn't hurting too much, my business was good. But I didn't know anything about the oil business.

I put them [the shares] aside. And then it [the company] changed hands and the original people couldn't cut the mustard, it was too much of a load, so it was bought out by Equity Oil. Then I was issued a share of stock. But Equity Oil wasn't listed on the stockmarket. I never knew what its real worth was. But I accepted the shares, then later I just accepted the dividends to accumulate.

Well, you know, just a week ago, I got a letter stating that, "You have so many shares and there is three hundred percent split," for these shares that I had. And I thought, "Well, what are these things worth?" And I went downstairs to the main floor of the bank. They tried to look it up in the Wall Street Journal and it wasn't there, and they looked into some other kind of a magic book—they list every kind of stock imaginable.

He says, "What do you think these are worth?"

I said, "I have no idea. A couple of bucks a share?"

He said, "They're worth fourteen dollars a share" He said, "With what you have and what these are, you've got \$23,000!"

Well, [laughing] that tells you to keep something that you don't think is of too much value. And I thought, "Well, that's great!"

*See Parsons papers, UNR Library

Somehow I have a greater feeling about stock after looking at all this stuff [personal papers]. Bullfrog, and all kinds of stocks—they were absolutely worthless. I Papers shuffling] I think every mining engineer has a collection of these that you could paper the wall with, and [laughing] not miss 'em at all. Here's a capital stock in the name of N. It. Parsons; one hundred shares, par value, one dollar. Just say that—they were buying stock all over the country, incorporated under the laws of the state of Delaware.,

Well, I certainly have a lot of this, but I've just kept them as a souvenir. (Here's some more!) I don't think my son or my wife is interested in these.

Well, all this related stuff, transactions of my father. It says, "We are enclosing herewith the latest statement of the income, together with a balance sheet showing the operation of the McChrystal Investment Company to December 26 of this year." Now, for anybody that wants to research that, I'll just leave this file.*

During the time my brother and I were going to school we were trying to get these stocks straightened out and investments made in our interest by the Walker Bank and Trust Company. And most of the stuff went to pot during the Depression, or even before that, after World War I. So, there was just enough money to let my brother and I graduate from school, and that was sort of the end of it. But there was much transaction—or many letters written—trying to get an accounting of all this. So I have many letters from a Dean F. Brayton; Steven, Brayton, and Lowell of the Walker Bank. And these may be of interest to people because anybody interested in how stocks and bonds are manipulated, I think will find of some interest.

My first grade-school experience was in a school in the downtown area of Salt Lake City and I've forgotten what that was called. But, vividly, the second year we went to the William N. Stewart school. And I was kept back in the first grade, I remember that, because of transferring from tins other unaccredited school. My mother tried to get me advanced and this teacher said, "Why? Why rush him? No, I think he should be kept in his class." Well, the teacher won out.

From the first grade through the eighth grade, that was my school experience; one of the things that I enjoyed with this training school was the freedom. Outdoor classes were held in which we were allowed to sketch outdoors and I would draw things, untrained as I was, but fascinated by drawing mountains and trees, whatever we saw in the vicinity. When I came late—a half hour late—into class one morning, this teacher said, "Why are you late?" (Or some remark.)

And I said, "Well, I just finished my drawing."

She was very intrigued by it, you see. It was because it was on the better side.

I enjoyed manual training work very much, and also making things.

I enjoyed being in little plays. I remember I was a cricket [laughing] in a musical production. And another one I painted a tree stump in which I had to peer through it—I make this knothole, you see [laughing], and painted all the bark and so on. It was part of the stage scenery.

There was no activities as we know them now in grade school except recess. But I always ended up in the baseball team as a fielder—I

*See Parsons papers, UNR Library

was never any good at baseball and they accused me of swinging like a broken gate.

I had a good friend who was a Mormon that lived next door to me. His name was Alonzo Olson; he was the son of a doctor. Dr. Olson had five other children—it was quite a gang next to our house. So, there was a playmate for me. We used to have wonderful times on vacation, or even in wintertime. In the summer, I remember during World War I, we would collect peach pits. The idea was that peach pits made good filling for gas masks. That was one of those patriotic things to do, just as we collect [laughs] aluminum now.

My mother was very patriotic. She bought Liberty Bonds and I think I had a couple that were given to me. Where they are now, I don't know.

I think I mentioned that during this time, when my mother died, why, things began to change. And it was 1922 when I came to Reno to enter high school.

But going back to the good times we had, I remember building a tent—or pitching a tent—and then heating it with hot water, or steam heat, by running a pipe around the perimeter of the tent and having a boiler outside with a campfire. And it was surprising to me how fast you could heat that tent with just an ordinary piece of pipe coiled around. (I picked it up in a vacant lot, you know, boiler and whatnot.) That impressed me as now I know something about radiant heat, and so on—the effect—how it works.

We used to have mock battles because it was wartime and we would choose sides as to who was the enemy, the Germans, and who were the good guys, the Americans. I also remember playing war games in our backyard. Someplace I have pictures of that; we were posed showing us in the various stages of combat, some dying, and some dead, and some shooting rifles [laughing], all in good

fun. But it's the same thing as “cowboys and Indians!”

We had wonderful peach trees in our backyard in Salt Lake. Salt Lake, of course, is a great place for fruits of that sort, peaches and apricots. I learned something about cultivation, too. Unknowingly, we dug up the backyard for a—I don't know what they were called then—“Victory gardens” —but they were gardens so that you could produce your own vegetables. In the process of doing that we cultivated around the trees, these peach trees, and they weren't very big. But the next season, what beautiful peaches we had! The branches were just loaded with these big luscious things; I never saw anything so big! Maybe it had to do with the temperature of the water the year before. But I think with the cultivation, that loosened up the roots and let the soil breathe.

Somehow, I remember killing a chicken in the backyard. [Laughing] I mean my uncle bought a live chicken and we chopped its head off (that impressed me).

I had a couple of romances—kid romances. I remember one winter performing in front of this cute little blonde girl in the second grade. She had gone home and then I saw her looking out the window at me. So I began to turn somersaults in the snow—just acting silly [chuckling].

Another time I found this roughneck kid picking on her, pulling her curls and so on. I began to defend her. Well, you know who ended up with the bloody nose [laughing]: And she went in her house and wouldn't have anything more to do with me! That was the wrong approach. I guess it was a good lesson—not to get too involved with womenkind [laughing]. And trying to make a good impression. I've observed that now you don't make a good impression by trying to be the hero.

Well, my school life was a good life; I mean my childhood life was fun. I don't remember anything really bad. My brother and I used to fight but that was always the way brothers acted anyway because they loved one another and they didn't know how else to express it. I think the only bad time I remember after my mother's death was my brother waking up, I guess from a bad dream or something, but in the middle of the night hollering, "Mama, Mama!" And not knowing how to express myself I just simply said, "Shut up!" In a loud way. I loved my mother, too. But how, two brothers trying to express their—loss (it brings tears to my eyes now). And that went on for about two years, until we came to Reno. And in 1922, we came for what I thought, and my brother thought, was a vacation. And then we'd go back to school in Salt Lake.

When my aunt, Mrs. Lockman, proposed that we stay in Reno because she'd been appointed guardian, that was hard for me to take because all I thought of at the time was giving up my radio that I had made, and stretched an aerial across the roof, at the perils of [laughing] sliding off the roof. But that was just in the days of the birth of the radio. And I suppose, like making an amateur atomic bomb now, you learn how to make a [laughing] radio. The instructions were there and you could do it—out of a mush box. You take two cylinders of different sizes and wrap each with fine wire, and sliding the one cylinder inside the other, you were then able to tune to get the wavelength. Then you took a crystal and a needle on a wire and you adjusted that until you found the right place [and] you brought in your station. But this was as far as I could get because I didn't have any headphones. And it was when we got to Reno—that Mrs. Luke (whom I mentioned before) gave each, Bill and me, a set of headphones. And I think they cost five dollars

each—they'd probably be worth fifty to sixty dollars now, or maybe a hundred dollars. But, oh boy, what a wonderful gift that was! Then I was able to complete my radio, string my aerial, and I was at home in Reno. We could only get a station in Reno, maybe it was KOH. But it was a lot of fun.

High school was a great experience. The first year, like all freshmen, I was awed by the whole thing. The idea of studying—I had a good study habit when I was in grade school, but I never thought I could ever get through all the assignments [laughing] as a freshman. But I remember some wonderful teachers in high school. I'm not going to try to recall the years but I remember Mrs. Loomis teaching Spanish (and I suppose, other foreign languages), and Miss [Helena] Shade teaching English; Otis Vaughn, of course, the principal; Mr. Strang, mathematics and chemistry; Tony Zeni, history; Herb Foster, mechanical drawing as well as coaching. There were other names but these people come to my mind most clearly.

I remember Miss Shade made an assignment to write a sonnet and I struggled all Sunday with that sonnet, I think there—I've forgotten the components—but there were six lines to introduce the subject, and eight to complete it. Or was it the other way around? Fourteen lines in all. A very mechanical or rigid type of poem. And then the beat, the onomatopoeia—da da da da da da da da da. My sonnet was about neckties and I said, "Oh, ties, what a confusing array of colors—" and it went on something like that, you see. I've forgotten it, but it was mechanically perfect and Miss Shade thought it was so good.

She said, "I want to put this in the high school annual."

I said, "Fine!"

Well, it developed later that she lost it, misplaced it. Would I write another sonnet?

But in the meantime, I had resolved never to write another sonnet!

And I said, "NO! I'm not going to write one. If you can't find it, that's too bad!"

Because that was too much of a struggle to me, I didn't want to be a poet anyway [laughing]. But just the mechanics of it intrigued me, that I had done it. Just like chinning yourself twenty times, why, you've done it

Oh, I forgot to mention the most important person in the whole bunch was Miss Mack—Effie Mona Mack. In 1923, I think, was the discovery of King Tut's tomb (and I've never been able to pronounce the name, so I'll let it go at that). Anyway, there was a whole rotogravure section on King Tut and I cut these out and made a composition of them for a history assignment. And this was done in a good manner—artistic and neatly cut and so on, and pasted in a scrapbook. And Dr. Mack said, "I think you should be an architect."

Well, that was the second time I'd ever heard the word architect. The first time was when my father was ill and trying to recuperate in the hospital. And when I was first in Salt Lake City living with Mrs. John Hurst—did I mention Mrs. Hurst before? Well, she was a friend of my father's who had nursed him when a rock had fallen on his head in the mill, or something. And she had nursed him back to full health. And so, they had sent us to live with Mrs. Hurst before my father died, of course, and my mother was still in Alhambra.

So while my brother and I were living with Mrs. Hurst, I built a streetcar with a Mechano model set. And this is similar to the Erector set but I always felt that the Mechano set was superior. It was an English-made product and the nuts were much finer, more precise, like the English who were good machinists, and the pieces went together

in a less cumbersome form, and the plates were precise and perforated with holes—you could put a strut or an anchor or something anywhere. Well, I built this streetcar without the aid of a model, just from my knowledge of streetcars (there were lots of them in Salt Lake City). And Mrs. Hurst sent this to my father and he wrote back and said, "I think Edward should be an architect." Well, that was the first time and, of course, I didn't know what an architect was then.

So when Effie Mona Mack mentioned this I thought, "un: That is an architect?" Already I was taking mechanical drawing under Coach Foster and others. I remember a plate that I had spent hours on (I remember it had a few ink blotches, but that didn't matter too much). But I had misspelled a word and so the object was to turn the plate back in after having made the correction.

And I printed, "Corected."

It came back again with, "Misspelling of correct." I only had one 'r' [laughing]. "Correct 'correct'!"

You know, spelling has been my bugaboo all my life. When I got into USC I was in a special spelling class because I had misspelled more than two words in a five-hundred-word theme and that throws you automatically into this spelling class. And that's six weeks on your lunch hour—gosh what a penalty [laughing]! Then you took a test, you see, at the end—the hundred words you'd been drilled on. If you misspelled two of those, back you went in the spelling class! Well, darned if I didn't go back to the spelling class again [laughing]. It's been all my life, and I've never learned how to spell. But I'm a taskmaster for correct spelling. I won't let a letter get out of my office in which I knowingly see a misspelled word. And God help my secretary [laughing]! Don't take me as gospel, but don't misspell any words.

I try to pride myself on the use of correct English. But I've never really had good English training, except, I think, in grade school, where you learned all your different verbs, adverbs, adjectives, and so on (I still don't know what they are), and how you diagram a sentence. I guess they don't do that any more. But it was good training—knowing how to put the adjectives in the right place or how to put the secondary thoughts into the same sentence. Well, so much for that.

But high school was fun for me because I got into high school plays, into drama—always minor parts. I remember so well going into the class play. And this was called “Dulcy,” a simple light-hearted thing. The punch line I always liked was when—I think it was Evelyn Turner (she was a very beautiful girl) played the part of this dizzy Dulcy, and I was Tom Sterrett, advertising engineer (I loved that title). And everybody was assembled for breakfast, so Dulcy comes on stage, “Hurry up everybody, before the grapefruit gets cold!” [Laughing] I thought that was wonderful!

One of the minor parts had to have a replacement very hurriedly and [John] Etchebarren—he was a nice-looking fellow, inclined to be on the heavy side—and he was to be dressed in a tuxedo. Well, he came out on stage, and in those days the tuxedos had buttons on the fly instead of a zipper. Well, he got a button caught, so it shone like a headlight on the outside [laughing] in the stage lights. Well, when he came out, it just brought down the house and of course, poor John didn't know what they were laughing at [chuckling]. The play was full of funny things like that, but it was a very serious play. And I've forgotten who the director was but she said that I made the greatest progress of anyone—not that I was the best, but the

greatest progress from my early shyness and then getting into the character of this brash advertising engineer, you see. And the night of the play, boy, I was just in my cups like I had had three martinis before the play [laughing]: I just felt so good, you know; I did everything right.

I think Evelyn Turner was my secret sorrow. She sat right next to me in one of the classes and I was too shy to do anything more than just say, “Hello, Evelyn.” She was a pretty girl and she died about ten years later, or maybe later than that.

But I went out for football, and was in the “goof” squad the first year and the replacement for the second-team squad the senior year. We had the most hand-me-down uniforms you can imagine, but it was no worse or no better than any other high school team. Just a bunch of scrubs, stuffed shoulder pads that protruded from your jersey [chuckling] with the wings stickin' out. We would get bruises from playing on this hard soil, and all the rocks—we didn't play on grass like they have now. The only games we played were on the old field at the University of Nevada, and that was lush to be playing on that kind of grass. Most of the time it was on hard soil. In Fallon, I remember, that was a dust bowl! One game the first team tackled Frank Spina; he was knocked out and I'd never seen a man knocked out before; he was sort of a gibbering idiot. And Coach Foster said, “Parsons, get in there!” [Laughing] I took one look at this guy withering on the grass, and it was my turn next!

But we were playing the freshmen towards the end of the year and we had a reverse play where two tackles would converge and run into the right side or to the left. Fifty-seven—right; fifty-six—left (or whatever). I got my signals mixed up and these two scrubs—St. Pierre (what was his

first name—he was the son of the bootery on Virginia Street). Well, he was about as good as I was. On the call we both clashed in the middle of the field, like a couple of bulls. [Chuckling] I'd mixed up my direction, you see. We were a total loss to the play! If it'd been on TV—[laughing]—it's a classic!

I didn't play often; I did play enough to get my "R" and that was a proud moment. But most of the time I was on the sideline taking pictures, so I had a pretty good eye, a gift for taking at the right time, and I got some pretty good shots and I used those, you see, for the high school annual because I was sports editor of the annual. I remember somebody saying, "Your descriptions of the football games were wonderful but your descriptions of the basketball showed an absolute lack of any knowledge. You simply gave the score [laughing], that's all."

'cause I couldn't—I would say, "Louis Lombardi ran down the court and made a basket." I didn't tell them how slick he made the basket, you see, and how skilled he passed to the next person. In those days the scores were very low; they didn't get more than 35 to 40, or 50 at the very, very, most. That would be a walkaway if you ever got a score that high.

The girls played basketball, too, and Toma Michael was one of the girls. Well, it isn't necessary to review all the gals, but I can tell you this, looking at this picture album I kept. I put some of my friends (in it), most of them girls: Emily Richards, Enid Porter, [Erva] Barrett, Neal Tranter, Inez Loomis, and Charlotte Steinmetz, and only two boys, Elliott Cann and Paul Shea. These were taken from the high school pictures. But, as they got married, I would put the clipping over the picture. So I have Inez Loomis with a clipping over her face and Charlotte Steinmetz with a clipping over

her picture. But I soon gave that up after going to college.

I always had jobs in—well I'm getting ahead of myself—because that was generally in college days. I didn't have any jobs in high school except maybe odd things—doing somebody's digging or spading up a garden. But when I went to college then I was able to get summer jobs and earned some pretty good money towards helping with my education, and chiefly in buying clothes.

COLLEGE YEARS

Well, the first year in college was USC, and I loved that because it was certainly rah-rah. My roommate, whose name was [Louis] Dixon—[I have] a picture of he and I both with our slickers which we painted the backs of. He's got an "SC" and I've painted a Trojan head on mine. I took this back with me to Pennsylvania the first year. Boy, when I was being rushed in fraternity everybody knew me because of the Trojan head—all the slickers back East were olive drab.

But the second semester at USC four of us decided that we would take an apartment. William Ryman [who later became a lawyer, and quite a good one; he settled in Las Vegas], Louis Dixon (the best of friends), and Clifford Christensen. Christensen wanted the apartment so that he had a place to bring his girlfriend. The other three of us said, "Nix, we're not running any kind of a house of whatever-you-want. You can take your girlfriend someplace else." The amazing thing about this apartment—it only cost forty dollars a month, so ten dollars a month was cheap rent, much cheaper than living in a dormitory.

My first semester was spent with a Demolay club, having been a Demolayer in Reno High School for a couple of years. They wrote to me and asked me if I would come to this club. But it was full of what we would call "kinky" people, you know. And the four of us decided to take this apartment.

I belonged to an architectural fraternity, pledged that, invited to join. I think it was called Alpha Chi—I remember the "X." But this was for architects and I thought that was the best thing in the world for me until I got back East and I found there was no chapter. So then I began being rushed in different fraternities because of that Trojan's head. But I enjoyed USC very much.

I have a picture of the stadium at USC. A couple of star football players, I remembered, I had the good fortune of getting to know Morley Drury. And I was in the senior history class because for some reason I needed an extra credit. And I thought—he was my idol—a brilliant man and a brilliant football player, and that's a rare thing these days.

There was a Negro player, [Brice] Taylor. His hand was cut off at the wrist. He lost it in some kind of accident. But he could play handball as well as the best of them with two hands. And he was another idol. But the fact was, that even in those days—USC was scheduled to play South Carolina—some eastern college—but they wouldn't play us unless USC took Taylor off the squad. USC said, "No, he's a member of the squad—he stays." And I guess that was the first introduction of any sort where there was a friction which later developed into our so-called "class distinctions." But I admired USC for staying with its principles. He's a member of the team, he plays! So they had to cancel that game. It didn't matter too much because we had to travel to their locality. But I loved the rah-rah of sitting in the rooting section and joining with the "roots." Someplace in here [album] I saw a picture of the card tricks. I note here this was taken at the Coliseum. Since, of course, it's been enlarged to twice the size. But this is a very small section compared to what they have now. They used megaphones instead of wired megaphones now—boy they could do a good job

I had a good time at USC. I did pretty good work in my design problems, so I had a good start at Pennsylvania.

I appreciated most my training, and living in Philadelphia. See, I was there for four years after one year at USC, and I got to know the people as classmates. I think there's no experience like a college experience. But I had some splendid professors in the school of architecture.

One of the most interesting things was the phase which I grew up in; that was the so-called Beaux Arts phase. Most of the students at the time knew something about Modern and they wanted to get into Modern, but the curriculum demanded that we train ourselves

in the Beaux Arts system. And in the Beaux Arts system were about ten to twelve leading schools of architecture, like Columbia, New York, University of Illinois, University of Pennsylvania, Georgia Tech; I can't begin to name them all. But they were always the same system whereby the problem was given to you as a typewritten assignment. And it was always on a Saturday; that was the thing I disliked about it because it interrupted the football games.

But anyway, we had to develop this *esquisse*, a French word meaning problem or sketch, outline, which told you what the problem was and you had to grasp that and then put down a sketch, formulating your ideas or sort of crystallizing your ideas. This was to be done in eight hours, and it was eight till five. And we studied and studied, it was scribbling and drawing on just a small sheet of paper. The object was to make your drawing so obscure that there were so many different ways to interpret it. But, sometimes you came to a commitment and if you didn't follow that *esquisse* then you were given an HC (*hors d'concour*), meaning out of the competition. So if you didn't get a passing grade at least you then had to make it up in a good grade for the next problem. I think there [were] five to six problems per semester. One thing it taught you was how to develop and think clearly and quickly, knowing that you were going to have to live with this. That system was abandoned, I think, about six or seven years after that. I think it started back in the early 1900s or before. But there were some beautiful problems, or works.

One of my professors had won the Stewartson Prize in 1914. That was a trip to study in Paris. This huge drawing was in the library room of the University of Pennsylvania School of Architecture. It would have covered that whole wall [Oral History office] - A

beautiful rendering and it showed hours and hours of work.

The other thing, of course, was the professors. There were some fine design professors. One was Paul Phillipe Creye, who had retired as an architect, but because of his deafness never learned to speak English well; he was of French origin. So it was all this whish-whish-whish—you had to strain to get out what he was trying to say. But not always did he have to be able to say it in words because he expressed it so well in his charcoal and pencil, with great flourishes, drawing all over your drawing; it didn't matter how well you had drawn it. You got to change this thing and do it this way—whish—whish-whish! Well, we used to worship those criticisms, and I always regret to this day that I never saved some of those so-called scraps of paper. We would have to buy our own supplies and, of course, he would take reams and reams of tracing paper and let it roll off the board as he drew this, and then on the next, and do something else. And you'd have a whole three dollars worth of tracing paper [laughing] on the floors. And that was a good weekend money, you see.

Paul Phillipe Creye, Harry [Henry] Sternfeld, Bickley; Harry Parker—Parker taught me mechanics and Strength of Materials. Fifteen or sixteen years after I had graduated, he came out here for a divorce and he looked me up. It was funny talking to one of your old professors after all that time. He hadn't changed. But he wrote a book together with Nolan. Parker and [Thomas] Nolan was a textbook that we used for years and years and years. It still is used because he had been able to simplify mechanics and strength of materials for architects. We only needed that so we would be familiar with the subject and not be engineers.

Well, [Alfred Herman] Gumaer was a history professor, inclined to be overly stout.

We went down to the smoking room to have a cigarette and Gummy would come down to the smoking room and sit alone by himself, but would be reading and would let those ashes drip on his big overhanging stomach, you know [laughing], it was just like a shelf, it would be there. Never brushed them off!

Well, there were other professors whose names I don't recall right now, but it doesn't matter that much. But I got something out of everyone; I mean it was just a marvelous school as far as I was concerned. And I still correspond and still see some of my graduate friends, something I don't often do with anybody. But coming from this area was [Herbert] Swinburne who came from Winnemucca and he went to Pennsylvania and I met him there. He was in the sophomore class when I was in the senior class. But he went on to be quite an architect in the East. He married an eastern girl. (And later on I'll speak of our relationship when we worked in the Highway Department some years back.) But he was so in love with this girl that he went back there to live and made quite a reputation for himself in Philadelphia and New York. He retired about three years ago.

I had many friends. Leclair, Bob Leclair was not too brilliant a student, but a fine personality and he was more inclined to the history of architecture than architecture itself. But he had a fine personality.

One day I came back from the fraternity house; it was a Monday. I came to the drafting room and told Leclair about my experience with the waiter who was a colored man. His name was Flowers. At that time, there was a very popular fighter called Tiger Flowers, so of course we nicknamed him Tiger. But on this Saturday night, I was all dressed up in my tuxedo to go out to some function, and Tiger came with his thumb in my soup and slurred the words, "Parsons, yoush a smooshy," trying

to get out “smooshy.” I thought that was funny so I reported that to Bob Leclair. Well, he thought it was funny and from there on my nickname was “Smooshie” because on an occasion a few days later Leclair called the length of this drafting room, which was the length of a football field, said, “Parsons, yoush a smooshie.” Well, people who never knew my name was Ed would call me “Smooshie.” I resented that because I liked it only from my friends who were my classmates, not the freshmen. But just the same, it stuck. I was calling one evening on a girl, Ann Warner. Ann Warner came from the Main Line, from a very nice family. And one night I had the occasion to call and I said to Mrs. Warner, “This is Ed Parsons.”

“Who”

I said, “Ed Parsons.”

“Oh,” she said, “you mean ‘Smooshie!’”

[Laughing] All right, so be it! I’d have to use that name you see, to identify myself.

That’s the way it was, just, you know, you felt good about being on campus. Maybe you had the same kind of friends here and maybe that’s perfectly normal. But I never made friends afterwards in the business world. I had acquaintances, lots of them, but not close friends, you see, that I would think of going around with.

The surer before my graduation I had an automobile, a little Ford, delivered back to Salt Lake City to the Green family. They lived just on the corner south of where we lived at 454 Douglas. They had left this car in New York and would I go to New York and drive it back to Philadelphia when school was out? I said, “Surely;” grabbed the chance.

So I asked a few people around who were going back West, but the only people I could find that would be going back West would be some Mormons. By golly, they looked me up and down and decided that I wasn’t fit and no,

they turned that offer down. I mentioned this to Asa Dickinson, an architectural student. Well, he had never been west of the Allegheny mountains, so they decided, his mother and his father said, “Well, that would be a nice vacation.” And it was the Depression then, just starting. Maybe we could get a job out West. And I talked him into it.

So, we headed out for the West and it took us five days in this little Ford and we had a marvelous time. Cleaned it up and delivered it to the owner, then bought a car in Salt Lake, an old 1923 Nash, drove that to Reno and it took us two days to [laughing] get across the desert in that car. The problem was we had two blowouts and four punctures. We picked up a couple of bums along the way at Wendover. They noticed the flat while we were having breakfast, “Fix your tire if you’ll give us a ride to Elko.” Well, Asa looked at me and I looked at him—well, why not?

So we continued with our breakfast and started on our way. As I say, it took us [laughing] three more punctures and two blowouts. I could go on with that story, but that’s not important.

Going back to some other classmates.

Well, there’s always a few girls in there. They were all architectural students. Paula Higginbotham was a fine girl and everybody liked her, but I seemed to be the goat and I was always asked to help her do certain things in perspective that she couldn’t grasp. So I’d work at nights with her on that problem.

I mentioned Ann Warner, of course, and she was the girlfriend of, and eventually married George Washington Miller III. I always loved that. But it shows that long, deep-seated strain of easterners. Tragically, when I visited them in 1976, I could sense things were wrong. It was a letdown. There was too much drinking—Ann was drinking and so was George. Then I read in the Pennsylvania

Gazette just six months later that he died. I don't know what happened to Ann. But they just—you know, it's too bad the people who live in the East they get into that rut they can't get out of if they don't get the right job, the right position. And what a contrast when I went back at the outbreak of the War! Let's see, I graduated in '32—yeah Pearl Harbor was '41, wasn't it?

Yeah. Just ten years later I got back there in the Army (it was 1942—it was later anyway). But I got a job with the Budd Manufacturing Company and I met several of my classmates. They were just jittery balls of nerves, so afraid they'd lose their jobs. This was wartime—they wanted people! And I was thumbing my nose at this job.

(This is advancing ten years, but I might as well finish it, because after being out of the Army you sort of froze the manpower, you see.) And Bob [Robert A.] Allen in the Highway Department had requested that I come back and work in Advanced Planning for the state. I said, "Ha, ha, get me out of here and I'll be glad to come back." You know, they weren't going to release me until I said, then going back to take a position as an architect."

They had to look in their bible of classifications. "Architect—one who hires draftsmen.

"Well, what's your classification here?"

I said, "I'm a simple draftsman." Well, they had to let me go, you see.

For two seasons, I always went back to Philadelphia about a week before school started because the gang went down to a beach in New Jersey, not far from Atlantic City. But the season had stopped and we could rent a cottage on the beach. Tubby Fort, Asa Dickinson, Leclair, [Allen] Nichol (his father owned a piano company), myself, Diven, yeah. Isn't it odd you can remember those people so easily? Jimmy Diven. Well,

the six of us played poker from seven o'clock until five o'clock in the morning—just bleary-eyed. Never more than a nickel or a dime at the highest. Nichol would say, "Well, I'll bet a nickel," so he was covered with a nickel.

The girls would sometimes come down and see us and surprise us and clean house. We just left a pigpen, of course, [laughing] when we got it.

The last two years I fell in love with an Overbrook girl. She worked in the library. Her name was Marian Stover and I was really in love, I was just head-over-heels! My work suffered from that the last year, because it didn't matter, I already had enough design points to graduate and as long as I kept my academics up, I was all right. So I was always visiting my girlfriend, letting my conscience get buried. That lasted until a year after graduation. Of course, I had to come back to Reno—there was no jobs in Philadelphia—and she came out with her family and I guess they could see the difference. I wasn't going to go back East because there was no jobs, and she couldn't come West 'cause I really didn't have—I don't think she was that much in love. That was too far to come to leave her family. But I took her to all the dances, I think, much to the disgust of several of my classmates, you know, foresaking the other gang.

But in appreciation for all the good times that these people gave me and especially in their homes, I gave a party in the fraternity house (I'd joined the SAEs). And I decorated the basement room and then for favors or placecards, I made little caricatures of the people, using wire and paper and lollipops, and painting it on. They were all easy to do. George Miller played tennis, so all I had to do was put a tennis racket in his hand. But when I came to my girl I didn't know what to do with her because she had no identifying traits, you see, any sports or things around

the drafting room because she wasn't an architectural student. So she found her place by elimination [laughing].

We went on trips. One was to the Pocano Mountains. I'll never forget that because I was thinking, "Golly, I haven't seen any mountains in all these years." I think the trip was two and a half hours. I said, "When do we get to the Pocano's?"

"Well, you're in them."

I said, "These are mountains?" Little hills, you see. We came to the cabin, we had a good time. We stayed there a couple of nights and raised hell. We had our booze. But we were not hell-raisers—we had discretion. I don't say we were angels, but at the same time we didn't carouse.

Another occasion was to go to the Harvard-Pennsylvania game and this was to drive through New York City. At the time the Empire State building was being erected. We started out in Asa Dickinson's car, and it was called "Calpernia." Why Calpernia, I don't know, but anyway, Calpernia proved herself good to us except that when we got into the Parkway in Philadelphia we were stopped by highway patrol. Just as they stop kids now, they picked on us. We were a gang of students, singing and having a great time. We were about eleven miles out of the city, didn't have a driver's license. Asa Dickinson had to turn around, go back, pick up his driver's license, and then report to the precinct police. And we lost two or three hours that way but that didn't daunt us. Except when I went to pay for gas. "Big I am" Parsons said, "I'll pay for it," and reached for my wallet. I'd left my wallet home. Holy smoke, these kids didn't have any money! But my share of that trip, believe it or not, was six dollars. I mean the whole trip. Six times six was thirty-six dollars. We stayed at the Gold Coast, a former fraternity house in MIT. (Is MIT so close to Harvard?

I'd forgotten.) But anyway, this was sort of a free room. I guess a snail and coffee only was fifteen cents in those days. They kidded me on that for years afterwards.

The interesting thing was at the football game we had tickets way across the stadium from Philadelphians rooting section. We were in the bleachers of the Harvard section, down by the back of the goal post, almost. So, we had our little bottle (everybody carried a bottle in those days), and we got to feeling good—we weren't drunk, but anyway we mimicked, because the accent of the Harvard people at the kickoff (Harvard had kicked off to Penn) and the people right in front of us said, "Theah's the bahl Hahvad, receive it!" [Laughing]

We thought that was funny and every time the ball was in the air, "Theah's the bahl Hahvad, receive it!" until the people just gave us fits! But we won—I think it was six to nothing, something like that. And it took us a day and a half to get back to Philadelphia [laughing], but having had a good time over the weekend. Well, it was like that throughout school.

Another person I should have mentioned was—John Detlie was not a close friend, but a person I admired very much because he was such a brilliant illustrator, and he made posters that I have pictures of—caricatures, you see, of the Russian Ball held on April 23, 1930. (Incidentally, that was my birthday.) But these panels—there's no scale here— but they were about fifteen feet high. [Showing pictures] There's a window in the background so you can get the feeling of height. But they characterized Dean Laird, Colonel Tidball (he was sort of a secretary), Sternfeld, Bickley (I think I mentioned him), and Harbeson. It took him about a week to make that, but he designed the whole ball—the theme—it was Catherine the Great. That's then where I met Marian Stover.

We stopped in Salt Lake [on one trip west], and got jobs in Reno—going back to Asa Dickinson. I worked on what was then called the Castle at the foot of California and Booth Street. My job was to put up the chimney pots, and I don't know how I ever did it, but here I am on top [chuckling]. I put that on my shoulders and carried it up blindly, feeling my way up the ladder. Asa got a job working at a lumber company—or lumber camp, I should say. That lasted about a month, and it was pretty rugged work for a kid—he'd never had a callus on his hands before. And they always take a youngster, you know, and give him the dirty work to do. He was with this lumber group and they were changing camps so they assigned he and another fella to move the outhouse. And you can guess which end of the outhouse he had to carry [laughing].

Did I ever tell you about my experience with my brother at Annapolis? I made several trips to Annapolis to see him on different occasions. But one of the most eventful was when Carson Hawkins was in the same class with my brother Bill. I wanted to go down to see Bill graduate and I didn't have money to make a room reservation, I knew that I would have to anyway, so I just took a chance that I'd do something, find a room, sleep on a park bench, or whatever, it didn't matter. This was in June. So, after the ceremonies and the dance, the graduating students, like everybody—had to be in at twelve o'clock, like Cinderella. So, somebody had a little roadster, I guess it was Carson Hawkins, "Where are you going to stay?"

And I said, "Oh, I'll find a park bench, don't worry. I'll meet you in the morning."

"Oh no you won't! Get in the car, we'll take you in to the Bancroft Hall."

I said, "Where are you going to put me?"

"We don't know yet, but we'll take care of you."

So they closed the lid on this little roadster, drove in the back side of Bancroft Hall, and parked in the designated place, opened up the compartment and said, "Follow us and run like hell!"

Then I remember running diagonally into the north end of this huge building, Bancroft Hall, went into that entrance, and he said, "Keep on running. Follow me," ducked into a room nearby, where this startled midshipman said, "What are you doing?"

Carson said, "Give me your coat." I had a dark suit on. He said, "Take off your coat and put this on." So I put on this Navy jacket and he said, "Now just follow"

And they had to run across the rotunda, and he said, "When I salute, you salute." Now on the run! By golly, I did as they said and I saluted all these officers on the way through this rotunda, got in there just at the stroke of twelve.

I said, "You damn fools, what are you going to do with me now?"

"Well, let's see, we're gonna figure this out." They didn't have a plan!

I said, "It's time for me to leave! I can bluff my way out of here, something, got mixed up, I'm drunk, or whatever, but don't jeopardize yourselves."

"No, we won't think of it. Oh [snaps fingers], we know. There's a room vacant across the hall. This fellow's in the brig." Well, "brig" meant the jail, or whatever.

So he said, "All right, get into bed." He said, "Now tomorrow is the day that the plebes get back at the youngsters for all the hazing they got throughout the semester, or the year. So there'll be a lot of noise at six o'clock in the morning. Don't let it bother you."

"Well," I said, "all right, thanks for the tip."

And I guess I was just tired enough; I went to sleep without worrying too much.

But true to their prediction, at six o'clock in the morning I heard this raucous in the hallway, and suddenly there was a banging at my door and the door burst open and there were five or six midshipmen. They pulled back this blanket and said, "Who are you?"

Well, I was too sleepy to answer. Before I could answer they saw the name on the blanket, "Buttons." "Oh, you're Buttons," and threw the blanket back over my head. Thank goodness for Buttons! [Laughing] I've always remembered that name because he saved my brother and Carson Hawkins from being expelled—I know that from past episodes, you've read about them, you know, in which people were just smuggled into the dining room—particularly women. And when they discovered those, they were expelled.

Well, there was no problem after that because they said, "All you can do now is stay here. Don't leave this room. At eleven o'clock visitors are allowed; we'll see if we can bring you something back from the mess hall." So they brought me a roll, and I think they smuggled in a glass of milk somehow—that was my breakfast.

I thought, "Oh my gosh! God's on our side—has to be!"

I've never forgotten that incident. Well, of course then, about quarter after eleven, I just sauntered out of the room and joined other visitors coming [laughing] through their barracks (you see, they were in the barracks visiting with their sons); came out on to the parade ground, and watched the formation [laughing] as if nothing had happened!

I've bring that up with Carson every once in a while; I still see him. He'd say, "Oh yeah. I'd kinda forgotten that." He was the most blasé person I've ever known. I met him socially the other day at Hugo Quilici's and Catherine's party. Each time I see him I want to bring up the subject, but I know I've

brought it up so many times he's bored with it [chuckling].

There was another occasion, visiting my brother at Annapolis. In one [way] it was sort of a sorry thing, but you know, midshipmen led such a regimented life that when they got out on a weekend they really cut loose. And I've forgotten the occasion, except a group of us went to a Chinese restaurant and this kid consumed more than his share of liquor. So just as we were ordering our dinner, this kid got sick and he made a beeline for the men's room but he didn't get there fast enough and he [chuckling] sprayed this stranger, you see, and this man said, "My suit—it's ruined! Who's going to pay for the cleaning of my suit?"

This poor kid said, "I will Mister, how much is it?" [Laughing] He pulled out a five-dollar bill, "I guess that'll cover it."

But I mention that only because it's an incident of how these young kids loved a weekend, to get out, and they didn't know how to handle themselves. Now, why, a glass or two of wine or liquor wouldn't bother anybody.

My brother was not an exceptional student, but he sure worked like the dickens to keep up. Most of the Annapolis students had pre-training in a military school, or a school of another type that prepared them for passing the examinations and studies at Annapolis. But Hill went right from high school, took the examination, passed, but was third alternate. I think the first alternate was Bud Loomis, but he failed the examination. I've forgotten who the second was, but he had failed. So Bill went there and his grades were always middle; instead of looking for his name at the top or at the bottom, it was someplace in the middle, you see. I admired him for that, he was able to get the whole thing and graduate without great trouble. I think I have a picture here

[showing album]—yes, there's a few shots of the Academy.

Oh, how I got to the SAEs was interesting because, having left USC, I met by coincidence, a relative—a very distant relative—in Los Angeles, who wrote to a relative in the East, living in Syracuse. The name was John Parsons. “Look up Ed Parsons when he comes East because he's going to Pennsylvania. Ii

So John was an SAE. He asked me to consider pledging SAE. Well, I didn't need a second urging. I had a friend in Reno who knew I was going and he wrote a letter. But the interesting thing about that was that on rushing night, when we had to make our acceptance I walked in just in front of two athletes; one was Barney [Bernard] Berlinger, who was a decathlon winner in the Olympics, and the other one was [James] Peterson—he was a star basketball player. Well, every fraternity wanted these two people; The doors flew open at 3908 Spruce Street—that was our address—the door flew open and the greatest cheer arose and I thought, “Boy, this is great—a welcome!” Everybody ran right past me and [chuckling] shook hands and welcomed and shouted for Peterson and Berlinger. So, I was introduced in the fraternity. I think there were twenty-three of us—the best class in the whole—[chuckling]—all of Pennsylvania, because of these two people.

At Pennsylvania I was made steward. Although I had money from my father's estate, I could always use more so, being steward, I got my meals free. And I was that for two years. It wasn't an easy job because if you couldn't collect the money, you had to boot 'em out. So I wasn't a very popular person, especially among the athletes who thought they owned the world anyway. And I'd have to tell Peterson and Berlinger, “Look, you're behind in your food bill.” And it was only \$8.50 a week. Can you imagine that—getting

breakfast, lunch and dinner for \$8.50 a week? Well, I remember the adage, or the slogan, “Put plenty of salt on the eggs and they'll taste all right.” [Laughing]

The other thing was my having to chase cockroaches out of that kitchen. Have you ever seen cockroaches? The East is full of them, you know. The second place I ever encountered them was in Colorado Springs, Colorado. (They're repulsive things!)

I think the greatest influence at the University of Pennsylvania was the curricula in itself. I know I spoke of the influence of the domestic architecture and the people, particularly the homes, and how it may not have impressed me at the time, but later on, impressed me as a very fine, substantial way of life for the people who lived on the Main Line in Philadelphia. And of course, I was looking, as all students do, through rose colored glasses at the fraternity life and the life of the people—the mothers and fathers of my good friends. I still have a very warm association with that influence.

In contrast, when I went back ten years later during the outbreak of World War II, there was an entirely different atmosphere and I was only too happy to get away from it. I don't know how you philosophize that but it's just the fact that—what wonderful days the college days are, and I was lucky in that respect to have the influence of those fine people.

I think what impressed me even at the time was being invited to the homes of different people, Bala-Cynwyd, one of the suburbs of Philadelphia, Germantown, Overbrook—that wasn't as high class, but it was a nice neighborly area in Philadelphia, I remember while I was there. But so many of them were two stories, three stories; the full two stories and then the attic with the dormer windows.

Well, one time—I’ve forgotten the occasion—but [I was] invited to share the weekend with a girlfriend (you know they like to have a college boy). And I was put up in the attic area. But as you went up the main stairway to the second floor and then the secondary stairway to the attic, a little smaller in pretense, less grandeur, but nonetheless very cozy. So, you’re underneath the eaves of the roof with the dormer windows, an experience I’d never had before, you see, in the West. And then the way the dormers were decorated with lace curtains, the poster bed, hooked rugs on an oak floor, the rocking chair, the Bible, and all the things—they just made it for a sweet home.

There were so many houses like that, so it did have an influence on me later on when I did houses in Reno, maybe, oh, five or six years after my practice started, but not much later.

I might mention a few and then we’ll go into that much later, but the house I did for Dexter, which is on 775 California Avenue. A house for Harold Luce on Marsh Avenue. A house for Mr. and Mrs.—the director of the mental health institute or insane asylum—Landers, Dr. Landers. These were all two-story houses and I loved to work out the details of a dormer window, whether they were a story and a half, or two stories, or three stories and a dormer. Well, so much for that now.

I think the other influence [was] the Beaux Arts system; I believe I did mention that. It had quite an influence, but at that time we were beginning to be trained in the Modern concept. I remember a trip through New York City on our way to play football at Harvard, and just getting a glimpse of the Empire State building as it was under construction, and leaning out the window and looking up, and I never thought I could reach the top of that thing because we were right on the same street

with it. And that was a remarkable structure, reading about it later, you know, and how fast that building was built. It broke all records at the time. The only other thing that equaled it later on was the Rockefeller Center. But the Empire State building was a triumph in modern architecture. And that’s what delighted us—we students—on our way to Harvard, Boston. We couldn’t stop, and as we were gawking out the windows I remember a voice from someone nearby, “Don’t take any wooden nickels!” That was a corny expression [laughs].

But as I say, you couldn’t stop and admire it like you can go to a city now, and visit, and look at it in perspective. Only when I was in New York many, many years later was I able to go through it and feel the grandeur.

But I felt the same influence that we had in school—the use of marble, chrome grilles, so that the black marble or gray marble and the shiny chrome was something new from the staid, old traditional, classic Grecian and Roman architecture. So, we loved it and we emulated that in our designs all the way through.

But you know, I never got the chance to use it in practice because after graduation in the Depression, six years of no job at *all*, and then having to do something that was simply “make do,” the cheapest way to do something was to build a house in the clapboard fashion or using brick veneer. I remember I’d have to—during the Depression, trying to build a house for \$5,000, you’d get about nine hundred square feet, a tiny little crackerbox, but it had to have all the elements—two bedrooms, a living room, bath, kitchen—and square and saltbox in character. I shouldn’t say square, I should say rectangular. That was influenced by the houses I saw in Philadelphia, only they were built on a grand scale and I was trying to just build anything

on the small scale. So, as I say, the only time I got to use the Modern form in practice was some little bar or restaurant, stuck it up with chrome or some copper, and later aluminum. But chrome was the thing.

When I got back to Reno in around 19—oh—38, I built or remodelled a building right next door to where the Hallmark store is now, for Doris Wilson, the Doris Wilson Shop. I put in a sort of a curved entrance and a curved window—it was only about twelve or fifteen feet wide—but Doris Wilson had a very exclusive dress shop, you see, for women. And I remembered overhearing a comment that this had all the sophistication of a New York City store. So that made me feel good. But you could see the influence of the Modern architecture, even though I was studying the classics. The study of the classics through college lasted for about two and a half years, and then we could do all the Modern we wanted to do. Among some of the designs I remember was a university club with a swimming pool on the fourteenth floor. I wasn't going to worry about it because somebody else could work out the structure with it supporting a tub of water [laughs] fourteen stories up in the air. And the sway problems, and wind problems, and we weren't too much worried about earthquakes.

A steamship port. An aeration cascade—that was a beautiful project, and I don't know why we don't do more things like it here now. We had the freedom of [a] design course, but the idea was to aerate the water and to make it pure again. Those problems are manifold now, I mean multiplied by the need and necessity for purified water and recycling it. But here was the water coming down through a cut in the mountains, you know, then suddenly splashing through and then being controlled by manmade conduits and fountains and

coming out from caverns, and walks and planting—our imaginations just soared, you see.

In contrast was a brick-manufacturing plant. We had to learn about bringing in materials from railroad sidings and other transportation means such as roads, the kilns that had to be monitored, that had to be rigidly set in line. There was no chance for landscaping—if we did landscape, we'd put a little planting around the office, but the rest of it was very severe and manly—masculine, and so on.

So we learned how to judge a problem and then express it in the ways that it should be expressed, very industriously, in contrast to this aeration cascade. And that was the beauty of the problems we had—they were always different.

Banks, yes, they were simple. They were just prim and prissy, and nice (I don't want that word, but—). Everything was in order, you see, you didn't have anything that was too bold.

I'm trying to think of other projects. But I guess there were about six or seven a semester and after three years of that, why, you had a pretty good collection of drawings. The mediums we used were charcoal, pencil, watercolor, pastel, tempera (acrylics were something that came later so we didn't use those), or we'd use all of them together. We learned how to smudge, to smear, and the eraser was a great tool.

The system of doing a pro jet was to—after (I think I mentioned the *esquisse*)—well, after we got into it and you worked for three or four weeks in developing your scheme, and the pressure of the deadline came, you would gather “niggers.” These were freshmen that you'd say, “Look, if you wanna learn something, help me tonight and we'll get this problem out.”

So if you got three or four “niggers” on board—the board was about 3 by 5—you could spread around that table, you see, and everybody leaning over and doing something. I remember an Englishman did a church building, and he had put in the walls—all solid, solid India ink—then with an erasing shield and an eraser (an ink eraser), he would say, “By Jove Wheah shall we put the doors and the windows?” [Laughs] This was his way of saying, “Well, I know where we’re gonna put them, but you fellas just prepare it and I’ll mark it off, and you start erasing.” You see, he would erase very precisely the opening we needed. And then the whole problem would evolve in half a night’s time, while he did the lettering and other things that if you were artistic, you just wouldn’t use these people. And I never was able to use more than one or two because they were in my way. But if a man knew how to use them—just stand aside! [Laughs] He got a lot of work done!

But “niggering” was an honor. Of course, we don’t use that word any more, but it wasn’t meant in any way derogatory.

I guess there were many things that I could go on about the system.

I think I had a sense of humor. During the Depression the Beaux Arts building in New York was closed up and one of our assignments was an *esquisse-esquisse*. This was a twelvehour problem. The *esquisse* was eight hours, in which you committed yourself on a small piece of paper, eight and a half by eleven, but the *esquisse-esquisse* was a twelve-hour problem in which you had to express your ideas and render it pretty well without any references—without having—you didn’t have time to go to the library. But the idea was to test your ability to work fast.

So, I think it was to design a new Beaux Arts headquarters building. (As I say, it was the Depression.) I designed this thing three

stories high and about twenty feet wide, a simple entrance and some little windows on each side. Then I painted in, or drew in, boards crossing, as if it were nailed up, you see, and put the sign “Closed” on it—after making a beautiful drawing of it and then smearing it up with this vulgar expression [laughing]! And I don’t think they liked it too well, my ridicule. But that was my way of taking off the pressure—why get too excited about the Depression? We didn’t know how long it was going to last. If I’d known how long it was going to last I wouldn’t have made such a silly reference.

Another time, showing our sense of humor, we, all the seniors, got together and decided to collaborate on a whimsical type of structure. Somebody started right in the middle of the sheet and drew, very precisely, very carefully, a little tower with a flag on it, and somebody else came along and drew a vase, then another person came along and drew a main structure. Well then, wings started to branch out from this building—each one with a different style of architecture. You can imagine! Modern, Egyptian, whatever! And showing the best of talent, so that when it was done, it was a work of art, in watercolor and different styles and techniques. And you’d think, with all the pressures we had that we wouldn’t waste our time that way. But, it was a way of relieving ourselves of the pressure, I guess, and to show our competitive spirit.

Most of the time, though, everything was very, very serious. I remember my critic, Mr. Sternfeld—did I mention him? Did I mention the fact that Sternfeld one day came to me and he said, “Parsons, you’re mentally and morally constipated!” I’ve never forgotten that expression, and I’ve never known exactly what he meant by it! But he was a sort of a sarcastic fellow, but we all respected him.

The fact that I had this marvelous teacher, Mr. Paul Phillipe Creye, who was French and deaf and never learned to speak English clearly. But that didn't matter because of the way he could express himself with a pencil or charcoal on your drawing and smeared all up. You thought you had something beautiful, you know, in a precise and prim way, but he would just take the charcoal and, if you had a concept of something square he would draw and elliptical, parabolic shape. Well, gee whiz! That changed the whole thing—what right have you to do this? But you see, it showed us how to be expandable, how to be receptive to new ideas. That's a thing I try to tell people I'm associated with now, "For gosh sakes! Get away from that box that you're trying to give me!" And I try to express that and they say, "Gee whiz."

But you never do fully accomplish the thing that's in your mind. I suppose the artist or the painter or the musician has the same blocks. And gosh, when my wife is playing the piano, I say, "That is beautiful: What is that?" Well, I should know that it's Schumann, you see, that she's playing. And I know the difference between Schumann and Beethoven, and the same way with certain styles of architecture when I see what's going up downtown.

Somebody told me today that Harrah's addition was S-O-M (Skidmore, Owings, and Merrill). I said, "My God, they must've given a high school graduate that assignment." I haven't been on the inside but it is not the best of Skidmore, Owings, and Merrill by any chance. They're so widespread throughout the whole world that this could have been a fourth grade assignment or something, the way I look at it. It may be very nice on the inside but it's not the best of Skidmore, Owings, and Merrill.

I guess there (are) a lot of other things I could talk about in my college training.

It helps to show why you do what you do now and why you have done it that way for these years.

Yes, if something—well, every person has his own individual style. If you try to change, it isn't you. I recall at USC having to write a theme, five hundred words or something overnight (it was a little more than that). I didn't feel like writing so I decided I would copy something that won a prize. I got the high school annual Re-Wa-Ne, and copied Ed Semenza's story about some Indians; it was a fanciful story. So I handed this in and when I got the paper back I got an "F." Of course, the teacher recognized that it wasn't mine—that wasn't my style. And I thought I was getting by with something. That taught me something—that people can see through your copies. It's gotta be you.

I've thought of something that I should add. I guess it isn't that important now.

Well, graduation came. I couldn't graduate because I'd received my credits during midterm but I had to leave school and I wasn't going to make it for June graduation so I never did go through a ceremony. And I always sort of missed that. But I did enjoy my brother's graduation, as I think I spoke of that. That made up for it.

Well, I decided I wanted to stay in the East because I had this girlfriend that I was ga-ga over [laughing]. I couldn't stay—there were no jobs, I found out in four days—in two days. I made a list of architects I wanted to see—just copied the phone book. And I made twenty calls the first day and twenty calls the second day, and the answer was always the same, "Sorry, can't do anything."

One man opened the door to the drafting room and he said (and here was a drafting room, just a vast sea of drafting tables and empty chairs)—he said, "See that old man

down in the corner?” And you could dimly make out that somebody was sitting back there, “I haven’t got the heart to fire him; he’s been with me too long. But there’s nothing to do.” Well, that was a good demonstration.

The closest to a job was, a sort of a fringy type of architect said, “Well, I can’t give you a job—a drafting job—but this is hard times. Look at the paper—watch the paper—for fires, and go out and see that person immediately and ask if you can’t help them, that you represent me as an architect and we’ll help you put your house back in order.”

Well, I thought about that for a day or two. I thought, “My gosh, that’s not the way to start in architecture—being a tramp running around, trying to make a living out of somebody’s misfortune.” So, it didn’t take me long to make up my mind that I was going to leave Philadelphia. I packed up and got a bus ticket and came back to Reno.

MY PHOTO ALBUM, A RAMBLE WITH THE PAST

[My brother and I] shared in a garden, I see that’s in here [photo album]. We shared in a bicycle ring; this was when we were still in high school. And I took pride in making that—banking the turn— so that you could go around there with tremendous speed; that’s what we thought.

I think one of the greatest prides we had in that house was buying a new Buick, a 1924 Buick. And here’s my attempt at poetry (this picture):

A house and a car
That’s all they are.
They belong to us
So we make no fuss.

[Laughing] Silly? Anyway—.

Let’s see, Dan McKnight was my best friend in high school. Well, Dan McKnight died in a serious automobile accident in which there was drinking involved, all these high school kids. And it happened coming back from Truckee, and they just got going too fast. Dan wasn’t the driver. But, here I say in this picture showing Dan pretending to drink beer through a funnel—“A regular sot.” But he wasn’t, of course.

I made fun of myself, here. A picture was taken where I have a frown on my face and I called myself “Standing Bull.”

Now, on the adjacent page, I have pictures of two little children, Chito and Otto. They were the children of a very wealthy Filipino woman—one of those high-born type, you see, that come over here for a divorce.

I notice my first love, in 1924, was a girl from the East. And here’s my aunt, and this is Mrs. Kent, with her daughter Marian Kent. We’re standing about five feet apart here [laughing]—shy as the dickens, but my heart was throbbing! I remember that didn’t amount to anything after that.

These are just casual things—.

Oh, and here’s a picture of myself, my aunt, and my brother in 1924 at Bowers Mansion. So, that sort of dates the time on my aunt. She was still alive at that time.

And here’s my cousin Harriet, again.

I see a picture here of one of my other cousins, Leichti, and I haven’t discussed him. But he was also in high school at the time and he was my senior by two years. He joined the SAEs in 19—it has to be around ’25 because he left college after that; he only went one year. It’s, pathetic when—you see, my aunt Ann Lockman, it was her second marriage. She was formerly a Leichti. Leichti was an attorney and eventually died oh, a few years after she married Uncle Frank. But the point is that my Uncle Frank and Arnold had that

friction, you see, stepson and stepfather. So he left [college]. The thing that reminds me about him is this picture of camping. My brother has got a silly grin on his face—it's not a grin—he's really making a face. And Arnold is sitting down, but alongside of it is a case that he built. He was very clever in carpentry. And he built this cabinet that was contoured to fit on the running board, and fit the Buick. So, its door was hinged from the bottom and folded down like an ironing board and then a leg, a single leg, would support that board as a table. So then we could all eat from that table, presumably. But everything was packed in the shelves. It was really a unique thing before such kits were made commercially.

I think the real fun of my high school days was just plain associations. In my junior year I went out for football, and, of course, in my senior year. The junior year I was on the scrub team; I was very light and managed to be knocked around, but I was more serious about it when I was in my senior year in 1926. And this is where I really had fun in football. Never a star, but once a hero! And the "hero" came in on the fact that on a certain occasion the squad was to go to Stewart Indian School and play in Carson City.

Herb Foster—incidentally, Mrs. Foster is in my office building now, and still working—just remarkable! She is great. Well, on this occasion Morgan Huntington was the tackle. He was a strapping, good-looking fellow, and always had a bunch of girls around him. Herb Foster had made the edict that we'd travel without girls. Well, he [Morgan Huntington] broke the rule. As we were getting dressed in the squad room (in the dressing room), Herb roster was naming the team. And, without looking at Huntington, he called my name to play right tackle. Well, I can still see that helmet being thrown across the room in disgust at me by Huntington, because he

had been ruled off the team. And Herb was that way. If he made a rule, he stuck to it! And he played me throughout three quarters of that game with no substitute. Finally, at the very end I was [laughing] knocked off because of pure exhaustion, I think. He made some changes. We won. But a freak in the game; the Indians had the ball, were making a reverse. The ball flipped out of the ball-carrier's arms right into my arms. As a tackle, I didn't have any practice field running. But the quarterback—I remember his name—Connie [Camille] Mery, said, "Run, run!" Well, I started running up the field and got three quarters of the way, oh, well, within about ten yards of the goal, not knowing what to do except I just ran into the arms of this big buck Indian [laughing]. I guess that was the end of my run! But I had taken the ball and the next play, why, they made a touchdown.

Emily Richards was a classmate and a sort of a flame at the time. She wrote in the school paper that I was a hero of that day. And Sunday morning I was reading my press [laughing], so to speak. I was exhausted and Auntie said, "Stay in bed." I had a black eye and [laughing] was sore and bruised! All because of this chance thing, you see.

But what I had done was using my head but not do it ethically, I had pulled out of the line and anticipated the play. Herb Foster, the next Monday morning—said, "What were you doing pulling out of the line, Parsons?" Well, I had broken another rule, you see.

He said, "Now, supposing that had been a double-reverse play?"

Well, I couldn't answer. But that's the way of football. Having participated for two years in football, I'm an avid football fan now. Only because I knew some of the rules and the pitfalls. I don't have the same interest in basketball.

I was sports editor for the Re-Wa-Ne so I wrote up all the wonderful things Reno High did for football. But in the annual write-ups for basketball, all I could do was say that somebody did a magnificent job of running up and down the court, and we won, [laughing] and give the score. And somebody had caught this and said, “Ed, the technicality with which you spoke of football is such an utter contrast to the casual way, or the inept way, you spoke of, or wrote of, basketball.”

I think I had to write up the girls’ basketball, but I’m not too sure. But I remember the girls playing basketball in those days, and it took a long time for it to ever come back again. I don’t know when it was dropped. But we were just as loyal to the basketball—girls’ basketball—as we were with boys’ basketball. And the girls’ contest was always played before the boys’, so it was almost like a double-header.

Well, to me there’s a lot of things I recall about my mother. I do recall that she graduated from the University of Nevada here, and she enjoyed the sports activities. She liked folk dancing ’cause I have a picture of her in a costume. And I think she was quite a gal about campus in those days; much different than my aunt, Ann Lockman, her sister. Ann was more serious. She couldn’t say “gym,” she would have to say “gymnasium.” She was proper! [Laughing] My mother would abbreviate it, of course.

I can remember my mother vividly in Tonopah, Nevada, as a person who loved to give children’s parties, and I recall many pictures of these gatherings out on the shade side of our two-story house. No trees, of course. we were all huddled against the wall to keep in the shade. No matter, every child was dressed in white—starched white. White stockings, white shoes and just like we were going to have our picture taken. Well,

there was much picture-taking because my father loved his camera. It’s remarkable we have so many pictures of my father and my family because in those days a roll of film consisted of six exposures. Then you were through; you had to reload. And that was costly [chuckling], so you—you gauged your subjects very, very carefully, and spaced them. Now we shoot them like we were shooting clay pigeons [chuckling].

My brother—myself with the American flag, and my brother, at (if I remember) Los Angeles—or no, Monrovia, Monrovia, where he was trying to recover from that silicosis.

A group of five children. The two oldest are my brother and myself, the taller girl with a bow in her hair—I think that was Marian Los Kamps. The other two I can’t identify, but I’m sure that was taken in Salt Lake City.

A two-story house in Tonopah. I think that was our house.

A Dutch-roof house in Salt Lake City, 454 Douglas Avenue, which was our home for six or seven years.

An individual picture of my brother in a football uniform—not too handsome because we were just scrubs at that time; hand-me-down uniforms.

A picture of my brother as a cheerleader.

Another picture of my brother squatting. I don’t know where—I think that was in—it has to be in Reno.

A picture of my brother and me at Annapolis, he with a uniform.

And a small picture of myself in a V-neck sweater.

And [reads caption from envelope] these say, “William Parsons in high school, at Annapolis, house in Tonopah, and Salt Lake.”

Here’s a picture of my Uncle Ed. A pass—no an employee identification card at the Santa Mia Park. Age 61, height 6 feet, weight 160.

I have in here a collection of Boy Scout material. Here's my brother's card, dated September 1922. He was a Tenderfoot. I have maps that my brother and I have both made at different times when we were in Scouts in Salt Lake City. And mine was commended for its care and craftsmanship, and so on, and it got an "A plus." It's still around someplace. (But I always liked those sort of things—. drawing.)

More mining stuff.

Ah, yes. Merit badge patches that we never got sewed on our uniforms because we moved from Salt Lake to Reno. I can't tell you what they are now. The heart is lifesaving; the compass must be drafting; the plane has to be—oh, it's urn—the plane has to be carpentry; the torch, civics I guess. And an animal—it looks like a wolf or something. And a crossed group of tools—a hammer and a paintbrush?

And this one must be swimming. It's too awkward to look like walking (chuckling). Anyway, we were, I think, Star Scouts and Life Scouts, respectively. Never got to be Eagle because they didn't have the same value upon moving to Reno, as I had in' Salt Lake. They sort of took the heart out of scouting.

A couple of pictures of my brother when he was in high school. He had to wear glasses, which I think was too bad.

Here is an interesting picture—Arthur Rose Parsons and Edward C. Parsons, taken in Salt Lake City by a photographer; very posed, high-button shoes. Boy this really goes back, doesn't it?

And a picture of my mother. And I always liked it because she has such a sweet smile. A little devilishment in there, too!

Here's a Senior Ball, June 4, 1926. Emily, my date then, she was first dance. (It went up to fourteen.) But, there's Precious Nash, then number four was Bob Scott's girl [laughing] (that's all I know), then number

five is Nelly, Scotty's girl, then again Emily, Inez, Ruth Brewer (I've forgotten who she is), Enid Porter, Eleanor, Alice Couch, [Erva] Barrett, and a blank. Again Emily, and Katherine Loring—you know where Katherine Loring is now? She's a secretary in my office building, First National Bank—boy, I better show this to her (she'll be amazed)!

Oh, here's Virginia Kirkley [shows picture], one of the girls who played basketball. They had better-looking uniforms than the boys in football.

Here's some of my football photos. Let's see, among them is Reno-Yerington, Reno-Freshmen (oh, that's University of Nevada freshmen), Stewart vs. Reno (a frosh game again).

But that was the "wonder team," 1926. And well, golly, it's a good fifteen to eighteen years ago, we had a reunion of that team. And boy, did we think we were something then! And only one had deceased of that group—I've forgotten who it was. But we were written up in the paper and, of course, we made a good celebration out of it. It was after Prohibition, so there was no problem having liquor [laughing]!

Well I can say that there were some wonderful times in high school.

Here are pictures of what was known as "Hot Sox Day," 1925. "Hot Sox Day" was simply just dressing up in the most outlandish costumes.

Well here's my good friend, Dan McKnight, who was killed in an automobile accident in 1930, I think. He's dressed in a tuxedo.

And I know this is Sourwine—Julien Sourwine, yes he's still alive.

And a group of fellas that I can't recall their names— but they're all dressed as sailors. I called this "Gobs Galore." But the one with the banjo is Hoyt Martin. And

they've all got cigarettes—to smoke cigarettes was taboo in Reno High, but as long as you got off on the sidewalk you were off the school grounds. Mr. Vaughn would really try his best to curb smoking, you know, but it just didn't work.

I had a girlfriend in Salt Lake City. I see she had a better crush on me than I had on her because I see that she sent me pictures from 1924 when I was still in high school. And these are her friends, not mine. Frances McGonigle—she was a sweet girl. But it just didn't work out.

We used to like to camp out. Here's a picture of my brother and me in Donner Lake, 1925. That was a miserable thing because my aunt and uncle went to a motor lodge (we called 'em that in those days), and we pitched our tent and got soaking wet overnight. But we cooked our meals outside—here's a picture of my brother breathing the smoke from the [laughing]—from the campstove.

I don't know where Emily Richards is now. She was just a passing fancy at the time, but here's a picture of the two of us, I think taken at Bowers Mansion. I was able to get closer to her than another girlfriend I had from the East. I don't know if there's a picture of that out here, but—oh yes, here, this was taken at Pyramid Lake, 1924. I think her first name was Marian—yes, Marian Kent. And there must be about five feet between us (chuckling). But here, back in 1926, I'm standing shoulder to shoulder to Emily Richards. I haven't got my arm around her, but [laughing] I was pretty close to it!

Enid Porter and I went horseback riding with Inez and Neil—urn—he was president of the high school class one year—it'll come to me. I think he went on to New York City, or to an eastern college where he took Electrical Engineering.

There was another girlfriend—why am I so hipped on girlfriends at this point? But here was a picture of Berenice Barnes. She was a pretty girl. But these pictures were taken in Salt Lake City where she lived. I was visiting with her one time, passing through Salt Lake; I guess Bill was going back to Annapolis and I was going back to Pennsylvania. (This was taken in 1928.)

Here's another group of fraternity fellows. They were a good group, but most of my friends were in architectural school, you see. I enjoyed my fraternity brothers, so to speak, and as this shows I had several. This was after an all-night party of some kind, and this little girl—I don't know what her name was—but she's bleary eyed. You can see all of our eyes have bags under them after the all-night dance [laughing]. But it was one of those beautiful sunny days in April when this was taken, a rare occasion in Philadelphia.

Here's a picture of the Graf Zeppelin, May, 1931, 1930. And I guess it was just about a year later that that thing exploded.

I have a picture of the Columbia-Pennsylvania-Princeton crew race.

And this is my jaunt with Asa Dickinson—I charted across the United States where we stopped. We enjoyed that very much.

[Showing album again] Here's a group of some of the cartoons that John Detlie did advertising the Bowery Ball—that was the next year. [There's] quite a difference from the Russian Ball, the costume ball, and the Bowery. But he was, again, a fine person.

Here we are, a bunch of fraternity kids, concreting the parking area between the sidewalk and the street, because, like in all fraternity houses, nobody could keep the grass.

This is Polly Higginbotham, and here's the gang at the beach. One, two, three, four,

five, six—I'm in that picture, so I don't know who took the picture, but there's the six of us.

A picture of my room at the fraternity house. We had a nice fraternity, there was good furniture. I made draperies, covered a chair, and fixed it up that way. Everybody's room was good, nice (I shouldn't use that word—I don't like the word nice).

EARLY CAREER INCIDENTS

The interesting thing was that I was about three days in Reno and I got my first job with Fred DeLongchamps. Well, it wasn't my first job but it was my first job after graduation. Previous to that, I had worked for Fred DeLongchamps on summer vacation, and another time for Dan Kirkhoff. Dan Kirkhoff was the architect for Mrs. William Johnston from the Palace Hotel in San Francisco. She lived in the Nixon house and they had a drafting room on the second floor. (Incidentally, I was in that house yesterday with [Dr. John] Iliescu. How sad—all burnt and charred out.) Anyway, with Dan, he was assigned by Mrs. Johnston to build these cute little French provincial-type houses that are scattered around the southwestern area near California and Newlands Circle and Marsh Avenue—sort of a cluster. He designed stairways that I said, "They're too narrow; you can't get a trunk up here."

"Well, who has to bring a trunk up?" [Chuckling]

I always thought, well you had to bring the trunk up to pack it. Well, you don't—

you take your things down the stairway, I guess, [laughing] to pack the trunk. I was so practical that way, but he wanted this cute little stairway, very narrow, and if you bumped your head on the door, why you chopped off a corner and that was all right.

But, they remarked, "Haven't you ever worked for anybody before?"

"No. "

"Well, you've got remarkable skill as a draftsman."

Well, I'd learned about these things in school. I didn't realize I was learning then.

When I came back to Fred DeLongchamps and to return to Reno, we were just finishing up the post office, which I had helped start about eight months earlier. At that time we did everything in ink on linen. Now it's done in pencil on tracing paper or vellum.

I was smoking a pipe one time in Fred DeLongchamps' office and thought that was being sophisticated, but the thing twisted in my mouth and spread coals all over this beautiful linen. Well, Fred was such a sweet man, he said, "Well, accidents will happen."

If that had been for me, and my draftsman I'd have said, "Get rid of that damn pipe and you get outta here!" (No, I wouldn't do that, but I would sure be mad.)

You know, there's a lot of haziness in my mind of what actually happened between my graduation in '31 and 1938, when I actually got into practice. I knocked around from San Francisco to Reno, Carson City, back to San Francisco, back to Carson City, the war interrupted, to Philadelphia, back to Carson City, and to try to bring that all up into a series of dates, I'd have to go into my tile, you know, and just resurrect everything.

Those things—I guess they were important in the fact that the unsettledness of the times. There's an unsettledness now and the more people can get experience, they go around to different architects with résumés that are two and three pages long, I think, "Well, what are you doing— trying to collect merit badges?" Because what they are trying to say is, "I've learned from this fellow, and that fellow, and now I'm so developed I'm really a hot-shot."

And then I think, "How long will he work for me until he goes on to the next fellow, after I've trained him?"

So, there's different philosophies about that time. Before the Depression, if a man had more than three jobs in five years, he was considered not dependable. Especially if he worked for big organizations like the telephone company, or a power company, they wanted you to stay there and work like a slave for the rest of your life. That I saw in Philadelphia.

After finishing up the post office job for Fred DeLongchamps, everything just closed then. It took a year for that Depression to really sink into Reno. The next year I was off to San Francisco to work for my cousin, Arnold Leichti. His was the Arnold Manufacturing Company. People couldn't pronounce Leichti

so he called it the Arnold. He wanted me to design fixtures for him—bars, back-bars, ice-cream parlors.

One was a very complicated thing called a College Inn on Market Street in San Francisco. That was when Prohibition came back and so everybody had to put in a bar. This was a tiny space, but I designed an entrance door in the shape of a football—parabolic and even cut off at the bottom, so there was no question about the fact that it was a football shape; it wasn't a parabolic shape, it was simply a football. Well, I gave my cousin fits because to manufacture that thing was one thing, but to make it swing was another, because your hinges have to be offset to have it swing in the plane that was opposite to that odd shape. But we did it. He sat there one time—we had to do all the installation at night and we were tired out—trying to figure out how to suspend this beam that was already there but in the way of our design. So, not being an engineer, nor me, he devised a way of getting a rod, with a plate and bolt, drilled through the beam, and supported it from a structure above.

I thought, "Gosh, what courage," because if the building inspector ever came along, we'd be thrown out.

But, we packed people in that place in three tiers, and then stuck an orchestra (what would you call it) not a booth, but just a platform, that was six-foot-two inches tall, I mean above the floor— just enough to let the bartenders pass under it, you see. Then we had another six-foot-high thing in a space of twelve feet and room enough for these three musicians, an accordion player, a violin player (a fiddler, or whatever), and then a banjo player who sang. And this guy was named Pee Wee—I'll never forget him because he just fitted in that space [laughs], he was short enough to bounce around, you see. Well, the first tier were sophisticated tables, the second

tier was a little less, and the third were some benches. We couldn't do it today because the building code would be against it; we could do everything then. But it was quite a joint. I took pride in designing that thing.

But I didn't have much pride in designing booths and ice cream stands and all that sort of thing. Finally, I got tired of it and left him—more because of having to live with his family and three kids—later on he had five—or six. At that time it was three and another one coming along the way. Well, this was no place for a bachelor. But anyway, the rent was cheap because it was just breakfast and I didn't have to pay any rent. The salary was sixty dollars a month, rent free. And once in a while you could get out and visit with friends but—.

Later on I did leave the house in Berkeley and set out to rent a room in San Francisco, which I did, and that was a sort of a den of iniquity on Jones Street. But I enjoyed it—all these single people. I guess it's no different than what they have now—single condominiums. We roamed from each other's rooms, girls and men, and there wasn't anything too out of the way—I know there was something going on in different places, but it all depended on the individual.

Finally, I just had to totally give up trying to get other work. But I couldn't pay my rent, so this man who had this place decided he was gonna expand his little dining room—would I design it and work on it? Well, I got my room and board for a couple of weeks that way, you see. The theme then, too, was the World's Fair in Chicago [1933-1934]. I painted different kinds of murals—I think the symbol of the World's Fair then was the obelisk, or triangular pyramid, a very spire-like thing, and a sphere. Never having been to Chicago, I don't know how those things functioned, but it was all Modern architecture. But those days weren't too productive.

I got back to Reno, and after working with the Home Owners Loan Corporation and then some with the Federal Housing, I joined with Russell Mills, architect. The dates I don't recall, now. I guess I worked for a year and a half, and I enjoyed that because there was real architecture going on. But, you see, he gave me my first job back to Reno. The fact that I was so disgusted with San Francisco and the way I was living, I had mentioned to Russell Mills, something, and he wrote me and said—or telephoned, "Would you like to come to Reno and work as reconditioning assistant—reconditioning supervisor?" So, this was the beginning of the HOLC.

Well, of course, I just jumped at that chance. My salary year was the tremendous salary of \$1,900 a year, and I was living with my aunt and uncle so rent was very modest—something like \$90 a month and board. And [I] built a little attachment to our house—attachment to the garage in the rear. Roy [Leroy H.] Chanslor, my cousin, and I worked together on it. He wasn't as interested as I, and I used to spend Saturday afternoons working on this thing, building a rock chimney. And Roy said, "Why all that trouble? Punch a hole in the ceiling and put a smokestack through," and he would be off to the football game.

But, you see, I was inclined to be artistic about the thing. That little cottage is still there, attached to the garage. And later on, my uncle took the back end of the garage and turned that into an additional bedroom and then moved the garage forward, so then we had quite an establishment, starting with this little shack.

Well, with respect to the Home Owners Loan Corporation, as I remember in the organization I was hired by Russell Mills to be his assistant HOLC reconditioning supervisor assistant. Huge title with a modest salary. Even so, the salary was tremendous for me at that

time because it was just sort of pulling out of the Depression, but still we were not entirely. Nineteen hundred dollars a year was a good salary, especially with steady work.

As I say, over all of the whole order was Mr. James Bradshaw, known as Bud. I remember him as a tall, lanky fellow with a good sense of humor, with a ready recall of stories. The secretary, her first name was Frances [Baker]—I'll recall it later on, I think. There was a Mr. Finch [James D.] who was, to me the typical politician type. I'm trying to think—another—Harry Scheeline? Harry Scheeline—whether he was in Home Owners Loan and then went to FHA. But I recall him particularly in the FHA. These two jobs sort of ran together. As the Home Owners Loan was phased out, for a few months I had a job with the FHA.

Connected with FHA was, in the architect's side was a William McMillan. And he stayed with them longer than I did because I—very frankly, I wasn't very much interested in all that paperwork. When I got the job in Carson City, then all that vanished from my mind.

As I say, my job with HOLC was to visit buildings that needed repairs before a loan could be made. And there were three types of building: one was repairs only, the other was adding a room and I think there was one in which you simply built from the ground up, but that was rare.

One man, I remember, made an application and was denied. His house was built in the southwest, in a nice neighborhood. He was interested in adding a fireplace and revamping the front a little bit. Well, he was denied and he said, "Well, I can see that—I'm a Republican. You have to be a Democrat to get anything done around here" He was sort of sourpussed.

That impressed me because I was advised to register Democrat to keep my job and I thought that was a little bit pushy. And,

I think, as I mentioned before, I promptly reregistered Republican after I was let out, not for spite but simply to save face—my face [chuckling].

On one trip—and this was typical of what we did—was to go out in outlying areas—Sparks, Fernley, Fallon, and as far away as Lovelock, I believe, but not too far away from the Reno base—to inspect buildings. They sent a man out from Mississippi or South Carolina, but I remember the drawl, and they said, "Parsons, take this man out on an inspection trip because he's to coordinate our work with the East."

Well, it turned out all they wanted to do was get him out of their hair because he was simply an imbibor—he loved his liquor and he could spot a bar a mile down the road, and said, "Look, I think we oughta stop and get a refreshing drink, don't you?"

Well, after a couple of beers I didn't want any more but I'd stop because he was the boss, to accommodate this person. I think it was seven o'clock getting back to Reno after leaving Fallon and what we did there was just a minimum, you see. I could have done the job in fifteen minutes.

Another incident—Walker Boudwin was a contractor and any contractor was happy to have any kind of a job in those days, even though it was just patching up a house. We used 8-1/2 by 11 sheets of paper that could fit in a file, you see, and made our drawings on that—they were very minimal drawings and we abbreviated everything. So, for a window, we'd use the symbol "DH", meaning double-hung. Well, I didn't really fully realize the different implications of a doublehung, so I was surprised on an inspection, to see this house with a truly double-hung sash—a lower sash and an upper sash—but to make the sash stay up, you pull out pegs, like an old-fashioned Pullman train, and lift the

window by the pegs, and then you found the slot up and let it drop in there and that held the sash in place, no counterweights. Well, of course, no one built a house that way. But this contractor chose to use that because it simply said "DH."

We said, "No, double-hung with sash balancers."

"Well, you didn't say that."

"Well, it's implied."

He says, "Well, we'll make a test case of this, and shut it down."

So, Walker Boudwin decided to shut it down, Mills said, "Okay, we'll let it ride until he fixes it—replaces the sash."

And he got angry—Walker Boudwin was a fine person but he had a good temper because of that arthritis that eventually killed him.

One day I was driving on First Street and the car in front of me stopped rather suddenly at First and Arlington and I bumped into him, and here was Walker Boudwin. He got out, looked at his car, there was no damage, looked at me and he says, "Oh, it's you!"

[Laughing] I said, "Walker, I'm not doing this for spite," he thought I had spited him, you see, so that further delayed the final end of that.

As I say, I've always loved the humorous side of incidents in my life and not worried too much about the problems.

Another incident—a letter was received in Washington [written] by an illiterate person and it said, "Dear President Roosevelt: The roof she leaks, come and feex." (Well, of course, I'm using—I don't know how he spelled "feex" but I was using that colloquialism.) And it was sent to us, of course, because it was postmarked Nevada, we looked it up and it was a Greek property owner on the southeast part of town, a nice little home. He was a shoe-shine man and he just didn't have any work.

He'd read about this organization that had helped people, so he was the type of person the administration wanted to help and was designed to help. Others, we tried to help, I guess they were sincere but as they got a little money, they got carried away. There was one man who was behind in his payments for a couple of months. Russ Mills said, "Go down and see what's happening."

I said, "Fine."

And here in this home down in Sparks, there were three radios (the day before television). I said, "Those are nice looking radios of yours."

"Yes, I'm trying them out before I buy one."

I said, "Fine." I didn't say anything then.

I told Russ Mills and he promptly got down there on his bicycle, or automobile, and he said, "Now look, you're behind in your payments three months—or two months—you can make your choice. You're rescinding your loan and you're gonna let us take over the house so you can buy the radio. Or pay off what you owe and then see about your radio. But— one or the other." That settled that quickly.

And that was interesting to find out the different types of people that you dealt with. Of course, everybody likes to help a person who's down and out, and, of course, there were lots of down-and-outers in that respect. And the nice thing was that there was so little mechanics we had to bother with, as compared with today. They'd make a major project out of fixing a person's roof.

So, we were the designers and the judge at the same time and we covered lots of territory and lots of ground. And, as I say, HOLC broke itself quickly because it was disbanded within a short time, a year, fifteen months.

Frances Baker. She was a very sweet girl, well she still is. About a year ago, she drove up

to our house and she had a picture of a group of miners, taken in the old days of Virginia City, and she put a name on every one of these miners, the first row standing and the second row sitting. I guess there were twelve people. She had Finch and Mills and Bradshaw and Parsons and so on. It was Russ Mills who had done this, sent it from someplace. He had a good sense of humor. But he named all twelve of us, you see [laughing]. Frances had that and kept it, if it's interesting I'll give it to you for your files.

What about some of the people higher up in the New Deal agencies—were you aware of them? Like Frank Upman or Cecil Creel?

No, no I wasn't. I think Harry Scheeline was the highest that I ever got to know. None of these people impressed me at the time because I wasn't interested in politics. You know, you're trained as an architect or in the architectural profession and you don't think in terms of the politician. I cared less. I'm ever so grateful that I had the opportunity to go to the state when I did, never realizing at the time that it was a great opportunity for me to meet people of high caliber. Even though I was a Republican, most of the time I dealt with Democrats. They were all fine people. At the time Richard Kirman was governor and later was Carville, wasn't it?

Russell Mills was a splendid person. He had a personality that was very charming. And he had a way with the girls. I remember he used to tell me how he snuck into some sorority house in Berkeley, where he came from. And I don't know what it was but it was the same sort of thing that all kids do in their college days, so I knew he was a real guy.

There were several houses at Lake Tahoe. This came about, after our days with the Home Owners Loan Corporation vanished

or dried up. So he said, "Well, I've got some work I can do on my own. You stay and help me," which was great.

As I say, many of these were Lake Tahoe houses and they were very enjoyable, because you could let your imagination go. Everything was in a rustic theme, rustic porches with cutouts like tulips, pine cones, shakes, shingles, and stone. Some brick but mostly stone, shake and rustic siding.

Where were those?

They were up around the Carnelian Bay area because Russ Mills had a little cabin at Carnelian Bay, and he used to love to go up there on weekends, take Grace, his wife, and Rusty, his small child then. (Rusty, incidentally, was in the Air Corps. Now he's retired. It doesn't seem possible.) Of course Russ Mills and Grace, they're both dead. Grace died last year. She was a very sweet person.

Oh, yes, the Country Club that burned down, that was a very sad disappointment because—I've forgotten who the owner was; I think the contractor's name was Gunderson, and that strikes me because of Judge Gunderson. But, it was built of field rock, red stone, in a very rustic form with a round end for a porch-like affair, a lounge, for people to just sit and talk. That would be wasted space now, you'd have to put a slot machine and gaming tables in the whole thing. Then there was a tiered showroom with a dance floor and at one end a stage for nightclub acts, then of course the dance floor for couples who wanted to dance. And you ate, of course, on this sort of tiered balcony type of thing, all in booths, very, very swank, very high-class. That lasted about a year, then it burned. It was set afire, I'm sure,, at four o'clock in the morning when everybody

was out. But it was the place to go; in those days it equalled the Prohibition-day club, The Willows. But it was the first time an architect had ever designed anything in this locality for that. I was saddened by its demise.

Well, as I say, I can come back to some other things that Russ Mills did, and I was proud to be with him.

When I started for myself, it came through a Mr. Southard. He was sort of a promotional salesman for Walker Boudwin, and he said to me, "Ed, you've expressed your desire to go out in business for yourself. Did you ever think that now is the time?"

Well I said, "No, I don't because I have no jobs."

But he says, "I'll give you the jobs. I'll give you all you can handle."

Well that sounded like a pretty good deal. So, he gave me sixteen jobs. The idea was that he would go out and develop them, and I would make sketches of them at night. You might call it moonlighting, because I think I was still working for Russ Mills. But anyway, I'd make a little sketch of the elevation, color it up in pencil, and Southard would go out and peddle this job and say, "We got a job."

I knew that wasn't quite cricket, and I told Russ Mills that I'd like to go out on my own because Southard had promised me the work. Well, it worked fine for about three or four weeks, and then Southard got canned—fired—probably by Walker Boudwin. So, I think that Walker had two or three jobs for me to do, so I finished up those.

Work was getting slack in Russell Mills' office and I met Herb Swinburne, I've forgotten just when. He was a graduate of Pennsylvania, followed me by two years, from Winnemucca. But he was working with the Highway Department and he said, "Why don't you come and work with us—we've lotsa work to do."

Well, I told Russ Mills that maybe this was the best thing to do. He said, "I think you're making a mistake. Things'll pick up."

Well, I said, "Let me give it a try."

So I did, and this was the greatest thing in the world for me because it gave me contacts that otherwise I'd never had if I hadn't gone to Carson City because Robert A. Allen was the Highway engineer, and for some reason Herb and I were favored people with Bob Allen. I guess that's because Robert was Catholic and Herb was Catholic, which I don't think has anything greatly to do with it, but the fact that there was a good association there, and he liked architects, or our breed of people, because working with engineers was simply cut-and-dry stuff.

And so, I designed a few maintenance stations around the state and other types of things. I think what I'm trying to say is, the break came for me, when Swinburne wanted to go back East and get married. And I took his job as chauffeur for the governor and other dignitaries of the state. Well, that was Governor Kirman at the time, the secretary of State was (how could I miss that one?) [Malcolm McEachin].

Well, Henry Schmidt was controller. I've forgotten who the treasurer was. Alan Bible was the [deputy] attorney general at the time.

A story about Alan Bible—a year or so later when I got into my own practice, I had a payment coming which was near the end of the fiscal year and I didn't know anything about fiscal years. I neglected to bill them for the last payment until after the fiscal year. And I turned it in to the state and they said, "We have no money."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you should have billed for this a long time ago. But We'll take care of it—but you'll have to wait for the Legislature to meet."

Well, they created a bill especially in my name "To pay Edward S. Parsons \$500,"

or whatever the balance of that fee was [laughing]. So, someplace you can find this bill with my name on it.

And Alan Bible said, "Ed, you're remiss for causing us all this trouble." (Alan was very serious-minded, you know, pompous in a way.)

Alan Bible and Helen, my wife, were classmates in school so he always had a greater closeness to Helen than to me, naturally. I wasn't ever around in his class in high school or his group, or even in college. So, it's natural when we see each other now, "How's Helen?" Always! Or when I would write to him later on as Senator, he would respond (Alan was always a good man to respond—he always answered every letter) and he'd say, "And give my love to Helen," or "My regards to Helen."

Well, let's see. I have a couple of stories I'd like to tell later on about Governor Kirman, maybe I have time for one.

On this highway trip to visit all sections of the state highway—the Highway Board had to make this tour, you see. So, it was my pleasure to drive everyone; I felt very honored by this. We started off in the mid-afternoon from Carson City with Governor Kirman's car, Henry Schmidt, Bob Allen, highway engineer, and I think it was Mashburn who was the attorney general then. (Yes, I remember, he was kind of an old lady.) I think it was just five of us in the car, because Governor Kirman sat next to me and we carried on a conversation.

He said, "Say, what's the matter with that clock?"

I said, "Well, it's not the right time, is it?"

"No," he says, "I don't like things that are not correct in my car.

I said, "I'll get it fixed in Tonopah." I knew we were going to stay overnight. We didn't arrive in Tonopah until late at night, something like nine or ten o'clock, because we had taken these side trips to Manhattan and to

the border, sort of zigzagging all the way down to Tonopah. So, we enjoyed a late dinner and said, "Well, we'll meet for breakfast."

Well, this clock was on my mind so I got up particularly early and went into a garage shop around six-thirty and said, "This is Governor Kirman's car and the clock won't work. Will you get it fixed?"

Well, he tinkered and the clock began to go.

I was a little bit late for breakfast and Kirman said, "Where have you been?"

Well, I said, "I've been fixing the clock—I got it working."

"Oh, fine, fine. Sit down and eat your breakfast, we've got to get going."

Well, about twenty miles down the road, the clock stopped [laughing]. "I thought you got this clock fixed!" He knew that it wasn't working and he'd spent all kinds of money trying to get that clock to work, and gave up!

As we got down to Las Vegas, the next day, we were to go to the ceremony, for opening the twelve needle valves for Boulder Dam, and this was to be quite an occasion. We were joined by Senator Key Pittman. So, we were standing outside in front of the Fremont Hotel.

Anyway, we were all assembled there and it was a sort of a summer day—well, it was always hot in Las Vegas—and I had my coat off, and everybody else did. But Governor Kirman said, "Gee whiz! I'd like to take my coat off but I got these suspenders, and I won't look very good with suspenders."

And I said, "Well, who will care?"

Well, he doesn't want to spoil his dignity.

And I say, "By the way, Governor," after all these kiddings I'd had, you see, I was startin' to get funny with him, "I'm going to have to leave you because Bob Allen wants me to take the car and go on down to the border towards Los Angeles. I'll inspect that segment of road."

He says, "Oh, I was just getting so I enjoyed you."

"Well, I was enjoying the trip, too," I said.

But the fact was that Bob Allen had said, "Look, I want you to drive the lead car, which will take Senator Pittman and other dignitaries, and the governor will follow in number two car, driven by somebody else."

So, I snuck in to—I didn't try to sneak in, but it's just that I got into that car, and Kirman didn't see me, thought I was off someplace else. And I was leading this body of dignitaries, with flags and pennants, you know, and two motorcycle cops with their sirens starting, and at sixty miles an hour. I never drove sixty miles an hour, you know: [Chuckling] That was a tremendous speed and I thought, "My gosh!" Suppose we have a wreck—what's the headlines? I can see where: "Parsons responsible for accident, killing all five, blah—blah—blah—" [laughing]. But it was a thrill, all the way to Boulder City. We stopped there momentarily and I got out of the car and was bold enough to introduce myself to Senator Key Pittman, because he and my father were friends, you see, a number of years back. He remembered my father but he wasn't overly enthusiastic, he wasn't buggin' me. But he had all these other things to think about. But I made my point.

Then, we still continued and drove to the edge of the dam—or on the road across the dam—where again this contingent stopped and here I met Governor Kirman. He was so surprised. We were all gonna go down the elevators, you see, down to the bowels of this dam, and I enjoyed that time of kidding him back, you see.

And another time I was supervising the painting of the capitol—the governor's office in the capitol—and Miss Fricke was the secretary, that's all he had. In WPA days, the painters were awfully slow, painting just his

office, the secretary's office and another outer room, and it was forever, and he wanted to do something to get them moving. He thought maybe a drink would help, so he said, "Do you men drink or smoke?"

And one of them said, "Yes, both!"

"Well, come on down."

So he went across the street to a beer and smoke shop on Carson Street.,

I said, "Governor, you're making a mistake."

With a glass of beer and these cigars, back on the scaffolding they were just worthless, you see. Another time they came at eight-thirty, got their brushes, stirred up the paint, then poured it back in the can and said, "We gotta go."

I said, "Why?"

"We have to attend a funeral."

They had driven all the way from Reno to Carson, then Were gonna leave, just to get their time in, you see, to go to this funeral. Well, I never saw anybody so upset in my life as Governor Kirman!

One of the trips we—it was night, we were tired, we were gonna come home. He was hungry, so we stopped at this restaurant in Winnemucca before driving back. And I ordered a bowl of cereal and he said, "What do you do with that?"

I said, "Well, I just simply pour cream on it."

He was gonna have a glass of orange juice, so he ordered a bowl of cereal from the waitress—dry cereal—and he promptly poured not cream but orange juice all over it, you see [laughing]! He says, "Is this any good?"

I said, "That's up to you, Governor."

Driving back that evening, I remember, we were both tired and he was dozing. It was a monotonous drive and, believe me, it was all I could do to keep awake! But, for an instant I

must have dozed. I swerved over to the side of the road and the jolting of the car on the shoulder and the tire noise changing, you know, gravel clicking, woke up the governor and shook me to consciousness. He said, "What happened?"

I said, "I hit that gravel." I didn't want to admit that I must have dozed myself.

But I realized what a close call that was, you see, so I just bit my lip all the way in and did all kinds of things mentally to keep myself awake. That's the fallacy of trying to do too much in one day. He wanted to get back to Reno after opening up this fair in Winnemucca; he had a busy day the next day.

Another time we—a part of that trip we took of the highway survey coming back from—or continuing up from Las Vegas, we went over to Pioche, stayed overnight. And there, sitting in the restaurant, was Evelyn Semenza. Boy was she happy to see somebody from Reno, somebody young that she knew. And she was having dinner with some local person, and she—I don't know whether I got up or she did, but we came together very quickly and exchanged greetings. She said, "I wanna show you my cabin."

Well, that was all right, but it was a most interesting—here was this one-room thing, sitting out in the middle of the desert. She pulled down the shades; she said, "I think it'd be discreet if we did, because I know people are looking in here at night."

So, she showed me the shower, which was right in the middle of this bathroom that was big enough for a toilet and a lavatory. So the shower head was right in the middle of the whole thing; you took a shower, you sprayed walls, toilet, and lavatory altogether, and all you had to do was shut the door [laughs]. I don't know where the water went, whether down a drain. But that was very interesting. Her pillow was simply her laundry, stuffed into a pillowcase, and the bedding wasn't much more.

I felt so sorry for her, but all she wanted [was] company. Here she was, stationed out there for a period of time (I think all teachers had to go through that training period.). So what happened to her later on, I don't know. That whole Semenza family is a wonderful family.

I guess there are other incidents that I could recall—.

It's just interesting to kind of recapture the flavor of the Depression, what it meant to so many people.

The nice thing about the Depression, or the experience of it was that nobody realized what was happening. Like the story I hear about the animal put on a cold pan, and you start to turn the heat up very, very gradually, he'll be killed in that pan by roasting—he won't jump out, because the heat is being transferred so gradually he's not sensitized to the gradual change, till he just gives up and dies. Throw him in on a hot pan and he'll [smack]—out! Well, that's the way the Depression was, you lingered. There was no way out. Whether people pawned things or gave up is hard to say. I think people did the best they could.

In my case, I lived—after returning from college—I think I mentioned building this little cabin on the back of the house on 641 Jones Street—and lived there as a bachelor for a year and a half, or so. I remember that was my home even while I was commuting to Carson, then I finally moved to Carson City. I lived with my aunt and uncle and I don't think we were ever without food, but food was very simple. I remember getting a box of herring, salted herring, my uncle receiving it from a friend of his from England. Beers—Harry Beers was the name. And here was this salted box of herring—I guess Beers had received another one, so they shared this or had equal boxes, whatever. That was the most

gosh-awful stuff: And I thought, “We’re not that poor to eat this” But it was a part of the menu—you boiled it, or whatever you did to make it come back to life, or something!

Another kind of operation, setting out eggs that are crocked in water glass. Water glass was a substance that sealed the pores of the eggs and was supposed to seal their flavor. All it did was keep them from rotting, I guess, for a time, because after six months in this stuff—. And it was kept in a crock in our basement, dozens of eggs. Every morning you’d go down there and reach into this cold slimy stuff and pull out two eggs for your breakfast. Well, the eggs would—the yolk—would completely just—not vaporize, but turn to water, and the only thing you could do was scramble them, you see, to mix em with the whites. That’s the way you ate them, fried eggs. Eggs in the Army were not as bad, you know, the powdered eggs. But this was a way of keeping the wolf from the door.

We received ice to a fifty-pound chest we kept on the back porch, so-called back porch, and had a drip pan underneath that. That’s the way you kept your food. That’s in, of course, the days before the refrigerator; these things were all part of that period. We didn’t suffer all that much. The frustration was that for any young person or married couple, they couldn’t get a job, and most people who had jobs, even if they didn’t like them, kept them; they weren’t going to let somebody else get them. So, nothing moved for that period of five or six years.

We painted our house on 641 Jones Street, bought paint at two and half or three dollars a gallon, very cheaply. Five gallons covered the cost of the house and the rest of it was labor. Well, that was me and my cousin on the ladder, painting a house. The union came along after me and said, “May I see your card?”

And I said, “I don’t have a card.”

“Well, you can’t paint.”

I said, “Yes I can. This is my house.”

“Well,” he said, “we don’t like it.”

Well, of course I didn’t argue. I said, “You see my uncle, if you wish.”

But they couldn’t do much—but they were trying, you see, everything to get their people back to work. You see, you worked against the other person, too. Some people bartered; that was a way of doing things.

An organization called the—Alice McAndrews—Business and Professional Women’s Association, she asked if I would letter her minute book. Well, I did this all in painted gold on this black leather book—real leather in those days. I charged her \$7.50, and she thought that was exorbitant. I spent almost a week in my evening hours, you know, two or three hours a night, doing this thing, and then to be questioned as to the tremendous cost! That just showed the seriousness of those things.

Alice McAndrew—that brings back another person I met during those times. A young niece of Alice McAndrews had been staying with Mona Toogood, Dr. Toogood’s wife. She was a sweet person, and she and my aunt were good friends—Mrs. Lockman. I sat in the living room in Mona’s house with her—aid I mention the name of this girl? (Again, this will come back to me.) She was blonde, her hair was short, she had a nice round face, a little bit chubby, but always very, very happy and smiling. We’d been to a movie and sitting, as young people do, in the living room in Mona’s house, returning to get chummy, you see, necking, you might say. So, it was around ten o’clock when Mona called, from someplace beyond, said, “What are you kids doing?”

I said, “Oh, Mona, we’re counting the beads on the mirror.” She had this beautiful gold-framed mirror, fullsize—it must have been three feet to forty-two inches wide and

six feet high. I think it came from Virginia City.

Anyway, that was a good excuse, because there were thousand of little beads [laughing] in this elaborate design, you know, in the mirror.

We'll fill in that name after—but she was a good kid. I remember I had a date book and somehow she got ahold of that and she added her name and said, "Remember me." Mona's niece.

How did I get Alice McAndrews and Mona all tied up together? I guess you get these flashbacks and—.

You were mentioning kind of a barter system and some of the smaller jobs that you could pick up.

Well, I guess I got paid cash for these odd kind of jobs I did. Another one was with—lived around about Seventh and Sierra Street, house on the corner—Marian Nichols. Anyway, they wanted to—since I'd built this house they knew that I could use my hands—they wanted Roy Chanslor and me to build a fence. Well, I wasn't about to just stop at a fence, of course; I had to put a gate in and then to add to the gate was a trellis, arbor, shaped [gesture] over the gate. Fine. But in trying to form the trellis design, I used lattice-type material and soaked it overnight in boiling water, or poured boiling water on it to bend it. Well, it bent all right, but it didn't bend in a true circle. It bent in this lopsided—I couldn't even call it egg-shaped—but it was some hideous design. We tried to straighten it out, and Roy was very incensed at me, "Why do you wanna spend time and money on this? They didn't ask for it."

But that was my so-called artisticness, you see. We built the fence all right, a picket fence, and completed our job.

That is leading me now to the time when I first met Helen. I could see what was coming. I wasn't interested too much in the girls but

they were interested in me, somehow; in a way, and invited me on different occasions, you see. One occasion was to play bridge. Well, I accepted, but I don't like to play bridge—I didn't ever learn it properly. All I knew was there was contract bridge, and 500, and some other thing. At this one occasion I met Helen Steinmiller, and she played bridge just as sloppily and indifferently as I did. And we joked and kidded about that—we thought it was a great foul-up, you see [laughing]. And I think Marian was very upset with me. But, then I thought, "Who is this girl? She intrigues me. She's got a sense of humor."

And I'd forgotten all about Marian, as kids will do. I guess I was very rude, for forsaking these two girls [chuckles], who weren't really chasing a man (I shouldn't say that), trying to capture a man.

So, then I pursued Helen, and found that she lived up on the hill, 761 California Avenue. And I acted just as silly as anyone else then in the courting days. Helen was having a party for a group of Thetas, I believe, and I said, "I'll help you."

"Oh, no, no. I don't need any help."

I said, "Well, why don't you fix up the place and I'll give you some posters."

Well, she thought I was silly. But I went around to grocery stores and picked up all the cards, you know, Ivory soap and Campbell's soup, and all the well-known brands of things, and set them around in the living room, and Helen was protesting. Well, it turned out that this was a lot of fun, you see, for the girls (it was an all-girl party), and they commented on this. And so, that made a hit with Helen. I was able to indirectly impress her [chuckles].

Out dates were very, very casual, but I found myself becoming more involved with Helen. I think this was during the summer vacation, then she had to return to Mills and that was it. This was after she had graduated from the University

of Nevada and she had a scholarship at Mills. (Incidentally, that was where Marian—I want to say Fells, I think that was her married name later on—that’s how Marian and Helen knew one another because they were Mills classmates.) But I pursued Helen.

When I went down to San Francisco, by chance, after leaving the Highway Department—I’m vague because there were times when I went back to the Highway Department, years later. But anyway, I went to San Francisco, found a job with an architect who, incidentally, was a graduate from the University of Pennsylvania, and that’s how I got the job. His office was on Pine Street, off Montgomery near Sutter—his name escapes me. I did fairly well with this man, he was tolerant of me, but he expected more from me than I really knew. I think all people try to cover up for their lack of knowledge on some things; if they know that much then they’re not much good anyway. I didn’t pretend, but I wasn’t all that experienced. He later on let me go when his work got slack. But I do remember that he hired me because of my experience with Home Owners Loan Corporation and being able to make cost estimates, and evaluate materials. He sent me from San Francisco over across the Bay in the Marin district, where he had a big two-story house to build, so my job was to find contractors, again, through my experience with Home Owners Loan Corporation. So, I knew how to evaluate. I’d go to the lumber companies and say, “Who do you deal with?” And they could tell me who the better contractors were, and I came back with three or four recommendations, then they were used to bid on this house. So, I felt good about that.

Helen had an apartment on Divisadero Street, I think just around the corner from Pacific because she lived near her aunt and

grandmother on Pacific—I don’t know, 29, 99, that seems like the address—. They had this very beautiful house on Pacific Avenue, four stories high. (I’ll talk to Helen more about these names so I can fill them in.) But, one of my first visits at the house was through Helen, of course. She had gone up to see her grandmother—she was a very elderly person, so she didn’t want to see too much company at the time. And Helen was sensitive to any intrusions, or not to be upset or anything, so she said, “Will you wait downstairs?”

I was in the living room, across the hall from a small room that was opposite the living room, and I heard one of the relatives explaining to a visitor, “And this is the ‘freeze-out’ room,” he went on to explain that if somebody comes and they wanna see somebody, “we just bring them in here and forget them!” [Laughing] It was a very frank way of doing it but, they had a name for it, for this little cell of a place. And I guess you did that after waiting an hour— you just got up and left.

But Helen came down and rescued me.

Then, I think it was either that night or some other time that we stayed for dinner, and I was on my p’s and q’s all the time.

I also want to speak of Helen’s apartment on Divisadero. Helen was renting from Julia Morgan, the famous woman architect who designed San Simeon. She was away quite a bit of the time, but I had the opportunity of meeting her and thought, “My goodness, she’s an architect!” I never knew a woman architect. But she was so modest and so gracious, and I’ve always felt good about having known her because she—as I say, I have a book, *Five California Architects*, and she’s one of them, you see: Julia Morgan, the Green brothers, three others, all of the period, that were great contributors to San Francisco and their unique architecture.

STARTING MY ARCHITECTURAL CAREER: STRUGGLES AND OBSERVATIONS

These remembrances of dates, I think, are part of your life and that they are sort of an index form, a place of reference, let's put it that way—what did you do with your life in 1955, for instance, if that was a significant date. But, I think the significant ones were—well, going back a little further, starting with 1914, my father's death, let's just put that down; 1918, my mother's death; 1922, coming to Reno; 1924, graduating from Reno High School. Nineteen twenty-six was graduation, and that's always impressive. Then 1931, leaving Philadelphia to come West. I didn't graduate in a ceremony but I received my degree later because I graduated at midterm. Then 1938 seems significant because of two events—my marriage to Helen and then starting my business. I had been practicing architecture in a different manner than we practice now because we didn't have to be licensed at that time. Nineteen forty-one, World war II. Nineteen forty-six seems to be significant, but I don't know exactly what event, number of events. Starting the State Board of Architecture in 1949; I was a

figurehead in that because we were one of four states then without an architectural licensing law, so I deemed that necessary, then I was appointed on the Board for ten years—I mean I served ten years under different governors. Nineteen fifty-six was my first big job at the University of Nevada, and I attribute that to Si Ross. We were well acquainted through his daughter and, of course, his son was younger and I didn't know Si, Jr. that well at that time, but Emily Ross was a good friend of Helen's.

Nineteen seventy-six, eventful because I received my Fellowship, FAIA, to the American Institute of Architects in Philadelphia and that, incidentally, was the bicentennial.

Well, there were other semi-eventful dates, but those are places which I can gauge from. Therefore, I can go back or forward three or four years, and try to fill in the gaps, mentally.

Last night [October 15, 1980], I was in Carson City, we were conducting a tour of preservationists through the capitol building, and when that was over Helen and I stopped

at the Enrico restaurant, had a little dinner. I said, "Here's a time now I can sit down with you and go over your life, your relatives—this is what I want to know." So, I jotted down a few and I know that these aren't all because she's got a string of relatives that would fill a book.

But, starting with her father, George Steinmiller. The grandfather was also known as George Steinmiller. He was a member of the community of Dixon, California. His sister was Clara. Clara was the sister to Helen's father—that's Aunt Clara. There was a brother to George Steinmiller who became quite wealthy in Los Angeles through real estate. He had accumulated quite a bit of wealth through that period.

Moving over to Helen's other side of the family. Alice Dray was Helen's mother before she was married. There was an Ann Dray and a Laura Dray, then there's Helen Dray who became Helen Warick. She was a cousin to Helen. There was a Frank Dray who was an uncle to Helen, and Frank Dray started the Sacramento Bank in Sacramento, which later then became part of the Bank of America system. Frank Dray married Anita Meyer. Their daughter was Ann, who later became Ann Ristenpart, a cousin to Helen. Then there was a Bruce Dray, who married Mabel Johnson. She was the daughter to Senator [Hiram] Johnson, who became famous as senator from California. And that's where it stops, but there's a whole bunch more. But I thought that was interesting, the fact that maybe in this oral history business you tie in others and how there's a correlation or a relationship someplace to the whole system.

I had been dating Helen for, oh, I guess about a year and a half, got tired of getting [extra men for] dates all the time, and she then sensed that there might be a parting of the ways. After one of these uneventful dates, combinations where I was always having to get

some buddy to go with a girl that she brought up. When she got back to San Francisco she called me and said, "Ed, when are we going to get married?"

Well, it was like a thunderbolt, you know! I'd been proposing this for a long time, but never getting anyplace.

I said, "Gee, I can't talk over the telephone!" I remember she called me in the office and I had a cigarette in my hand and I can still see that cigarette going down across the floor and under the drafting table. I said, "I'll be damned!"

I said, "All right, come on up to Reno and we'll talk it over."

so, she said she would be up. She said, "Tell Dad."

So, of course, I told Dad and he got on the phone later in the day and called Helen, "What's up?"

Well, they made arrangements, and that was in June. We had it all figured out then, the engagement didn't take very long, you see. I think it was June but we made it—the wedding to be in September.

So, about a month after that she came up to talk over the wedding, you see, make wedding plans, and I met her at the train depot—at five o'clock in the morning. There were no restaurants open, so I had prepared a thermos of coffee and a grapefruit. So, I got my car, after picking her up at the train, and shared the grapefruit and the coffee, and then went home for a regular breakfast. But at that time Helen said, "Ed, I must tell you," I don't think she said "confess," but, "I must tell you that I can't cook."

I said, "I'm not marrying you as a cook. I'm marrying you for you." So, I guess that was the right thing to say.

There were no hitches to our plans. Of course, it was going to be a regular wedding; we engaged Reverend Brewster Adams to

marry and that was conducted on September 10, 1938.

One thing significant was, I remember, Dr. West and his wife and Dr. Steinmiller and his wife, Mae—his second wife—said to me at the wedding night, “Thanks, Ed, for bringing Helen home to us.

Well, I didn’t know that that was significant but the problem was, like so many cases where a girl has a stepmother, there’s never quite a correlation or absolute feeling, so Helen had gone to San Francisco, you see, to teach music and have her studio. It was kind of a strain on Dr. Steinmiller— that was the meaning of “coming home.”

So Helen had to give up her studio. She went on teaching when we got back from the honeymoon, and had a class of very prominent people in Reno. I guess Helen was a good teacher and had a good personality with kids and they adored her.

Our first house, rented house, was on South Virginia Street. I can’t remember the address, but it later became Glen Turner’s flower shop. we lived there for about four or five months and then we moved to Zita Pike’s house, up the street, closer to town, just half a block away. In the process—I always remember this—I lost all of my ties. Now how do you lose a whole bundle of ties? [Chuckling] But I did.

I remember packing up the crates of dishes again that we had unpacked, that Helen had in storage for all these years. Anyway, Helen got such a thrill out of unpacking all those dishes that she hadn’t seen. Most of them were her mother’s, which were packed up when Mae Arthur which was her dad’s—Dr. Steinmiller’s—second wife—in order that there would be no problem of whose dishes were whose, or whose property was which. I mention these things only because it seemed strange to me—why is there all

this complication? All we’re doing is getting married. But now I know why. When you get married, it’s really a compound thing; you learn how to share. So, unpacking them once and then packing them again to go across the street seemed a little bit funny.

One night, we were still in this first house, Glen Turner’s—Helen had gone out to some function with the girls, I guess a Theta meeting or something, so, nothing to do, I thought I’d play a little prank, and I rigged up the whole house with a lot of booby traps. I stuck Easter egg dye up the spout of the wash basin in the bathroom, and then I had a cord or a wire or a string across the darkened doorway with a lot of tin pans stuck to that, you see, knowing that she was going to come home late and I would be in bed. I was just there giggling to myself, you know, thinking, “This is a wonderful thing.” I was always a practical joker.

So I’d let Helen know another side of me. That was that I liked to have fun. But she let a whoop and a holler out when she drew this water that turned green, purple and all kinds of things!

Helen always kept an immaculate house. She dusted and did all these things, but as we moved, the Italian woman who owned the house went around and looked at the window sills on the outside and there they were all covered with sand and dirt, you know, from the street dust. It never occurred to Helen that’s what you did, you see, you washed the windows on the outside as well as—like all women doing something in a very orderly fashion, Helen kept everything neat and orderly on the inside. She vacuumed every day and scrubbed every day and all that.

We had some good times in Zita Pike’s house—what was the number—6-something South Virginia. We lived there until my going into the Army, which was ’38 to ’42, that was

a good four years, I guess. But it was the Pike family house— quite an elegant thing in its day. And Zita Pike lived in the front part of the house and she'd remodelled the rear. We had a separate entrance on the side. You went up through a sort of a tower into what was then formerly the dining room, but this became our living room, and the dining room was a little alcove someplace else, then the kitchen, the bathroom, and the bedroom.

Next door to Zita Pike's house was where Savage and Son built his new shop after leaving the place downtown, right in the middle of Virginia Street. So, of course, this back yard, the assembly yard, the storage yard, was right opposite our window. And Len Savage had a vocabulary that was really raw! I wouldn't say it was offensive because it didn't bother me, as a man, but it certainly was, I think, more bothersome to Helen as his booming voice. Getting those men, you know, on their trucks and out by eight o'clock in the morning—he started at seven. Anyway, I tried to speak to Len, "Oh, sure!" you know, he'd watch it. Next day he'd be back to the same thing. I always had a great fondness for Len Savage.

I liked his son, Len Savage, very much. It's so interesting because Len shares with me a lot of things, that we both speculate as to how times are changing, and, no, it's not like the old days, and so much more complicated.

Helen and I decided that we wouldn't have any children until we got better established. When the War came, then there was no chance of children.

I had been practicing architecture, and my office was in the Saviers building. The first office was in the Cladianos building, 210 West Second Street, and that was quite a hovel. But I fixed it up. I had two rooms, one was the conference room and reception and the other was the drafting room, and I had no secretary.

I'm getting things out of order, but what comes to my mind is my first office. I'd started practice in 1938, and from '38 to '39 or '40, I was in that building, then about a year later moved over to the Saviers building, 210 West Second Street. I maintained that office until 1941, when the War broke out. And that was a sudden thing because it just shut down all businesses of that sort. Architecture was simply a luxury. But there was a use for architects and I had a temporary job with the Army figuring materials for building the Reno Army Air Base before it was known as Stead. And I thought, "Gee, what a comedown! Here I am figuring lumber again," as I used to figure it when I was a kid in high school, when I worked for the Red River Lumber Company. But anyway, I was getting paid for it.

I'm trying to recall when I went over to the Highway Department. I was there two to three different times. Then, I got into the Army engineers towards the last because I knew I was going to be inducted, so I decided I would volunteer OCS. OCS was Officer's Candidate School. I got into that and was inducted into the Army, sent back to Fort Leonard Wood, and ended up in Belvoir, then out. That wasn't very significant except that I do remember I wanted to get in the Navy. You see, my brother was a Naval graduate, an officer, and I thought, "Well, I'll carry on the family tradition."

Volunteered for the Navy, took the physical examination and was rejected because of a back injury I had had in high school from football. And the officer said, "Did you ever have that back examined?"

And I said, "No."

He says, "Well, I'd get it X-rayed. You have such and such, and such and such." One was a curvature forward and back and the other one sort of sideways.

I thought, "Well, what kind of a freak am I?"

I didn't think that was too sporting of him to reject me, so I went to San Francisco and guess what? It was the same doctor! He examined me this time, I said, "Oh, I give up!" I said, "Can't you get a second opinion?" or words to that effect.

So he called in an associate. Of course, he confirmed what he saw.

And so I elected then, of course, the Officer's Candidate School; I didn't want to get drafted. Eventually, I was let out of the OCS because I was thirty-six years old then, and they didn't want to commission me. They found every way to give me special assignments, you know, to make me crack up, which I did. And I couldn't give commands and orders—it was the hardest thing, to direct a platoon or a squad because I never thought in terms of the rhythm movement. I guess I was too inhibited somehow.

I messed up a platoon crossing one of the important roads on the training grounds. I ran this whole platoon—or company, no I had three platoons—into a garbage truck. The third platoon ran into the truck, you see, and they all scattered, trying to get around. The truck was going very slowly, there was no accident of any kind, but it was just a messed up command. Well, I had more officers that came out of the woods—I don't know where they all came from! "What are you trying to do, kill everybody? What kind of command was that? Can't ya watch anything?"

Boy, I was just in a cold sweat that whole day. My friends tried to console me, but I just froze and that was my undoing. From there on I was being watched because, as I say, they didn't want old men in the Army. And they gave me a choice—I could continue in the Army as a corporal and they could send me to India in a mapping section, or I could just simply take my discharge—an honorable discharge—and that would be it.

Well, I elected to do that. I didn't want to go to India making maps, if that's all I could be good for. I accepted that with the feeling of dejection. Everything is on a two-week basis in the Army, so I had to wait two weeks to get my discharge papers.

I was put in another barracks with a bunch of other misfits. And you were out of the Army, so there was nothing to do. You just laid in your bed or took a walk. Well, I just got fat; my eating habits were just like a wolf, you know, like all kids, but no exercise. I put on twenty pounds in two weeks, just because of this feeling of rejection, you see. Well, when I got home, that soon wore off.

No, I didn't get home then. I couldn't get home. I had to get a job and keep going with the War effort. This was near Philadelphia. Helen and I just—she came back East and we decided to meet in New York. We were there for two or three days at the Barbizon Plaza, a big luxury, the whole thing.

Then, I decided to move down to Philadelphia, ninety miles, I guess it was, because I wanted to see the old school. I've forgotten where we ended up. But soon I had a job with the Budd Manufacturing Company. Helen and I found an apartment on Nippon Street (I can't think of that suburb), but it wasn't too far from the plant. The irony of it was that it's one of those situations that you can't get there, except if you took a streetcar and transferred to a bus, which would take an hour and a half. If you took the train from this suburb (and I'll think of that name after a while, but anyway), it only took twelve minutes. But it made me one minute late! And there was no way I could get there without being a minute late, which docked me fifteen minutes at double-time. Well, I was always sacrificing, and I tried to get away, but they said, "No, if you can't take the streetcar, and you wanna be docked, why, that's the way it'll have to be."

“Well,” I said, “I value my sleep too much for that extra two bucks that it’s gonna cost me.”

The first raise I got was ten cents an hour and I thought, “Oh, boy, I wonder if they really miss this!” [Chuckling]

And I didn’t like the work at Budd Manufacturing. I was doing—they called me some kind of an engineer, but all I was doing was in the decalcomania section, putting labels on the airplanes that would say, “Oil here,” “Step here,” “Do not step,” “Full flap,” or whatever. Exciting as all get out! But one thing about the job was that I was in the fuselage section, which was just drawing a lot of ribs like a whale’s ribs and other applications to that skin. But my job was to draw the fuselage from the water marks. By graphing the horizontal and vertical points then you could determine the contour of the airplane and from those I was drawing this airplane. It evolved just as you see in the Sunday paper, connecting up the dots and all of a sudden this figure had developed. Well, I was on the aisle, and people passing my desk to the men’s room or the smoking room saw what I was doing and they said, “Oh, that’s what the airplane looks like!”

Imagine, a whole drafting room full of people not knowing what they were doing. I thought, “How can we win a war this way?”

When I came there, ship Number Four was in the empty front door. When I left, ten months later, plane Number Sixteen was at the door. Two of them had cracked up and there were all kinds of problems with this thing. The contract was to make a thousand planes, 250 for the Navy and 750 for the Army. A cargo plane with a back-end ramp so that you could transport a couple of jeeps and, oh, I don’t know how many men, say a platoon. And they called this thing “The Ugly Duckling” because it flew over our plant

one day, that’s what it looked like with its tail end sticking up. It was all made of stainless steel and I thought, “How in the world can that darn thing—that chunk of heavy metal, stainless steel—” (Budd Manufacturing was famous for making Pullman cars back East.) I have a spoon, now, a tablespoon that was made out of rejected scrap metal punched out from a heavy press. When you lift that thing, it’s like lifting a shovel! (I don’t see how any woman could work with the thing.) So, I never thought that plane would ever amount to anything.

I was very anxious to get back to Reno, but I couldn’t get out of there because they locked everybody in, you know. But Mr. Robert Allen had requested I come and through a series of letters he wrote this request for me, that he wanted to use me as an architect for post-war planning. Well, that was the magic word, because then I could go to the personnel director and say, “I wanna go back to Nevada.” I had this important job. And when I explained what I was doing here, I was a draftsman, didn’t know what I was doing, but I knew what I was doing as an architect. So he looked up in his dictionary, or “bible” and he found the word architect and he found the word draftsman. Draftsman: “That who works for an architect.” Great! [Claps hands] So, now he could release me, you see. It was another three or four weeks, and I was given my discharge from the Budd Manufacturing Company.

Helen and I arranged our trip back to Reno. In the meantime, my aunt and uncle had come East. By this time I think Germany had surrendered and the Japanese were still fighting—I’ve forgotten what that day was called.

V-E Day. So with my aunt and uncle, Helen and I travelled west via Williamsburg, and heading south, down through the Grand

Canyon and then back up. It was a bad trip for Helen because Frank and I sat in the front, of course, driving and Helen and Aunt Ann had to sit in the back. Aunt Ann was always—through her arthritis—grumbling about things. That makes it bad, you know, when a person has to—all day long—sitting there, listening to that.

So, then we were able to reestablish our lives back in Reno. We rented a little house on Arlington Avenue, and it was a cute little thing, sort of like a duplex but our attached garage was separated, so it wasn't that close. But in it we had two bedrooms and a little dining alcove and a living room. Helen set up shop again to teach music.

And then she decided this was the time to start a family. And so Ed was born, December 10, 1946. And I wanted to take a picture of Helen and the baby outside St. Mary's on the steps, and I wanted it posed just right, you see—and Helen, with this tiny little baby said, "Hurry up, he'll get cold." Little babies don't get that cold; however, it was a beautiful day.

So it was a great thing for Dad, Dr. Steinmiller, to have the baby. And I'll never forget his remark, he said, "Now there's new life," and he was so happy to have a grandson.

Dad never had a son. He worshiped Helen, of course, but I think all fathers want sons at some time.

I got lots of pictures of the baby—of Ed. I have fewer pictures of Alice when she was born [chuckling]. I guess the novelty, my taking pictures of every other day, wore off!

Just the other day, our granddaughter came over—Katie Parsons—and she wanted some pictures of her granddads when they were small, about her age. It wasn't hard to find pictures of myself about that age, but by golly, I couldn't find any of Ed! We've got them someplace, at that age. A lot of pictures of when Ed was a tiny tyke.

Okay, so then I got back into the Highway Department again and I worked with Bob Allen again in post-war planning. That was an interesting time because the War wasn't over, of course, we were still fighting the Japanese. So the fear was that there'd be no jobs for the returning soldiers and they started this post-war planning through the Planning Board, which has now become the Public Works Board. And my job, with others, was to develop the six-year plan, not the Russian plan, the six-year plan, and that was updated every two years. And as architect, I was to make drawings for different projects. For instance, the new cottage arrangement for the Orphan's Home. That was recognized as a big old fire trap. A vocational building for Elko. A new addition to the capitol building. The railroad overpass. All of these were in this plan, which we updated from year to year.

I'm trying to recall how I got involved in it for so many years, because in 1938 I started my own business. This is where I'm hazy, but I do remember working on these and I'll bring them into your office so that you can put them in your records.*

But the capitol building extension was quite interesting. My solution then was to preserve the building as it is with its 1915 wings, but add these two adjacent wings that would come out perpendicular to the long axis. And they could be entered by a system of exotic stairways, because what I did was make three stories of the two wings. There was enough height in the original building, you see, to accommodate three stories. You come across on the ground floor and also on the second floor, which would be the third floor of the wings—you had to be on the one floor or the other, but what you'd call the center

*See Parsons papers, UNR Library

portion of these additions. Anyway, it made a nice-looking drawing and that's as far as it got. But like so many of those things, they were shelved.. With the War it wasn't necessary for the legislature to appropriate huge sums of money in a public works scheme because the jobs developed without that priming of the pump.

However, the Planning Board, as I knew it then, grew, and I remember talking to Bob Allen on the steps of the old highway building, which was the former Heroes Memorial Building (of course it's still called that), and he scratched his head and was arguing with me about who was going to become the chief planner.

I said, "Architects, naturally, should be planning."

And he said, "No, the engineers," that the Public Works Board should have the say in approval.

Well, of course, his philosophy won out. This-has been the case throughout the United States, the architects are not dominant, they are subservient to others, and I guess that's as it should be. But going back to the old Biblical days, the architect was the master builder; there was no argument about it. Of course, if he did something wrong, why, he got his head chopped off!

I'm regressing, I'm going back somehow. Well, that's right, the War ended my business and then I had to go into the Army Engineers, then into the Army, and back to the Highway Department before I could restart my business. That was it. There wasn't a continuity. I was thinking ahead. I've got a file on every job I ever did, so I can pick up from there, you see. So, it must have been around Job Number 100 where I had to close shop.

One job that I had before the War was the design of a new cell block for the Nevada State Prison. This was a continuation of the original

cell block that Fred DeLongchamps had done under Governor Boyle's administration in 1921. So, I was in the middle of this design—well I had completed the design when the War broke out, with Carville as governor.

And he said, "Well, we'll just have to roll up the drawings and pick up after the War," which was done.

The unique thing about that was, that that ended the era of stone masonry. The original structure was all built of stone with some concrete. So, I designed this and I got Monk Ferris as my structural engineer, because now what we needed was a four-story building with some variations in the housing of prisoners. The first two floors were individual cells, the third floor was a four-man cell, and then the top floor was a sort of a bullpen or open cell where prisoners could roam within the inner cage. I always feared going into that because these people were grotesque, like animals, you know, growling at you.

The design was a very standard type, which was an outer corridor where the guard walked, and then an inner corridor the prisoner used to get to his cell. He stood in that corridor and then the guard at the end of the cell block pulled a lever which opened the doors to their cells, all simultaneously, and then closed. And if somebody put an obstacle in there nothing would close, and you could tell whose door was being fouled up.

It was quite interesting because I had to work with a prison company in Chicago; it was then the most modern. And everything was with tool-resisting steel. I pride myself that no one ever got through my cell block. There have been prison breaks but they were through this softer steel, you know. They could take a file or a piece of thread or whatever, and eventually cut through the steel and arrange a break. I was rather proud of that.

But the other part was adding a third floor to the original building, and this was to house women and also a modernized hospital, and some other smaller units. Every time they do a remodeling job on an old structure, there's some catch-up things you do and you throw in all of this and that.

Also, I designed—remodelled—both kitchens, the short line and the main line. The short line was for the lessertype criminal. Now they segregate them into their own blocks. And the main line was the hardened criminal that—you stationed a guard within the confines of the dining room, but he had to have his own cage. But he was safe from the animals, so to speak.

So they'd start to riot. And it's never changed. They'd start banging, and then throwing cups and utensils.

And I rather enjoyed it but I don't want to ever have to do a prison again. Of course, I won't be asked to because there's so many modern ways of dealing with the criminal now. The expression "you're soft on criminals" is the keynote to the whole thing. The cell might be as big as this room, 5 by 7, and it might have tile wainscoting, might have linoleum on the floor. And the bathrooms are beautiful, they're as good as any in high school gymnasiums, sometimes better. You go to a day room that has comfortable lounge chairs. Well, we never did anything like that in the 1938 design.

Who was the warden then that you were working with?

Richard Sheehy. He was a good warden. The way he handled it was for those who would cut the stone in the quarry, he'd give them extra quotients of sugar for their coffee. I recall making a visit to the quarry, and it was a nice day, and all these prisoners were out

there working, and they had various degrees of cut stone like a monument worker, you see. They could cut them any length, whatever was convenient as long as it kept its course height, which was twelve inches, but any length, and of course, square. This one big burly fellow, who was the boss, said, "Well, what do you think, Parsons?"

And I said, "It looks good."

He says, "Well, it's not as good as we used to do at Folsom."

[Laughing] I thought, "This guy's been around. That's why he's a squad leader."

But we got enough stone, just barely enough, and then set it aside until the job was picked up after the War. In fact, they had enough to build a cell block, but for this third-story addition to the other wing for the hospital and women's quarters and a gas chamber, they had to break down a stone fence across the road and they got a lot of cull stuff. Just, as I say, just got by. But that ended the era of masonry because it just got too costly. I have a few pictures, they're sort of archaic, that show the derricks, and the stone being lifted.

What an interesting job, and what interesting insights you got to prison life.

Well, it was. One of the most interesting things to me was, everything's done by the numbers. You went to bed at a certain time and you got up at a certain time, you went to breakfast at a certain time. So what was the chances of all the toilets being flushed at the same time? And I worried about that for several days, figuring out permutations and commutations and probabilities. And then it occurred to me— why worry about it? If the darn thing doesn't flush, flush it over! [Laughing] It's gonna happen once in a hundred years, perhaps, that all people

would press the button at the same time. So I stopped worrying. Water pressure, of course, in any building is a problem. But it's just like a hotel—you've experienced that, where you get up in the morning and can't take a shower 'cause the water's trickling. But if you wait for a few minutes, why, you'll get enough force.

One of the problems, too, was getting this company that supplied floor toilets. See, you couldn't put in a regular toilet. That'd be off the wall in two minutes or it'd be all cracked, so you simply put this type of squat toilet in the floor. And this company sent up these cast iron things, and was about to install them when the inspector said, "These are not porcelain enamel. They're cast iron and they've been sprayed."

So, I rejected them. Well, this caused sort of a furor and delayed the job. But I could just see that after a few weeks those things would be all scraped off of their paint. By golly, they arrived on the job a few weeks later and they were installed, and then I found out that they had a sort of a porcelain enamel sprayed over. Same thing! Only it was nicer-looking—it looked like porcelain. At that time we were ready for a final inspection and Bissell, who was then the head of the Planning Board, [said], "I don't think this is too bad."

But he talked me into accepting the thing. Well, I took pictures of this material that had loosened from being in the water—big sheets had been peelin' off on the inside. Now, you wouldn't get by with such a thing, but these people thought they were doing somebody a favor by improving it. I've forgotten who the contractor was. But there were some kind of shenanigans going on there.

My job has been as interesting from that point of view, that you really have to lower the boom when the times are—. And you can also permit variations if you're not cheapening the job.

OFFICE PERSONNEL AND PROCEDURES

I've never had but one architect, *per se*, the rest of them mainly draftsmen, but capable people. In my early days I did most of the drafting, wrote the specifications, hired somebody to type the specifications—it would cost me thirty dollars. Now you'd pay that, almost, an hour.

I had a Mr. Jim Crawford in the early days and I met him skiing. I was doing the Prison job and had one other person in the office. Richard Sheehy called me and he said, "Ed, I've got Jim here."

I said, "What do you mean you've got Jim?"

He said, "He's in prison," and I was shocked. He said, "Is there something that you can have him do?"

And I said, "Well, of course."

The circumstances were that he had been—this may seem sordid, but I'm going to tell the story, it's not too risqué— but he had been trapped into a rape charge and he thought that the honorable thing to do was to accept the charge without any protest. It'd be less embarrassing to his mother and father. But it turned out to be just the opposite because if he'd had some counsel, he wouldn't—the girl really just trapped him, because there'd been a hundred different others, too, and there were others who wanted—. But anyway, the fact was that he was over there, and so I went to see Jim and told him about the work I had in the prison, and that being an old building that had never been really built according to plans and specifications, just grew like Topsy. So, I said, "Perhaps you can trace the heating and plumbing for me in the tunnels and map all the piping," which he agreed to do, and Warden Sheehy gave him a room to himself, he didn't have to stay in the main cell block. [He] set up a little drafting room and for six months he traced these pipes.

When he was finally let off by the Parole Board, of course, I said, "Look I want this man," and that helped, he then came to me and worked full time on the Prison and we finished it up, I guess in the next eight or nine months.

Jim was a good draftsman. He worked with other people from time to time. He married Jean Crawford, who was also a person I met and knew in skiing. And I think that marriage lasted for some time, but finally he was so depressed after years and years—I think it was about fifteen or twenty years later—he was found drowned in the bathtub. Now whether he did this, I don't know, but it was, again, a shock to me. The poor kid was just heartbroken.

Another man I had wasn't with me too long (oh, dear, I can't remember his name)—a Canadian. He was a good draftsman. But I sent him up to Susanville to survey a job, and told him what to do. Well, a couple of months later I heard from my client, "Don't send that guy up again. All he did was strut around!"

It's so funny that every person has his own idea of how to conduct himself as a principal, and so if they're working for somebody else, then they want to show their other side—the best side, you see, and they strut around like peacocks. That's what this person did, and he aggravated my client. I really didn't know until, as I say, several months later.

One day, I found him out on the job after he'd gone to supervise—this was in Reno—supervise the construction of a fireplace. He didn't come back and he didn't come back, gone the whole day. And found him out on the job. "What are you doing?"—house for Dr. Broadbent. Well, he was just sitting down watching this thing, admiring the construction.

I said, "The time to admire is when this house is all done. We don't want to just sit around and absorb the things in our glory!"

The best draftsman, who I had for twenty years, was Wesley J. Pearson. He left me about a year and a half ago, so that would be in the middle of 1978, when he got his architectural license. So, that goes back twenty years—1956. It hardly seems possible you could have a man that long. But Wes was a splendid draftsman and a good architect. He wasn't the best designer, but he certainly was a good detailer. And a person that, when you left the office and somebody called, he'd take over without getting cute, you know.

I had another man on the Prison job, Larry Watts. He was a delicate little fellow, very dark-haired. He was killed on a motorcycle.

More recently, I've had—oh, George Ferrari, I had him for three or four months, and then he announced one day that he wanted to leave and go to work for David Vhay. Then they started the firm of Vhay and Ferrari. I felt a little upset about that, because you get a man so far and train him, then somebody else steals him. And I've got more draftsmen around this town that have gone now into partnership with somebody else, started their own business.

Parsons School of Design.

[Laughing] Almost, yes. But I trained a lot of people and helped them get their start in passing the examination, you know, putting them on the track. I wasn't trying to teach them anything, but to ease them over the hurdle of politics, or whatever.

One fellow—I've forgotten his name—he suddenly left, because his grandmother was sick back in Kentucky. And he was going to send me the finest Virginia baked ham [chuckling], or Virginia smoked ham, that was it. And about two years later, he sent me a letter and said, "Well, I've passed my test and I'm now an architect.;"

And I thought, “This dumb creature, he never would be one!” But there are different rules in different localities, so, anyway, I was happy for him in that respect.

It’s hard to say how much you have helped another person, but I can turn it around and say how much others helped me. For instance, Fred DeLongchamps, who I thought was a great inspiration. Dan Kirkhoff, my first job (I think I spoke of Dan). George O’Brien, associated with Fred DeLongchamps.

Another person associated with Fred DeLongchamps was Russell Mills. Russell Mills and I formed an association, it wasn’t a partnership. I left Russ, like everybody does, have to branch off for themselves, and I went to work for Mr. Boudwin, who had some kind of a promoter with him. He went around to get clients, then he used me as a drafting service. The first jobs, I believe I had sixteen jobs that I did very rapidly, you know, a little sketch plan and an elevation. And then he would say, “How much do you need for this?”

And I’d say, “Well—so much,” and I think it was thirty dollars a crack. It was very cheap.

Then we finished those jobs and I was left high and dry. I’d left Russell Mills. Russ said, “I don’t think you’re ready yet.”

But I had said, “Yes, I think it’s time for me to get on my own.”

So now what was I gonna do—no jobs. Well, it’s been that way all my life. Something comes along when you think you’re to the bottom of the barrel. So, I’ve learned not to worry—I used to worry, but I’ve learned not to worry about those sort of things.

I think the (I spoke of this before), the first job—real job—was with Jack and Dee Halley. And I learned some years later that Dee Halley thought the world of me because I had designed this house and the only thing I’d left out was a water heater, and that cost thirty-eight dollars more than the main contract. She

thought that was marvelous! Well, I guess it was in a sense, every person does, and you just can’t catch them all.

But I would like to go on from my little book, from that point on because Dee Halley was my Job Number 1.

Let me ask you some more about these staff members, the people that have worked for you. You expressed so much admiration for Julia Morgan, I was wondering, did you ever try to train women in drafting or architecture?

No, I had a woman architect, though, who came with me—she came for a divorce. I had a little Carousel dress shop down in Sparks and I turned that over to her and she did a commendable job. We decided to put up panels—porcelain enamel panels—of animals, and they’re still down there, this facade of animals, like a circus.

Another young man who came to me from Los Angeles, he was seeking a divorce, and I had him do the Paul Christman house. Paul Christman knew that I was capable of putting the house together, but he said, “Can you design a house with big windows?”

I said, “Sure, I can design a house with big windows,” but, you see, all my clients liked the cute little cut-up windows, the double-hung, 3-by-5, something like that. But how to handle a whole pane of glass—he didn’t think I was capable of that.

This young man came to me and I said, “We’re gonna design a modern house.

Well, the first sketches were fine but he wanted the windows bigger. The result is we had windows that spread from here to the end of the campus [laughing]! They were all thermal pane glass, and that was quite an incredible job.

It’s hard to say what people I trained, except I know I disciplined a lot of people

who've come back to me and say, "Gee, I didn't realize when you were bawling me out like that, what you were trying to tell me. I'm so glad."

And that's gratifying because the tendency now is to take shortcuts, and shortcuts are fine if you know what you're doing. But I think the more hiding of what you don't know is a crime, if it gets into your architecture. You've got sections that don't match up. In creating anything, it's just like mechanical drawing; there's a front view, a side view and a plan view, or plan elevations and sections. And so this is the way, the only way, you can explain decently the drawing, what you want to accomplish.

I discovered that once when I was still with Russell Mills. Russell had a job for Newton Crumley in Elko. This was a new house, two-story. And of course I drew the plans, first and second floor over the stairway, a front view and a side view. But I failed to cut a section. Well, we found we couldn't get upstairs or downstairs without bumping our heads. [Laughing] Simple, silly! But the person who got bawled out for it was Russ, not me. And I called Newton, I said, "It was my fault."

He said, "I don't care if it was your fault. Russell was the architect. He should have known better."

I learned that lesson so I was a taskmaster in my own drafting room. I said, "Where is the section?" And if there was a shrug of the shoulders I'd say, "Get busy and draw the section," then I would tell the story.

That's so important, but some people think that the carpenter's going to figure it out. He's not going to figure out anything that he can't see. It was a valuable lesson to me. I suppose I could find other people that I've helped and counseled along the way.

As I say, it works in reverse. Did I tell you about my professor in college who taught a

simple course in cost estimating. In fact, it was so simple it was just a bore. The whole semester was just simple arithmetic. At the end of the examination I went up confidently and I said, "Well Mr. Laird, I think did the examination fine."

"Fine," he said, "let me see your answer." He had been teaching the process step by step. That's what made it so boring. He found the answer wasn't what he knew it to be and he said, "That isn't the correct answer."

"Oh," I said. "You know what I did, I didn't turn the page from page five to page six and total the two."

He then turned the blue paper, as you call it, blue book, to the front and he marked a big fat zero.

I said, "Well don't I get anything for method?"

He said, "No! Are you going to say to a client that you didn't add the thing properly, you had to call him up later and tell him his building's going to cost \$10,000 more?" Ten thousand was a big sum in those days.

I said, "No!" I would have more time to check, I'm sure!"

Well, the result of that was, I had to repeat that course and come back another semester. So my school year was five and a half years instead of five. That's why I graduated in mid-semester. I'll never forgive him, but I guess it was a good lesson.

I found one of my draftsmen, an older man, that—for a particularly hard-nosed client, a house for Dr. Landers—he dimensioned the plan on top, say seventy-five feet, and down below same overall dimensions, seventy-four feet. Well, they took the one at the bottom and laid the house out one foot short and framed up everything, and called me out and said, "These rooms don't work."

I said, "Well, we can adjust it, take a little off here and of f here and off here."

I said, “No, you don’t. Dr. Landers knows the size of his rugs that he’s going to put in there, and these are the dimensions he wanted, the net dimensions. What we’ll have to do is add a foot of concrete to the foundation. The basement will be a little smaller but that’s not going to hurt. So, we’ll just have a slug of concrete that’s a bit more than necessary.

Well, that was hard to explain to Dr. Landers. The contractor wasn’t going to absorb that extra foot of concrete.

But how do you go back to your draftsman and say, “Look, you cost me a pretty penny in your carelessness.”

But it’s the architect who’s always the goat for it. Like Truman said, “The buck stops here.”

That’s one thing that I don’t ever do is to blame my draftsman. Oh, I can say “That’s a typographical error,” which sometimes they are. But to blame your secretary or draftsman for an error is not good business. But I’ve heard it done. I don’t mean to say that I’m simon-pure by any means, but you got to have good client relations.

The one thing that was disturbing to me was to have a person not show up, and you’re depending on him. He’s drunk, he couldn’t sober up in time to get back Monday. And this, of course, happens in every business. But you hate to think of it as an architect because they’re so interested in the work they’re doing. But to me there’s no excuse for coming to work tight. Although, I did it once and I told my boss, “I’m sorry, I’m going home. I can’t think!”

I’ll try to think of more people, ’cause I know what you’re after—.

Your influence has been so wide in this area.

Oh, that’s because I’m outspoken!

I think that it would be interesting for you to think of these and think of them in connection with some of the jobs that you accomplished.

Well, just today, doing this job in Tonopah, a bank building. The contractor is in Las Vegas, the banking people are in Reno, and we’re not getting together between the Las Vegas branch and these people here, so there’re cross-purposes. I had specified a carpet in my specs and so the contractor has it budgeted for that. Meantime, the people in Reno went ahead and picked out the carpet they wanted, through another company. And I just found out today that—hey, we can’t do that—he’s already got this carpet in the warehouse in Las Vegas! But I called the carpet man, and said, “I’m in a jam here somewhat,” and I explained the situation.

He said, “Well, it’s no big deal,” as he said, “I can use it. We’ll start over again.”

Well, to me it was the principle. I just didn’t like to be crossed up. The carpet these people had picked out was a gray with a little bit of green in it. Yech! [Laughs] What I had picked out was a turn-of-the-century type. Sort of a small square with a little green dot in it, and they thought that was too busy (that is, the Reno people). But to me, it had a nice subdued quality, geometric pattern, just simple squares repeating over and over in a sort of monotony. And thus in a large piece, you wouldn’t be conscious of all these small pieces of tile. Just as many things were done at that time, either floral or very geometric. So I had somewhat of a cross-purpose there, but I’ll get it solved. You have these things on every job.

Neil Humphrey once said to me, “Ed, I like your architecture.” Gee, I never thought he knew anything about architecture. He was an accountant, he was [University] president for a while, wasn’t he? And he had more

things on his mind than architecture, but that came out of the blue! Well that's the best kind of a compliment, because he wasn't getting anything from me by it.

It's a compliment, too, to have people come up to you and say, "Oh, did you design that house?"

Or somebody will say, "Gee, I was up in the attic at my house and I found these old blueprints and they had your name on it. Did you design my house?" [Laughing] And they were so happy.

Well, this makes you happy too, because I designed the house for somebody else, you know, and the plans have been rolled up and chucked and forgotten. So, that's a nice compliment, to have another person like the house that you designed for another person.

When I designed Mrs. Payne's house, she was the most fussy little person! Mrs. Payne married Frank Payne, a J. C. Penney executive (that Job Number is 74, by the way—I'll never forget it). She wanted a house—. Oh, a little background on Mrs. Payne. Frank Payne was a very staid old gentleman, but Mrs. Payne was rather frivolous and cheerful (I was going to say gay, but in the true sense of gay), who liked to do some horseback riding, she liked dancing, she liked partying, she strutted in her fur coats and she held out her hand so all the jewelry would flash, you see, fingered her beads [chuckles]. When she'd come to my office she would turn her back to me so that I would take off the fur coat, and I thought, "Where will I put this thing? [Laughing] I can't throw it on the dirty old drafting table!" That's even before I had a closet [laughing] to hang it in! I'll never forget that.

Well, when I got into the plans, in reviewing them, she said, "How much space is there?" And this was a projection of five feet beyond another area; she had in mind putting her swing in that location.

I said, "Five feet."

"But," she said, "my swing won't even fit there."

I said, "You didn't tell me about your swing."

"Oh, but I was counting on putting my swing in there! It'll stick out a foot from there."

You know, I had to redraw that whole drawing to shift— extend that room one foot to get a six-foot space for her swing!

[Laughing] These are the kinds of things you run into so often. It's not like a piece of machinery that you have to accommodate and be responsible for in that way, but for the whim-and-fantasy person, just accommodate this darned old swing!

I'll never forget, that house had a circular hail twenty foot in diameter and it had thirteen doors or openings off that hail. Now, it doesn't seem possible, but that counted some doors that came off a little niche, that—an area. A door in the stairs, a door for the elevator, a door to the powder room, a door to the dining room, a door to the living room, a door to the library, a door to the kitchen and the pantry, and of course, the entry door and the back door to the outside. Well, you'd think there was nothing but doors! [Laughing] There were thirteen.

But it's one of the houses now that's on the tour of the Junior League. The other house is the Dexter house which is now Mrs. McLaughlin's house.

Dexter was a good client but an exacting person, too. When we came down to the wire, there were some extras, and he didn't like that very much. I'd left out some reinforcing steel in the retaining wall. The contractor had to put that in, and then of course, he charged the owner.

"Why didn't you do it?"

Well, how do you explain why you didn't do something? You overlooked it, or you

were too stupid, or something of that sort. I always figure the clients get their money's worth. They think that they're being cheated. Architects are not too well understood. The only people who understand architects, really, are women who want somebody to carry out their fantasies, practical men, and then the government agencies, the city or the county, or the state. They realize the value of an architect. They want to pay the architect, but they also want to cut him down. It's the natural tendency to do business that way and say, "Look, can't you do this for seven percent?" when you say you were gonna do it for eight percent.

And it's awfully tempting to have to come down, and you think, "Well, maybe I can."

When this happens too often, you can fight back. One was with the Planning Board, as they called it, and Mr. Bissell was the so-called architect. He wasn't an architect but he was in charge of negotiating for these contracts. He wanted me to do this particular job and I think it was the prison addition. He wanted me to do it for five percent. I said, "No way will I do that for five percent! It'd be cheaper for me to give you two thousand dollars right now and buy out if you think I've got a contract here that I am bound to.

He says, "Well, that's all I can afford to give you."

I said, "Whose decision is this?"

Well, the net result was I insisted on having the chairman of the board come to Carson. I picked him up and drove him over there and explained that this Mr. Bissell was making it so I couldn't do the job. And I said I needed six percent. Well, six percent you won't even touch now, but then I could get by with the six percent. There was, I guess, a difference of about six or seven thousand dollars. But that was your profit, you see.

And this Mr. Bissell was an evil sort of a person. Nobody liked him. But he had a way with thin-flaming the Public Works Board, or the Planning Board as it was then called. Bill Hancock now is the person; he's more understanding. But that was the only time I ever had any trouble with a state agency.

If I agreed with City Hall, for instance, there's the city public works director, negotiating the fee. I knew what I was in for, or I took it and shaved that down a little bit. As I say, the tendency is always to pull the architect down.

The only architect I ever knew that just said, "To hell with you guys," was Frank Green, who was a very independent person. Frank Green and I, incidentally, were classmates at USC my first year there. But he was very independent. I don't think he ever did a state job. He said, "You're a bunch of saps to work for those kind of fees." See, he was doing hotels and working for Norman Biltz and other political big shots.

In most cases if I didn't get enough money it was my own fault. It's awfully hard to give up a job, because if you think you're in business to make money, you're in the wrong business. Now, there are architects who manage very well and accumulate fortunes, but they're not the true sense of the architect, the individual. They're heads of corporations, it's a business with them, and they can hire the talent much easier than they can exert themselves as a draftsman or as a designer. Their job is simply to organize the business and get the fine capable people with them. And that's what an architect would like to do, too.

There have been many textbooks written on how to start your own practice, or how to carry on your practice. Most frustrating [is] to try to get something from somebody else. You decide you'll get to the office at six o'clock in the morning because you've got this hot

idea. Well, somebody finds out you're down there at six-thirty, and calls you up. He wants you to come and straighten out the plumbing.

Now it's more like call me at eight o'clock in the morning, when I was trying to sneak down and get an hour's work without any interruptions. It just doesn't work! You're constantly being interrupted, and all those beautiful ideas have floated out the window. All your enthusiasm has gone, because now you're churning inside with this problem that's over—in somebody's clogged sink, or something doesn't work, or, "What are you gonna do about this?" And you think, "Well, in the afternoon, I'll get those specifications read;" there's a pile that would choke a horse. Now you're gonna do this, now you're gonna go out tonight with Helen, and I've forgotten all about it. I've either gotta say, "We can't go," and do this, or we go and get up at three o'clock in the morning and do it. [Laughs] It's just wishful thinking, you know, it never gets done.

But I guess that's the problem with a professional, always, is making time. Maybe I'm not the organizer of time that I would like to be.

I know Hellman, Ray Hellman, when he started practice, he devoted Wednesday to himself. This was his free day to go sailing, do whatever he wanted. So he just turned the office over to someone else. Well, I could never do that. But he's carrying on a successful practice. It's another form of discipline and I think it's great.

But I let myself get into all kinds of jams [laughing] that I try to work out! Being creative is, I guess, the hardest thing in the world because you try to make that pencil work for you, with ideas that don't work, and you think of this thing and— - Like the other day I was designing a—sketching a fixture for this little bank I'm doing in Tonopah. I had more

fancy curves in the chandelier, you know. I wanted ten to twelve lights or globes and to bring this into a graceful type of thing without copying something else. I can use ideas, but now you gotta modernize this thing, you can't let it go back to an eighteenth-century type of flamboyant fixture or design. Somehow you've got to compromise someplace. This is the trick, and it's the problem we have with architecture all the way through. Trying to simplify and trying to make it acceptable.

I'll close this with just a remark by one of the Gold Medalists, Phillip Johnson. He designed everything very straightforward, straight lines, all glass. He just recently designed a building that looked like—very straight, story after story, all the same. Then he put a Chippendale type of ornament on the top of the building, just like this [gesture curves]. And he's getting away with it! He explained it like this, "I've done so many, straight-line architecture, I'm afraid I'm tired of it. Now I want something that recalls the past." He said, "We learn from the past, we borrow from the past, and this is the way I want this expressed."

Well, if I had suggested that, they'd say, "What are you trying to do, bring in a [chuckling] breakfront, piece of furniture?"

MY JOB BOOK, PART I: THE PRE-WAR YEARS

I don't think that my jobs started to number until I began keeping this book here [refers to book], because my first job, Number 1, was for Dolores and Jack Halley. Job Number 1, I have this dated 2/7/39. In quick succession came Jobs 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7—all in the same month. I don't see how it was possible! But anyway, there was Ed Semenza, Number 2, Myron Adams, Number 3, Charles Short, Number 4, Dr. Landers, Number 5, and the Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Number 6. We'll stop there because the SAE house was then the old Evans house and I think that was just simply a remodeling of some sort.

But going back to Halley, it didn't seem like it was that important at the time. All of these houses were small, and one story—the first floor, I should say. All frame. Halley's seemed the most outstanding to me at the time (or maybe came later), the way Dolores loved the little house that I did for her. A customary thing that we did in those days, a living room, a dining room or dining alcove (if we could get a 10 by 11, why that was big). The living room was 12 by 15, bedrooms not

much larger than 10 by 12, two of them. There was, of course, a bathroom, and you'd make those things tiny, 5 by 8. You know how small that can be! I think there was a stairway that led to an attic, because I remember a couple of dormer windows in it. A nice fireplace mantel, all of wood. What we called Colonial, that was more of a Eastern conventional cottage-type thing with pitched roofs and Georgian details.

See, this was still just coming out of the Depression. If you could do something around five thousand, you were a genius, and twelve thousand was a pretty luxurious house. I remember Dr. Landers's was fifteen thousand. That was a two-story house and this is still one of my talked-about houses; people love it. And Dr. Landers, of course, was the psychiatrist, manager of the then—what was it called—the Insane Asylum in Sparks. And Mrs. Landers was a very charming person.

As a historic preservationist, what would you want to know now about these houses that you've told me about?

Let me point to that then, because Halley's wasn't anything but a cottage-type of thing and they were a dime a dozen over this nation. It was the only thing you could do. Landers's was two stories and I remember that was done for fifteen thousand, and quite a sum at that time.

It had a central hall, about eight or nine feet wide, a stairway that was a comfortable width, around three feet wide, and it started from a newell post. The first tread was rounded to receive the newell and the balusters, each one went into a tread or two per tread. The head of the stairs took a quarter turn, ninety-degree turn, with about three risers that were wedge-shaped, pie-shaped, and so you landed against the opposite wall on the second floor. It was very conventional, as most houses were at the time, based on the central hall theme, with a living room to the right, behind that was a porch, a sun porch, or I guess you'd call it a family room now, but of course family rooms are much larger. To the other side was a dining room with a small pantry and you could go from the central hall into the kitchen through the pantry. The pantry then was joined to the dining room.

I tried to get corner cupboards or cupboards someplace in the dining room because everybody liked to show off their china, whether it was Grandmother's teacups, or whatever. It was fun doing those, because I had a lot of documents. *Pencil Points* was one of the leading architectural magazines for being able to give you details, or elements—stairways, dormer windows, fireplaces, or mantel for fireplaces, stairways, not to mention corner cupboards. Unique things about kitchens, moldings, cornices, and on the outside, particularly in the eaves, cornices and returns. Either you designed with a hip roof or with a—more customarily—a gable roof. The gable end, that allowed many

innovations for returning the cornices onto itself. Instead of going all the way around, they would return and then the rake of the roof was part of the cornice and came down and died into the cornice, or entablature, as we sometimes called it.

The other thing that's unique now to houses is hardwood floors. And this house was oak, and finished a dark oak. Very striking. And Geister Hardwood Floor was the man then. If you didn't have a Geister floor, you didn't have anything. His son carried on the business for a while but he didn't have the same incentive that old Ted Geister had. He would supply Bruce floors; Bruce finish was the finish.

There were many variations of the oak floor. The pegged, wide-plank floor, or the conventional, narrow 2-1/4 T-and-G. Or a 4-inch wide T-and-G with a groove joining the butting of the two pieces of wood. A floor could be laid pretty fast; it was laid, of course, over a sub-floor and then a diagonal wood sheeting; everything was diagonal wood in those days for strength. Now, of course, it's plywood in various degrees of thicknesses and fabrication.

Landscaping in those days was something that you went to a nursery, and bought some shrubbery and trees, and stuck 'em in around the base of the house. Unfortunately, you were at the mercy of the nurserymen who—or, if you went out and bought them, you'd be inclined to stick 'em in too close to the wall you know, and in five years, why, you'd have this shrub or bush growing, [chuckling] monstrous thing coming up and devouring the entrance.

But Landers's was nicely landscaped. Years later, it was bought—after Mrs. Landers died—by Barbara Long, the benefactor of opera. She is a quite wealthy person and she has endowed so many things. A terrific

person! But she made two or three additions—to Landers's house after she bought it, and of course I was the architect. She changed things around pretty much. She made the maid's quarters into her sitting room and bedroom, just because the bedrooms were small for modern-day living.

Anyway, I'll speak of the bathroom. It was kinda compact. It was right at the head of the stairs as you went up the stairs. In the Landers house there was the master bedroom, with two small closets, small dressing room, and then of course, two bedrooms on the opposite side of the hallway, and the bathroom at the rear. All very Colonial, all very proper.

Moving on, I see I have a Forrester, whom I don't remember. That was Number 7.

Number 8 was Emma McCormick, March 4, 1939. And she was a character. I've never met anyone quite like her. I've forgotten exactly how I met her, but I remember she was a client of Oliver Custer's, and got a divorce. Immediately she married a cowboy and she acquired this ranch house out near Pyramid Lake. It was a simple job of some kind, just adding a bedroom, or doing something. Mac, as she called him, didn't want any part of it. He wasn't in my office, he was out in the hills someplace. But Emma would come to my office covered with straw, in a black cloth coat, you know. [Chuckling] Looked like she'd slept in the darn thing. She was, as I say, quite a character.

I went out there a couple of times; I think Helen was with me.

Then, I have a Number 9, a Mrs. Shaw. Don't know who she was.

Number 10 was Bill Brussard. Now, they were charming people, of course. (What's her name now, memory's lapsing now.) Evelyn! Evelyn was a Tonopah girl. At that time Bill Brussard was a director of the United Airlines, the only plane service we had in Reno at the

time. I've forgotten just where their house is, but it's in the southwest part of Reno. Many of the houses I did were in the southwest. Again, this has the simple cottage-type of approach.

But each plan was different, according to what they wanted. I'd always try to do the work in the way they wanted the plan to work.

Number 11—Thompson. Don't know who that was, but it was cancelled.

12—Fred Phillips. Fred Phillips was the man who was a furrier I believe, and he ran for [city] council, I think two or three times, was always defeated. I don't think there was anything outstanding about that.

Number 13 was the Loomis Apartments. Boudwin did that; this was for him. Built in March 24, 1939. I took a lot of interest in that because it was on a comfortable enough lot, but the stairway served—the entrance hall served four apartments—two downstairs, two upstairs (there was a stairway). So, it eliminated the smells of cooking, you know, in halls, like the conventional-type apartment house. It was designed on a very modern type of treatment, a flat roof.

I have two residences here, 14 and 15, for a Gardner, Mervin Gardner [a building contractor] and Fry (I don't know who that Fry [was]).

Then comes the Pliny Phillips, my job Number 16. Pliny was a dentist. I remember going up to their house in the evening, I don't know why, I guess to show some plans, and I was shocked or rather embarrassed. I went to the doorway of where they were living, and saw through the glass this girl sitting on Pliny's lap. And I thought, "Gee, what am I getting into?" But, it was just a husband and wife enjoying one another, and I thought it was kind of interesting.

It was built in the country, in that respect. It was before the city took this area in. It wasn't in exactly the country, but it was before it

became incorporated in the Reno township. It's off Gordon, Bret Harte, in among those streets. I don't have any street addresses on these.

17 was "Ferris, Heart Tango." Monk Ferris had me do several jobs for him. He had no design sense—he was an engineer—so he asked me if I would design these things and sketch them out, which I did.

Number 18, a Dalton—that was cancelled.

Number 19 was for Ferris again, but this was a Washoe Market. That thing is still standing there [on South Virginia Street] with that electric sign that I designed that said "Washoe Market" as it turned. Of course, now it's changed and I think the sign is stationary, but it says something else on it now. But the original design is there.

[Number 20], for Walker Boudwin, a Dr. Herman, I don't remember him.

Carl Stanley, Number 21. It was cancelled.

From 20 to 25 were little houses for Boudwin; they probably didn't amount to much.

26, that was my first big job (other than Landers), for I. B. Dexter, and that's on California Avenue now, which is now Mrs. McLaughlin. People still admire the house; of course I'm proud of it. I. B. Dexter was from the Philippines and why he was here, I don't know. But he became friends with Dr. Steinmiller; it was through him that I met him. I guess Dad was a loyal promoter because he said, "Well, do you think you can handle it?"

And I said, "Yes, I can handle it!"

But, again, it was a two-story Colonial. The only thing about that was—Dexter wanted, he said, "Something like that house that George Washington built.

And I said, "Yes."

He said, "well I want the columns on the back side overlooking the river."

And I said, "That would indicate it to be the front of the house.

I didn't know how to handle something on the front without a porch. I wanted the porch to be expressive of the entrance, so I talked him into it, and he agreed. Then he had to have a sun porch and a garage on either end of this two-story house. So we played around with positioning that. In the development of the plans over, oh, at least two months, he realized that maybe it would be cold with the sun porch on the east side, and I had visualized that this would be nice when the morning sun comes in from the east. But he reasoned that by afternoon, when he was really up and around, it would be on the cold side; he wanted it to be on the west side. So, we changed that, there was no problem.

That then established the plan of the house. Again, this was a very formal, central theme. And the interesting thing is just recently they—on this tour of worthy houses—they described the entrance as a Federal entrance. Well, it is Federal. I never thought of it at that time, that I was borrowing a Federal type of entry; that's with a fan of glass over the front door with side lights. And there's hundreds of ways of handling that, you see. But it sure was Federal, all right.

The other thing was not unique. The customary way of treating something in a Colonial fashion was with the doublehung windows with small panes. Twelve lights, sixteen lights, eight lights, but always a double-hung window flanked by shutters. Of course, those were louvered. If you were in a cheap house, why, they were simply slats, two slats nailed together with a little tulip design in the middle. That was the shutter. And they were generally nailed shut.

The shutter was, of course, borrowed from the East, where it was a practical thing, and you unhooked the little "s" business that held

the shutter and you could close it during the night. Of course, there was no need for that, but we always put the little “s” hook there as ornament and applied the shutter just nailed to the side of the building.

It had white siding, narrow siding, I believe, and what we called six-inch ship-lap for two stories, then the eaves entablature was all the Colonial motif with a gable—they were the returns on the gable.

The trick was trying to get downspouts—I mean gutters and downspouts—so that they did not clutter up the architecture. Still, it was a part of the thing; you needed a downspout, you needed a gutter. But in this climate—there was a couple of years in which gutters were ripped off of the roof because of the ice and snow. One winter, we had a very freakish type of winter where it’d be warm during the day, causing the snow to melt, and then suddenly freeze rushing down into the—sliding into—the gutter, then backing up so that the water went inside the house as it was dammed up, you see, underneath the shingles and all.

In those days, everything was wood shingles; oh, the asbestos and the built-up shingles were just coming into style, but they were inferior; you didn’t wanna put those on unless you had to build a cheap house. So these were wood shingles, but I used the gutters and—.

Let’s see, I think it was back in 1934 when we had that kind of a freakish winter, so I’d forgotten all about the problems that were caused by the thawing and freezing. Now gutters and downspouts are a real luxury because of the sheet metal cost. But then, why, you could buy a gutter, and sometimes you could design it. But most often, you had the crown-mold type of gutter, which was a reverse “s” shape, or to make it very simple, a utility gutter was simply a half-circle type of gutter. The downspout was round, but

in this case the gutter was an o.g. “s” curve and went into a corrugated downspout, oftentimes two-inch by three-inch, then with a kick-out for the water to spill onto the ground. But try to build those things around dormer windows [laughs] and you’ve got problems! That meant a downspout for every interruption (oftentimes you left them off) But the Dexter house was full two stories and so there were no dormers. The plan of that house was, of course, different. You went into a central hall, but immediately to the left was a tight, winding stairway, and underneath the stairway you went into the library, or sun room, without having to go into the living room. But you could go into the library from the living room, again, sort of underneath the stairway. And then there was another stairway to the basement that developed. In the basement, we had two maids’ rooms and a playroom. And I remember Dexter, being cute and funny, he said, “I want a little room for myself and you can call that the doghouse.”

They were great bridge players and enjoyed family bridge with Dr. Steinmiller and his wife Mae Steinmiller. (See, I never knew the first Mrs. Steinmiller. She died when Helen was, I think, eleven years old.)

Let’s see, going back to their house—. Directly from the central entrance was a wide entrance to the living room. That looked right directly into a pair of French doors and to a small porch overlooking the Truckee River. So, it had a—immediately, you got a gracious feeling. To the right, of course, was the dining room and behind that was the customary kitchen and a little pantry.

Some years later, Mrs. McLaughlin remodelled the whole kitchen because that’s the thing to do—you buy a house and then tear the kitchen out [laughs] because it’s too old-fashioned. Mrs. McLaughlin has made it a very charming, lovely house. She had more

decorative taste than Mrs. Dexter. It's hard to remember what the Dexter house looked like in the beginning, but the simplicity of the furniture and decorations, the painting, is beautiful in the present house. Makes me proud of it.

I see Number 27 is McDonald, McDonald—. I think it was in the short span—that was in June, 1939.

Harry Saviers, Number 28, was June 21—. I don't know how I did all these things in—all that still 1939. [Laughs] Some of them weren't all that—.

In the sane month was Marvin Humphrey. This was at Chilcote [California], and I think mainly that was remodelling. I'm not too sure; I don't have much recollection of it.

Number 30 was Dr. [A. J.] Hood and that was for Monk Ferris. Again, he called me in to put this two-story addition. The lower portion was a garage, the upper portion were bedrooms. And it was called recently, by this historic survey, "the monster" (I'm still gonna write those people and say they have no right to call it a monster), because it was painted an unattractive pink. But when you try to add something to a house and do it for somebody else and you're not doing it for the client directly—. I used, of course, a Mediterranean style, something Spanish, too, or Moorish in that way, and I thought it was successful.

Number 31 was a ranch house for Moore—oh, that was Chuck Moore. Chuck Moore was a promoter, developer, and he was a fast buck artist. I don't have much recollection of it.

Number 32 was Dr. [Vernon] Cantlon. At that time, August 28, '39, there was talk about war. Dr. Cantlon had his ear to the ground and he said, "I don't know whether we should build the big house now or the little house, because if we build the big house we may be caught with lack of materials."

So we dilly-dallied around and finally built a small house, which is a cute thing, it's almost like a doll house. We crammed all of these things in that Vernon wanted. Oh gosh, what's his wife's name—Louise, Louise Cantlon. Louise was a very pretty, beautiful girl.

But we built a little—had a corner entrance with the upper portion of the house projecting over the entrance so it formed a shelter for it, then went directly into the living room (I tried to get an entrance hall, but there's just—), behind that a dining room. But off this entry living room was a stairway—very small—and that went up to two bedrooms. There wasn't much more room on the ground floor except the living room, dining room, kitchen, and the small bedrooms.

Well, that lasted them through the War, and still they couldn't make up their minds what they wanted to do, and finally sold that house and bought someplace else.

33 was Hal Luce. Mrs. Luce was a very strong person, had very definite ideas, but we didn't conflict. It was a one-story house, again in the southwest. I'd have to look at the map, then I could tell you just where it is.

Number 34—W. W. Bernard. I think he was a promoter.

35 and 36 were for Boero and a Gerkin. (Must have been small houses.)

Number 37 was a grocery store for DuPratt, and it was built for Mr. Lewers, a contractor, or under his—he paid me, I think. Yes, DuPratt, wanted Lewers to do it, but Lewers was a contractor. The grocery store is still there on Washington, I think, and Eleventh Street; I believe that's where it is. Again, it has sort of a Colonial type of treatment; I couldn't get over that—I was still under that influence of the Eastern style.

Number 38 was Mrs. Carolyn Smellie. She was sort of a sourpuss; I don't recollect too much about her.

Job 39 was for a Mrs. Armstrong. Mrs. Armstrong—she was the mother of—trying to recall—but somebody we all know. Again, this was a one-story house. And I remember I did something that I was ashamed of afterwards, but we had come from her house back into town from West Plumb Lane; West Plumb Lane was unpaved at that time and she was out sort of in the country. But coming back from that house after making an inspection, they were putting up the pillars of the Dexter house. Anyway, I stopped short and I said, “Oh, can you wait just a minute?” because here were these grand pillars going up. And I left her sitting there on California Avenue. I guess I was, you know, watching this stuff for about a half an hour. And I’d never do that again to a client, but I was too enraptured seeing this creation going up.

40, a Kellogg. Don’t know who that is. 41, a Johnson. 42, a Raymond Dohr. Those three, I can’t remember where they are.

But that ends 1939. Forty-two jobs—why, I can’t do more than three jobs a year now! It doesn’t seem possible!

Number 43 was Dortty. Purchased by Mrs.—can’t remember.

44 was a Frazier and it was designed in February 10, 1940, then purchased by Garth Sibbald in June of ’73. The interesting thing about that—that she called me up, all excited one day, and she said, “I bought one of your houses!” Well, I didn’t know who it was, but she had found the plans up in the attic and she thought that was a treasure, you see, to have one of my houses.

Job Number 45 was Mrs. Payne; I don’t know what that Payne was. Maybe it was the forerunner of the one I built on California Avenue.

And then 46 was an Amorie, February, 1940. Well, as I say, that finishes the page—. Forty-six jobs! Well, you see, the nice thing about this, I

can recall. If I didn’t have this [book] I couldn’t recall anything about each one. But each one, I can recall something about the time. Amorie, and I don’t know who they were.

47 was a job for Harrah’s Tango. This is interesting to me because in that day, 1940, it was called Tango, and now it’s Bingo. Bill Harrah just had arrived. How I got invited in that, I don’t know. It can’t have amounted to much because I have no accounting of it.

48 was a Bedford. It must have been a residence—yes I see it’s marked “a residence,” and also “1940.” In fact, all of these, through Job 71, have dates of 1940.

Number 50, the University of Nevada field house. That had to be a sketch. I think that was the big idea then, to build an unheated building for indoor athletics. It never amounted to anything.

51, 52, 53, 54, 55—they’re all residences, and they’re just names to me: Gordon, Gardner, Carlson.

The County Hospital—notice I used the word “County” instead of the more formal designation “Washoe County.” That couldn’t have been much either.

Ducey—that doesn’t ring a bell.

Wainwright in [May, 1940], was a small house on a corner in the southeast section of town. A remodeling job, I think it was a duplex. It was a large house and Mr. Wainwright wanted to change it into a rental unit, so he cut it up and made two entrances of it. It was an architectural mish-mash.

57—Riley, I don’t know who—.

Armstrong was Number 53, and that was the person I was trying to think of the other day, who I was working for at the time the Dexter house was being built. I’d just come from her house and I saw these columns being erected.

Number 59, Ross-Burke. That was the mortuary. I think I did more things for Si

Ross, in sketch form. He was always trying to improve that former house, and the location was what bothered him. I mean, it was a good location, he didn't want to give it up, but he had a parking problem even in those days. And it wasn't for, oh, another fifteen or twenty years that he bought the lot to the north and then had adequate parking. So it's still Ross-Burke.

Then comes Mrs. Orvis, Number 60. This opened up a whole field of different little jobs for the Orvises. Dr. Orvis was a very energetic stockbroker, had come to Reno and he knew how to manipulate his friends. He sent for his secretary, Mae Zema, and they were married here in Reno. And the story of their coming here was fantastic. In those days, of course, the train stopped at Sparks. Mae had gone out to the observation car, knowing that it was going to stop, she just sensed that Arthur would be doing some kind of trick. So, sure enough, the train did stop.

Arthur had gone to get a shoe shine in Sparks. Well, how do you get a shoe shine in Sparks back in the 1940s? He found a shop, a barber shop I guess, and got his shine and heard the whistle. By golly, he's got to meet his train. He dashed across the railroad tracks, chased this train, and Mae said, "There's my future husband!" He got the conductor to stop the train.

So, that was typical. Everything he did was "do it now, don't wait, it's gotta be done now!" So, of course, he boarded the train and it was a happy reunion. Eventually they were married.

This was a house at Lake Tahoe. And this was fascinating, because when I make the remark that he knew how to work with people—he became a friend of my father-in-law's, Dr. Steinmiller—and learned that the property was for sale at Elk Point. Arthur and Mae bought it from Dr. Marvin. It was just a little simple cottage, and he bought the thing,

lock, stock, and barrel, for \$3,000! [Laughs] You know, a board-and-batt type of thing that had no insulation, no heating plant. And he got me up there, and Mae was the only person I could talk to because Arthur was chasing around the area picking up lizards and all kinds of things, you know, "Look what I got, Mae!"

"But Arthur, I want you to listen to Mr. Parsons, now, he's got some good ideas." And I was trying to get him to settle down, but he wouldn't, you see; he was just more fascinated then in his menagerie of things. He put in a goldfish nond.

But anyway, he wanted to build around this house—it was the honeymoon house—so, how to get a dining room added, how to expand the living room, how to create a porch, a new kitchen, of course, and new master bedroom, and not cut any trees. Well, of course, I was intrigued by not cutting any trees. It was long before we had the environmental hang-up. But I remember we cut a hole in the eaves of the roof—or built the eaves of the roof around the tree, to let the tree appear to grow through the roof. And it was a nice-sized tree, about two feet in diameter.

The house was completely unconventional because I had an entrance that would serve the original bedrooms, the new living room with its addition, and then, of course, the dining room had to be attached to the living room, and then the kitchen had to be adjacent, of course, to the dining room. But now, where was room for the new bedroom? We went through the dining room to get to the bedroom, no problem. It was just that simple, but it disturbed my sense of traditional ways of designing a house; that you could use an innovative idea and get away with it, but having done that we were then free to do a nice bedroom, bathrooms for each, dressing

rooms for each, and so on. The total cost of that house was just \$12,000. It was a steal, of course. Didn't recognize it at the time.

Speaking of environmental materials, we reshaked the whole house. The original house was shingles. But still, we didn't think of heating that house in the way that you think of now, having the separate heating plant which you could get to easily. We put this in the cellar, so to speak, in the crawl space of the porch. I said, "You don't have to worry about heating the house in the wintertime because nobody lives at Lake Tahoe in the wintertime anyway! But you just need enough heat to take the chill off." Of course, that was a mistake.

We got this thing that you crawl in under, with about five foot of head room, put this sort of a floor furnace with a few pipes (it was oil heat, forced air), and it was satisfactory for a long time. Finally, they sold the house. I don't know what they got for it but it was a good sum. But it was the first house I had done at Lake Tahoe and it was sort of a masterpiece.

I had a flair for doing things in an informal way, such as Provincial architecture, Swiss Chalet, but I didn't carry that to extreme; I didn't want to get cute. But I learned that from Russell Mills, whom I'd worked for before.

I guess the important thing about this' is it's the first of a series of relationships we had with the Orvises and later on, as we (I don't think we had—let's see—1940—no, we didn't have any children—it wasn't until '46 that we had little Ed)—. So, we went on many evenings together and outings with the Orvises because he didn't know too many people. But to us he was a fascinating person. And Mae was a stabilizing influence on his craziness.

I'd like to digress here for a minute and say that a number of years later we went to Honolulu at their invitation at Christmastime. And Christmas in Honolulu is an experience

I would like to wish on everybody because the firecrackers are set off, the hoopla, the parties. The Orvises had their "in" then with all the hoi polloi of the Islands, and we went from party to party that Christmas Eve. There were so many invitations that Arthur said, "Well, Helen you come with me and Ed, you go with Mae, and we'll cover as many parties as we can." Once in a while, we'd cross, you see, in this three- or four-hour circulation!

Going back now to 61, a residence for Norman Clay. Can't tell you what went on there. But Norman was the son-in-law of Diskin, Florence Diskin. Florence Diskin, unfortunately, developed a mental disorder and she finally died. So that's how we got to know the Clays.

62 was Scott Motors. It can't be much, because I don't remember a thing about it.

I want to look up Stack estate here [Job 66]. Well, it's the one and only so I can talk about that. I don't know too much about that except it was the building on the corner of Second and Virginia, the old Washoe Bank building. Someday, somebody'll do something with it. The present owner has said that she wants to do something in a year or so. If you can ever get by the code for remodeling these old twostory buildings that have no fire protection—.

[68], Zunino and Oppio Building. That was a walk-up office building. Part of it burned about ten years ago. Nothing spectacular about that.

69, Golden garage, I don't know anything about it.

70 is the Erickson building. I'll skip that, because I think it wasn't until 1957 that I did the real Erickson building.

In December, 1940, I started an estimate for the Nevada State Prison. That's Job Number [71]. That was to lead later into an addition to the Nevada State Prison

in Governor Carville's time and it was interrupted by the War.

I've got three listings to the Nevada State Prison, so I've got to keep them in order. But that was the beginning of the cell block addition to the Nevada State Prison. (I was looking forward here—there are not many jobs after 19—. During the early part of 1941, I had some residences and into 1942, then bingo, it stops! That was the War. It wasn't until back in 1944 it picks up again.)

The preliminaries for the Nevada State Prison were approved and we went to work, and we completed most of the drawings, as I remember now. When the War came in 1940, the end of 1941, it closed me down. The only thing that we could do was cut stone and have that much of a head start when we could resume work. But I do recall we completed most of the drawings by that time. I can pick that up later.

There's a job here, a residence for Noviak, Number 65. I don't know what that is.

Number 72 was Bill Beemer, Sparks. There were many Beemer additions so this may have been the beginning of the Beemer relationship, which was very good, went on for several years. We built a little, oh, almost like a doll house type of thing; tiny and small. Entry hall just big enough to get three people in before you tried to hang your coat in the coat closet. Then into the living room, a small dining room, kitchen, so on—two bedrooms. All built very, very formally, in the traditional form that I liked, the Colonial style. It's a broad term, Colonial, because you think of a Colonial as something two stories, but this was all in one story. The roof pitch was almost twelve and twelve. That means a forty-five-degree angle from the horizontal. It was flatter than that.

But as time goes on, you see, you built your roofs flatter and flatter. You understood

more of the snow loads. I used to think that you had to build a roof steep to get rid of the snow. But with that theory, it also cost you more to roof the job because it took more material. So, as we developed the trusses we could flatten the pitch of the roof. And then they took away from the character of the house, and pretty soon we didn't have any more Colonial, we had Western, or California Western. That became the style.

Number 73 was Dr. Landers and that was built in the— you know, I meant to bring a map up here so I could pinpoint these houses and the streets. Anyway the southwest section. It was a two-story house. I think I spoke of it before, with the hardwood floors, and so on.

The only mistake about that, if it were a mistake, something I didn't realize though, that Dr. Landers was partially deaf. And deaf people can pick up sounds which magnify somehow in their mind or bone structure. So he could hear the water running from the maid's room, clear across the house. The maid's room was on the opposite side of the house. And it was so annoying to him to have to listen to the maid flushing the toilet, you see, that he called me out there and he said, "Now listen." I sat there, quietly. "Hear that?"

"No.

"Well, the running water in the maid's room."

Now what was I gonna do? The house was all built!

Of course, now we have isolators for plumbing lines. And I think they had them before but I didn't specify them; the plumber's not gonna put them in if we don't have them specified. It's simply a little wire U-shaped hook with some insulation on the bottom of the "U," and you've isolated the sound going through the pipe into the joist. And that's where you get your sound magnifying through the whole system—the joists into

the floors, the floors into the walls, and on down the line.

74 was a residence for Harry Saviers, and I can't tell you much about that.

Next—75 is the Payne house, which was rather a thrill at the time. And this was in March of 1941. See, we were getting close to the War, and I do remember that the shingles were being held back by the War effort. There were so many things put on priority—I've forgotten what they called it. But wood shingles, the thick butt shingles, were one of them, so we had to settle for the lesser thick shingles. The Payne house was an English or French Provincial, it was a mixture of several things, but the strong thing about that was Mrs. Payne gave me a picture of the house she had in Los Angeles and said, "This is what I like." But that's where the similarity ended.

It was built on a round, a principal round. entry hall, from a centrally-located door with an arch, a stone arch, a flattened arch, more elliptical than round, all of cut stone. The rest of the house was brick to the first floor; then above that was half timber and stucco. It was just a fun house all the way through.

Didn't I mention the fact that in going over the plans after they were all done she said, "Well, how big is that space?" pointing to a thing jutting out from the back of the entry hall.

"Well that's five-foot-six inches."

"Well, I can't possibly get my swing to fit in there because it's six feet long!"

I had to redesign that whole house to shift that wing to accommodate Mrs. Payne! But Mrs. Payne was a good client. She bossed her husband, Frank Payne. All he wanted was a playgirl. He got her.

He wanted to sit in his house and relax and enjoy the view of the river; [that] was the principal thing they had there. But he didn't want any plate glass windows. "I don't

want any store windows." So, we cut 'em all up into panes about 9 by 12. Boy, when you get a house all cut up like that, every piece of glass. Imagine washing those now! But that's the way it was done.

Mr. Payne lost a \$10,000 diamond ring because he had been helping—this is the interesting thing about wealthy people—they're frugal. So he was gonna store all the scrap wood. In the process, of course, he lost his ring in the rubbish heap. So they looked and looked and looked and they never found the ring.

Mrs. Payne would come to my office dressed in her white riding habit with a—what do you call the little swagger stick—crop, yes, and parade that around the office, with her polished boots. Other times she'd come in with her fur coat and turn her back slightly toward me and indicate, "You can take my coat off now." I learned how to be a butler [laughs]! Oh, it was fun.

We had many good times in her house afterwards. She threw some wonderful parties.

Number 76 was Louis Lombardi. Can't remember much about that.

Then we come to 77 and Bowen [Custer and Bowen, 77 and 78]. They were partners in a law practice in those days. so they each had to have a house, and designing them differently, you see, for two different styles of clients.

Custer's was small and his family grew. Bowen had no family so he didn't grow with it; the house just remained that way. And so, I put several additions on the Custer house and Oliver always used to say, "Well, Sir Christopher Wren Parsons, what do you think of your masterpiece now?" And I loved it.

Number 79 is Herd and Short. I think that was just the back end of their store on Virginia Street. I think I fixed up a tailor shop, I don't know.

Number 80 was for Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Goodwin. That was a very interesting job.

Anyway, Mrs. Goodwin was the—there's always a chief, you know, the husband or wife, and I don't remember Mr. Goodwin. He was an insurance man or something like that. But Mrs. Goodwin was an artist. Her father was a contractor in Berkeley or the Bay area and he said the cheapest kind of a house is a square house. What he simply meant was that, for a given area the most economical is square, except for the circle.

So that was my assignment. And she wanted a duplex, and she would live in the top portion and rent the bottom half. So we designed it on that principle, putting a threecar garage on the lower floor and then making this rental apartment very compact and small. But the entire top above that was a full square, which was her house, and with two bedrooms and bath, and living room, kitchen—I think the living room and kitchen went in together; this was the vogue then, just coming into being. Everything was of redwood, interior and exterior. No cupboard doors, 'cause she, being an artist, said there's art in the labels on the cans, attractiveness, you see. Well, I could just see my wife [laughs] deciding how to keep house with the labels all properly turned out, and so on!

But the interesting thing about that house was it was built for four dollars a square foot. Remarkable—we proved that the square was cheaper! But everything was nicely finished, as I say, except being economical in use of doors and whatnot. There wasn't cheap, unfinished areas, it was just nicely put together.

We were over there on a Sunday morning for breakfast. The day was December 7, 1941. About eleven o'clock that morning this shocking news came, the bombing of Pearl Harbor. Nobody knew what it really meant. But it certainly broke up our mutual admiration at that time because we were all

just, as I say, shocked to death. And I could see everything going before me, my business and—which was literally the truth; it started to go downhill after that.

The date on this is 4/3/41. Well, of course, things didn't come to a halt right at that day, but from there on— 1941—yes. From there on, there was a little job for the Reno Little Theatre, Zimmerman, whom I can't even remember, the U of N armory (I don't have any recollection of what that is), the UN hospital, which was a remodeling of the old hospital which is right—gosh, it was—oh, somewhere very near the men's dormitory, Lincoln Hall. Of course, it was eventually torn down.

A residence for Bill Beemer, a residence for Francis R. Smith, who was later mayor, the Grey Shop, and something for Si Ross, it has an "r" here [in book] but I don't think it was a residence, might have been. So, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve— all dated 1941. And that was the end of my work until— [consults papers] it went on to '42, here—February to March. But that job was the close-down, and we had nothing then until 1944. So for those [two] years, I was out of business. That was an interesting period because when I came back into business I had a new office, but it was across the hall from where I was before.

There was a job after Goodwin, Number 81, for the Reno Little Theatre. Monk Ferris was the architect so I can't recall what I did for that, maybe—of course, I was involved with it like so many people at the time.

Number 82 was a Mr. Zimmerman, a residence. Again, I can't recall.

I spoke of the U of N armory and the U of N hospital, which was torn down.

And then Number 85 was William R. Beemer, residence. think I made reference to that before. Was a cute little house.

Something for Francis Smith, an experiment with multiple housing.

I mentioned the Grey Shop which was on North Virginia Street where the Hallmark card shop is now. It was a classic little job—I think I mentioned that, again, before.

The residence for Silas Ross, and I can't recall what we had to do.

Dr. Cantlon, Mrs. Vernon Cantlon. I remember he was deciding whether to build the big house or the little house and finally we built the little house because the War was coming on.

A job for Mrs. William Forman, and that was on a house that I helped with Russell Mills. It was built by Russell Mills for Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Kind from Tonopah. They were telephone people and had retired in Reno. So when they sold to the Formans they called me and asked about enlarging the dining room because the house was very, very tiny, very cute. I think I mentioned before that Russell Mills, a big man, liked cute things, which was hard to understand.

Number 91 was for Guy Bowman. Guy Bowman was a wealthy person, attracted to Reno like so many others for tax purposes, and a friend of—I mentioned that before, the retired executive from the Philippines—Dexter. I talked about Dexter before. Well, he wanted to buy the lot next to Dexter and Dexter would like to have had him, but Bowman was one of these sharp persons who had to make deals. And I made a beautiful two-story house for him right next to the Dexter, but he asked for it in three parts. The design stage, and the—that is, the concept stage, the preliminaries, then the design stage in which you'd have to spend the most money for architectural fees, then finally the construction stage. Well, of course, we never got past the preliminaries, and it was never built. But it was a good experience.

92 was a house for David Jackson out in Fallon. David Jackson was a rancher, very fine person. Helen and Dave and his wife because well acquainted. I guess Mr. Jackson is still in Fallon, but I've forgotten—. Anyway, their house was of good, ranch house character, nothing distinguished about it.

Number 93, Christianson, 1942, can't really recall.

Westering—can't recall. That was, again, February, '42.

95, Loyalton hospital. I don't know what I was doing up there, but it didn't materialize.

96, a Cross; can't recall who that is.

And 97, Charlebois—can't recall.

Well, that's where that stops, but we again pick it up—. Well, everything from 98 to 144 is blank, unless I've got a page out of order (consults papers]. I can't find any numbers.

MY JOB BOOK, PART II: THE POST-WAR YEARS

The next number is 145, for my wife's cousin Albert Bottleson, and this was just a favor-type of job.

146, William Beers—can't recall—that's 1944.

147, the Carson City High School Gymnasium. (Must have been some preliminaries to that, I don't recall ever getting into anything serious on that.)

148, La Rue, kitchen alteration.

149, Maude Wheeler. She was a friend of my family's, so that could have been a courtesy job.

150, Lloyd Smith residence. That would be for Dr. Lloyd Smith now, but I can't recall what it was.

151, Stanley and Mrs. Geminiani, again, 1944. I remember sitting with them and debating whether to build the house now or wait a year because the prices no doubt would come down. Well, that was a mistake, as you see; they didn't come down. But it was a cute little house in the—sort of near Bill Beemer. And I called it a "house in the sun" because I was very much interested then in using

sunlight as the—not so much to heat your house, but to open it up and be—the warmth and cheeriness. So it had a big window in the front with the entrance just to the side.

Maybe I'm thinking more of the drawings than I sin of the actual construction because they eventually moved to Cannel. They fell in love with that.

The interesting thing about the Geminianis—Stan was a stockbroker and he sold me a piece of stock. And I was a little bit reluctant to buy it but I wish I had invested tons of money then. I'd be wealthy and retired now [laughs] from that little hundred-dollar investment. But it pays good dividends now. The curve starts off here [low, gesture up] and ever upward for all these years.

Number 152, Bert Allison, a residence. Bert Allison— can't recall.

Number 153, an office building for Dr. [Roland] Stahr. Wasn't he a pediatrician? Yes.

154, St. Theresa's church. Now, that was an interesting job. That was in 1945. The Reno Army Air Base closed, so the Catholic church bought one building, an Army air base chapel,

and the Presbyterians (I think) bought the other. Anyway, we had to move those into Reno. My church went on Vassar Street, at the corner of Wells and Vassar. Now it's been made into some kind of a discotheque.

The interesting thing about that was we were to—or I was to—brick veneer it, so I had plans from the Reno Army Air Base and the dimensions of all frame buildings were given from the sheeting line, sheeting to sheeting, and the siding was extra. So, of course, having the plans and those dimensions (and I was familiar with them), I made the foundation according to that dimension, plus four inches for the brick. What I failed to do was add three quarters of an inch on each side for the siding, so when I got the building on the foundation, lo and behold, we were three quarters of an inch shy on either side! So, what to do? I decided to leave the siding on the lee side, on the west side, because the breeze—the chill factor—would come from the west, and then strip it off the other side and just shift the building over enough so we could get the thing comfortably on the foundation.

Bishop Gorman lived—he was in charge at this time—he lived just three quarters of a block away from me. He had a house, and I built a house on Marsh Avenue, and he was down the street. One afternoon—sunny afternoon—he was strolling by and he said, “How's that tape measure of yours?” [Laughs] Didn't know what he meant, but he was kidding me about the positioning of that building.

What we did was to—I had drawn a tower, designed a tower, and then changed the windows slightly to give them a character which I thought was fitting. But he said, “You know, that's too much like Anglican churches. We want it more like Roman, sort of in the Catholic area,” so he wanted the windows round. There was no way to get the windows

round unless I cut up into the eaves. “Well, you'll have to cut up into the eaves.” And then I put a little pediment over each window, so that's what we see now, is this straight line to the eaves and then these little eyebrows over each window!

There was no real changes, no new problems with the conversion of the chancel area to accommodate the altar for the Catholic ceremony. The balcony worked well for the choir. As I say, except for the addition of the tower, there wasn't much to do.

But the interesting thing—it was awfully hard to get light fixtures. I don't know what we did for the main church, but when we got into the basement we couldn't find a simple fixture. I finally found a simple little bowl, shallow bowl type with airplanes all the way around it. I simply stripped off the airplanes, you see, and then used the bowl. But try to get anything decent for about three or four years after the War was really something.

A house for Claude Saviers—can't remember, but I called it a cottage remodeling, so I guess it didn't amount to much.

Another job for Mrs. Arthur Orvis—I always say for Mrs. Orvis because she was the one that—it was kitchen remodeling and I suppose that was in their house they bought on Marsh Avenue, which was a duplex built back in the thirties, where the architect was Dan Kirkhoff (I believe I mentioned him before).

Number 157 was Edmunds ranch. I can't recall.

158, Bassett residence. Boy, there was a character! I think he was a retired Otis Elevator executive from the East. There people had to have everything in black and white. I was making a survey, or an inspection, one morning when they were pouring concrete—and I think I mentioned this before—where, right in front of my eyes,

where the forms gave way and dumped all this concrete in the basement. “Now,” he says, “what are you gonna do?” What am I gonna do [laughs]? I wanted to let it sit there! But I didn’t have enough experience to say, “Well, too bad,” to the contractor, “you’ve got to shovel it out.”

But I said, “It’s not gonna matter that much ’cause it’s not a principal room in the basement.”

He didn’t like that at all.

Now, Vanitie Dress Shop, Number 159, can’t remember where that is.

Number 160, a residence for Mrs. Marvin Humphrey. That was out in Chilcoat, California. The only distinguishing thing I remember about that is she asked, “How high are the window sills?” I told her. She said, “Make them lower because my kids can’t see over them.” They were tiny tots at that time, you see, and they wanted to look out the windows.

Number 161, a residence for Cady. I think that was in Susanville.

162, a residence for George Johnson. Don’t recall much about that, except George Johnson himself. George Johnson was a restaurant owner. George and I were members of the Toastmasters Club, along with Dr. Orvis. But I was the master of ceremonies, their general critic, and I—acting—indicating general criticisms to people, I said, “George,” who was of Greek heritage, “you’ve been in this country long enough to learn the English language. I don’t see why you cannot pronounce English.” I didn’t realize how cruel that was. And that’s all I said.

But the next day it got to me—one of the Toastmasters—that I offended George Johnson. And I went to him in his hamburger shop and apologized, because I had no right to make that kind of a statement. They wouldn’t dare say such a thing now!

Number 163, J and D Enterprises, hotel, in association with David Vhay. We thought we had a job really by the tail. The “J” stood for Johnson, the same George Johnson. Johnson and Davidson. They were going to pool their resources to build a hotel right on First Street, overlooking the river. We designed it in such a way that we had a projecting cantilever over the alley. The idea was that you could drop your fishing line right into the Truckee River and pull out your breakfast! From the hotel—he said, “That’s the way I could sell this to the New York people.” Well, of course, the fire department didn’t buy it, even though we had this up fourteen feet in the air. We could do these things, now, you see, if you had enough pull! But we didn’t have that kind of clout.

But the hotel was interesting from that point of view. We had a few slot machines in it, but no real gambling areas. Our lobby plan was very open, as Dave and I were trained in that respect. I drew the plans and They drew the elevations and sections, so we divided the work evenly. We were paid some kind of pittance for it, but nothing came of it.

Number 164, Nevada State Mental Hospital, heating. That was before I became really involved with the mental hospital work, so I think this was the cottage, or the stone house. I think it’s still there, as a piece of antiquity. But I was just cocky enough to calculate the heat loss through radiation and install a new Bell and Gossett pump. So instead of having gravity flow, why, you had a circulation system. I think it worked all right.

165 was Cortesi, a residence. I can pronounce the name but I can’t recall where it is.

166, St. Thomas Aquinas bell tower. They had their nerve calling me to rig out a bell tower support because I climbed up in there through all this pigeon dung (they had just roosted there). I looked at these heavy timbers

and I thought, “What am I doing up here?” But Bishop Gorman wanted me to investigate the stability of the tower so they could put up bells, real chimes. I think I got Fred Clayton to do some engineering. What ever came of it, I don’t know. I think the cost was too much.

167, Carson City Elementary School. Let’s see, I did three schools in Carson City—all the same. (Consults papers] Well, the schools came later, in 1948. This is 1945. So, we’ll skip that; I don’t know what it refers to.

168, small residence for Richard Sheehy, who was then warden of the Nevada State Prison. But this was a Lake residence, and I think that came after he’d seen what I did for the Orvises, the residence just across the road at Elk Point.

One of my first big jobs for the University of Nevada was the design of a classroom building for the U of N. I went through all the design stage but the funds were not appropriated and I remember Mr. Gorman, who was then the comptroller, said, “well, I want the plans because you’ll be paid for them. They said this job will never be built; you and I will never see the day.

Well, it was a design for the lower end of the campus, which was then just below where the greenhouses are now, and the engineering building had been built by Russell Mills. But it was nice to get paid for the work.

Isn’t that the one you had a hard time getting paid for? It seems to me I had a note that the Regents didn’t want to come up with the money for those fees, and you had to insist.

Probably was. You know, when you’re down and out (and we discussed it here), your life’s work, almost, boy, you really—it you don’t get your money, you close your business. And this was just that hard. So, when things get tough, you get tougher. Well,

I guess that’s—you’re right. And I think people respect—you have to be hard-nosed about things. I don’t see Len Savage ever letting somebody get by with something!

170 was a funeral home for Ross-Burke. That was in 1945. I think that was an addition to the—. Si Ross never shook loose of his position there because he realized that that was on the right side of the tracks, a clear shot down Fourth Street to the cemetery, and you had no traffic to fight. That was pretty smart.

A residence for Claude Saviers. I can’t recall much about that. That was January, 1946.

172 was a Mr. Thomas residence; can’t remember much about that.

173, A. Carlisle and Company, it was a store front.

174, some little thing for the Episcopal church. I was always involved with the Episcopal church at different times.

175, a grocery store for Ferretto.

176, a residence for Mr. Manson.

177, Southwood Village Market. If that’s what I think it is, I didn’t get past the sketch stage. But it was a forerunner of the supermarket. It had a series of little stores related all in one form of architecture. They were all on the street; we didn’t think in terms of creating a shopping center, as such, or the mall in that respect. You just simply parked on the curb when you went into the market. But, as I say, it was a forerunner because it was just when people began to think in terms of joining stores together under one imposing banner.

Job Number 178 in March, 1946 was James Greil, residence. That was rather interesting. It was in the country out in Washoe Valley at the head of the south end of Washoe Lake; it overlooked the lake. Sort of a Western house, and when we got all through he wanted to exchange photographs for architectural

drawings. [Laughs] It was a hard thing to get some cash out of him

Job 179 was for Arthur Orvis, a greenhouse. Well, this was for their house down in Reno before it was the residence. But it was just tacking an ordinary greenhouse to the end of his bedroom, and it did very well.

Skipping, Botti, Fred Botti, an auto court, Job 180. Couldn't have been very much. It's interesting, though, that we called it an "auto court" in those days, and so it could have been much more than a tent or something.

Stampfli, William Stampfli, 181, in April, '46. That's a residence. I'm not too sure what that was.

182, William Beemer, a residence. This must have been an addition, because we were always doing something for Bill Beemer.

183, E. F. Loomis—Frandsen "Bud" Loomis, residence. Oh, yes! Quite interesting. Bud came to me with some very modern ideas. He wanted an indoor-outdoor garden, and I said, "Well, my limited knowledge in gardening tells me that it's not going to be very successful. You're looking outdoors in the wintertime at a lot of dead weeds, and indoors you'll have something that's being nurtured by the sun coming through the glass."

But, he was quite, what we would call a modern fellow. But then he turned around later and bought that house—which I had nothing to do with—behind the tennis courts, overlooking the river. He was worried for years over flooding. But he remodelled that—oh, it was a barn, that was it. I never was in it, but could tell it was done in a very interesting fashion, with a lot of heavy timber but some modern innovations to it.

184, Bruce Thompson, in April, 1946. This was a splitlevel house and patterned in the fashion of my own house on Marsh Avenue. We built on his property just outside the city limits, then. And it was a nice residence with

an informal plan. We opened everything out to the view, and entered from the back side, past the kitchen, into the living room, the dining room, come back to the kitchen, then up some steps to go to the bedrooms. I enjoyed that house because we used a stone fireplace that was very handsome.

We also used a principle there in Bruce Thompson's house of capturing some solar heat. We put a skylight to the west that was up in the roof-lines and caught the sun's rays and it warmed the kitchen very, very nicely. Also I used a system of putting in plate glass on the front of the living room so you wouldn't have any muntins or small panes of glass spoiling the view, then ventilated the thing by having an adjustable flap under the window to let in ventilation. I never heard them complain of that. They could get a little bit warm in there, but it didn't bother Bruce and Ellen.

We used radiant heat—my second experiment with radiant heat—in the basement slabs and in the plaster ceiling. This was still in the plaster days. But the other feature of the house—there was a very flat roof with some overhangs exposed to the south, which let the winter sun come into the kitchen but excluded the hot summer rays, vertical rays in the summertime.

It had a beautiful fireplace that opened two ways, into the living room and to the dining room, so it just went around a very wide area, almost the living room and dining room combined, but enough privacy so that you didn't look right into the whole thing. Lots of bookshelves. Timbering. They had a lot of books, as a lawyer would have, and he had a bookcase that went up two sides of the living room with the couch below it. The ceiling was a sloping ceiling.

An interesting incident—let's see, 1946, '76, thirty years later at a—oh, what's that swank party—the Opera Auction—I

volunteered to remodel a kitchen, an existing kitchen. By golly, the Thompsons won it, so they had me as their slave, you see! I had to revamp their kitchen that I designed thirty years ago. Thoroughly modernized. Quite interesting.

185, Washoe County Detention home. Oh, those were some preliminary plans I just missed out on.

186, the Nevada State Hospital for Mental Diseases. Now we're calling it by the modern name. This was a two-story structure of reinforced concrete and masonry. We used a lot of Al Caton's brick and block, clay block. It was horrible stuff. I'm sure that Bert Caton wouldn't mind my saying it because half of it, after it was fired, was full of checks. And the way we tested it—we'd simply kick one off the pile, and if it broke we didn't use it. And I went through the pile like that, and when I dropped it, "Okay, you can use that one," when I dropped another, it broke.

"But you can't do that, Ed."

I said, "I can. You're gonna put junk in that building and I won't stand for it."

So, we had some words over that.

One time one of the trucks inadvertently hit a doorway into this structure and tore down a whole lot of brick. Boy, it was just like mush!

But, you see, there was politics there in a way, because Caton was on a board, the Public Works Board—or the (what's it called)—the Planning Board.

Then a young engineer who knew I had this job went to the governor and pleaded to have him appointed as my structural engineer. So, I felt obligated (and the name will come to me—he's died). But he had a new theory in which we'd be saving steel, and they make these slabs thinner. Well, boy, they got that building up and every slab in the center of the span began to "dish" and settle. And this was

terrible on the roof, because even though we put insulation on it and tried to fill some of these depressions, instead of the water going to the drain it would go away from the drain because a beam would be near it. It was just full of bird baths. Maybe I shouldn't—oh, Fred Clayton was the engineer. He's gone now so I'm not going to do him any harm.

But I don't do that any more, and the Public Works Board doesn't interfere in that respect either, nor does the governor. They've grown up.

187, Morley Griswold, residence. I don't know too much about what happened there.

[Number 188] was Roy Pike, an office remodeling. Probably I put some bookshelves in.

189 was a study for the Elks Club. I know that wasn't the final Elks Club.

190, Redelius. I remember "Railroad" Redelius and "Parentheses" Becaas. Couldn't have been much.

191 was Claude Saviers, a lake cottage. I'm not sure what that was.

I have a little conflict here—also 191 was a Catholic office building. I can't recall anything about that.

192 was a Department of Highways building for Tonopah. I got the plans out but nothing was done about it. Again, they tried to use stone, but Tonopah stone. They had a lot of it all piled up there. I think they made a front out of it and then settled for masonry on the other sides.

193 was an office remodeling for Sweatt, J. E. Sweatt.

194, an auto court (again that term) for William Garrett.

This was all in 1946. Holy mackerel, a lot of '46 jobs! [Laughs] Well, I just had to fend 'em off because I wasn't getting much of a fee.

Someplace along the line in here, I must have designed my own house because right

at this point, 197 was Thomas Moltzen of Moltzen Electric, and he was intrigued by my use of a plastic skylight in the kitchen when I was remodeling, and it just let an abundance of light in. And he was my electrical contractor when I was remodeling the house at 761 California Avenue.

Unless I've got this mixed up—anyway, I'll speak about it, because Thomas Moltzen built a house in the country, overlooking the lake in the south end of town—Virginia Lake—and there we used the principles of the skylights, he liked that. It was a nice house.

Was that unusual at that time?

No, it was innovative, that's all. It wasn't too unusual, but not too many people were using it. But the thing was to use it with discretion, in the right places, so that it didn't draw attention to it.

Well, later on the atrium came along and I was wondering if this was sort of a forerunner of that.

You might say so, yes. The atrium form, I guess, enclosed a whole area as big as a living room. But these were just puncturing the ceilings, or the roof.

198 was a superintendent's cottage for the Nevada State Mental Hospital. This was a job that they asked me to hire Bill Church. William Church. Bill Church, unfortunately, had a problem with alcohol. I guess you wouldn't call him an alcoholic in those days but that's what he was because I asked him to design this and his brain was sort of pickled. He never got out of the stage where—he was very, very clever in college but this was several years—'46, it has to be twenty years later—so he was not at all innovative. The house was all right, but it had nothing to exciting put in it.

199, a house for William Cashill. I don't recall much about that.

Job 200 was a Lloyd Root, the Sky-Tel airport. It never got off the ground, the preliminary plans. But the idea was so innovative I just couldn't see how it would work. And it worked like a motel; you'd fly in with your private plane, land, have a cocktail or two, stay for the night, fly on to someplace else, or do your business. But now we're just coming to it in airports all over the world, I mean the hotels, motels within the vicinity of an airport. But this was a lot of courage. That doesn't work—more talk than money. That was 1946.

201, Mr. and Mrs. George Stetson, a residence.

202, Nevada State Hospital for Mental Diseases, Ward Building Number Two. Same pattern of structure.

203 was L. S. Reese, cottage.

204, another residence for Redelius. Must've designed those things for his clientele, because you can't turn out a residence that fast.

205, ATO fraternity, steps. That's the closest I got to becoming a—anything for the ATOs.

206, Louis Kreiger, a ranch house.

207, A. H. Roop, a cabin. I had everything in here!

208, Dr. L. Parsons—(was it Lawrence Parsons?)

209, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Olson.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. Seven jobs in the month of September. Something had to be awfully loose there!

210, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Myles, a residence.

What is fun about this, though, is having not seen this [list] for forty years, it brings back certain memories.

211, a Dr. Rodney Wyman, a residence remodeling into a doctor's clinic. Well, that had to be someplace around Virginia Street.

A lot of those old houses were bought up just like they do now and remodelled them, even though we haven't reproached zoning yet. The zoning started in 1949, I think.

212, integral housing. That was just a venture into "Dreamland." [Laughs] I was always doing something, you know, where I could interchange things. If I'da stayed with it, and wanted to make my life that, and sacrifice about' three to five years, I might have developed it into something.

213, Suk auto court remodeling. Now, this was in Carson City, had a simple little cottage-type of structure. Again, that use of "auto court." The Suks were fine people. They were workaholics, though; they were up at sunrise and went through till ten o'clock at night, painting and fixing, and so on.

214, the Life Science building for the U of N in 1946. That had a lot of good things about it, but unfortunately it wasn't built. I developed the whole set of drawings, and I was paid for them. It was to occupy the space where the greenhouses are now, just about where the Life Science building is now, for the college of agriculture. And it was done in concrete and brick and very, very formal, a very classical type of architecture.

215, veterans housing. Again, that was an exercise in hopefulness.

216, a veteran cooperative apartments. See, this is after the War has been—yeah, we're just about over the War, so there was talk about having to get preparation for putting the veterans to work.

217, Ginocchio apartments. The Reno Iron Works—it was a two-story, dumpy little thing with two apartments on one floor and two apartments on the other.

218, McKnight apartments. Judge McKnight, he was the father of my best friend who was killed in an automobile accident in 1932.

219, Paul Nichols, don't know what that is.

220, W. N. Argood. Quadplex. Something simple.

221, J. E. Brill.

224, U of N agricultural building. That has to be a study of some kind.

226, Harry Bond, auto camp remodeling. Doesn't mean anything.

227, Father Collins church and residence. The church— first of all, Father Collins was a delightful Catholic priest and his parish was the Church of the Little Flower, and he was one of the purchasers of one of two buildings from the Reno Army Air Base. I was in charge of moving both buildings, but the architect for the other building was Perry Means. And that was quite a project. We had to correlate crossing the tracks, you see, on North Virginia Street, moving the wig-wag so that we could straddle that piece of concrete that held it up, timing the freight trains so we could pass without a collision, removing the Reno Arch—the first arch that said "The Biggest Little City in the World"— swinging that off to the side, checking the bridges to see if they would stand the load, checking, of course, with the fire department, the police department—I think there were about fifteen different agencies that I had to correlate. We pulled it off miraculously, in a miraculous fashion! The two movers were Bevilacqua— Tony Bevilacqua was the owner, father, and then two sons who are not principal house movers, John and [Dario]. So they had to follow whatever the leader said, the sons had to do.

The interesting thing about the church was—and I thought I spoke of this before—.

Yes, you did. You said that you moved it, but you didn't talk about tearing up all of downtown Reno to do it!

It was torn up! Then, as we went through the—it was in the summertime because the leaves were out and a couple of the movers ripped down tree branches, you know, and they made some tense feelings around the neighborhood!

But I took a batch of photographs, and then several years later they disappeared. I wish I had them because they'd be interesting for posterity now, to put in the files. But someone got away with them—the enlargements, that is.

Then the residence followed. They needed a—right alongside of the—we replaced a building on Vassar Street, building, very formal, square residence for the father.

228, Tony's Ballroom. Gosh, that sound exciting!

229, Suk auto court, shower rooms.

230, George Green. Don't know who that was. Oh, yes, George Green, he was an attorney. I think it was just a consultation job, how to move some partitions.

231, Bryce Rhodes, out in the country, residence.

232, Ray Smith. That must be the Ray Smith who was the planner for Washoe—oh, the Regional Planning Commission.

233, Galilee Church. Interesting project. The church was given the trusses and some stonework from the church of Goldfield—. what was that called? Oh yes, the Goldfield church was called St. Johns. But this was very historic because a little piece of stone about the size of a loaf of bread was the cornerstone for this church over in Scotland. It was implanted in the corner of this church that I had designed using these elements. The elements were, of course, the scissor trusses, the Gothic-type arches of stone for the one window, and then another series of stones for the arch entrance. The rest of the structure was to be built of concrete block. So, using

these elements, we put this together, a very charming little building. And all we had to do was reinforce some of the members of this truss by adding others to go with it because here we're gonna be up at Lake Tahoe, Galilee. Well, now Galilee has developed quite an institution. But it all started around this cute little church.

But the interesting thing was we placed the church so that its window overlooked the Lake and framed Mt. Tallac. And there's that cross; it's always there, except if it doesn't snow too much in the wintertime. The only bad thing about it is, it made a nice picture, but the minister or the priest was always in a halo, a black silhouette, 'cause you're facing that extreme light, you see, from the dark inside.

234, A. J. Hood, Bart Hood. I think I was asked by Monk Ferris if I would draw up an addition for his house at the head of Ridge. The interesting thing was that that building was later written up by the Junior League, just in the last month or so, and called it a "Motel 6," a "Mediterranean monster," because it was painted in this horrible reddish pink. But that wasn't that bad. The addition was for a garage and some extra bedrooms. That's where I came in.

235, a house for James Lawrence in Gardnerville; the artist. Again, that was sort of a deal, where I got a painting and he got a house! So, I had my choice of taking a painting that was valued at fifty dollars. But I've still got it in my dining room.

236, Goldberg's residence. Don't know who that is.

237, Old Mormon Station. That had to be in Genoa. That was an interesting thing because it was more of a labor of love than anything else. Robert Allen asked me to do this when he was head of the Highway Department, and he was quite a historian and had quite a collection of photographs. But he

was upset that I would be charging a fee! I was in business now for myself, no longer working for the Highway Department, so I knew what this thing was gonna be.

But the Legislature appropriated \$5,000 (a great sum of money!) to get this thing started. Who was the legislator from that county—an assemblyman—well, they appropriated the money to silence him, you know.

Well anyway, there was just enough money to get the logs cut. And I couldn't design something with the huge logs that that was built of originally. But the interesting thing was that what I had determined through research that that Mormon Station should be in a location off the highway, where it is built, I proved it by triangulation. And then, by golly, when we scratched around in the soil we found these shingle nails, square nails; they were just a thing about, oh, inch and a quarter, inch and half long. So I knew I was right, I'd hit pay dirt! And it was gratifying because Effie Mona Mack said that I was in the wrong place and I'd designed it the wrong shape. She and I were great friends, but I think I was as stubborn as she was.

[238], Ross Ashley, I don't know who that was.

239 was the Ramos building. That has to be a study for him. I'll skip that because I didn't do anything for him after I ventured with Russell Mills.

240, Fred Wightman, Fallon, Nevada. Doesn't ring a bell.

241, [Victor R.] Partipillo, Terrace View Motel. Ah, now we're calling it a motel! This is 1947, July.

The same year, Job 242, was a Hill and Son, and I think that was a restaurant. And it's now where the Peppermill—-. You know the story about Hill, old man Hill. He used

to sit in his big Cadillac and watch the girls. They wouldn't let him drive any more. He was in his eighties.

But he didn't want to pay me for my work because he'd cut me off at the time when he decided not to go ahead with that portion, and do something else. Well, that meant a lot of studies for his restaurant. And when I presented it to him, these prints, about three prints, "You gonna charge all that money for three blueprints?"

Well, then I said, "Well, there's a lot of work went into these."

Well, it ended up I had to deal with his attorney. So, fortunately, I'd saved all of my sketches. And from there on, I've saved everything, every scrap of paper, until the job is done, then I throw it away—until you're paid for it.

But you roll up all that tons and tons of stuff, and then you take the rubber band off and let it spread all over the place [gesture], you see. "There's what I did." An attorney understands that. So, I got paid my \$300.

243, prefabricated houses.

244, Sno-Lite corporation (Courtney Catron). Courtney Catron was a very fine fellow. His wife had a considerable amount of money, some oil company, I think, was behind her. But he was a person of means, so he was always developing these sort of experimental things. I don't remember the Sno-Lite product, but I do remember then he got into a cast stone, and polishing the material so it had a sort of dull luster to it. And incidentally, I used his product on the— oh, ten years later—on the agricultural building, the cast stone front for the metal sign, the college of agriculture, and the same thing, only different format, different textures, for the Sarah Hamilton Fleischmann School of Home Economics. The only thing—one of them, on the Max C. Fleischmann College of Agriculture, faced

south, and over the years it began to fade, so now it's sort of a lack-luster pastel green. But before it was a nice green. But we learn.

245, Mrs. Dugue, don't know her.

246, J. L. Lang, building. Don't know it.

247, Chamber of Commerce, some little thing.

248, Mrs. Frank Payne. Of course, that came well after her house was built—. Can't recall.

Job 249 was called the Round-up Bar and, oh, I think that was on South Virginia Street, little remodeling job.

250, Byron Morris—this is still in 1947—that is Alpine Glass. It must have been a residence.

251, a forerunner of the Colony Club, which I can't recall. (See Job 492.)

252, barracks remodel. I don't know what that is.

253, remodeling for George Vargas, and that must have been either his office or residence.

254, Mercury Cleaners in Carson City. That didn't amount to much.

255, Southworth cigar store. I think it was an outer remodeling, that's about all.

256, Church of the Little Flower. Oh, now that was an interesting one. The Church of the Little Flower was in November 8, 1947. Well, I've already talked about that. Well, I thought that was it. Couldn't have been the parish house. Well, let's skip that if we've already talked about that.

257, Skeels remodeling. Can't think what that was.

258, Turf Club. That doesn't excite me, I don't know what that was.

259, Carson City School, Unit Number Two. I don't know what that was either.

260, Harry Frost residence. This is in January, 1948. I don't think that was a new job, just some remodeling.

261, Holmes building. I'm vague about that.

263, Solari. residence. That was George Solari and on Sunrise [Drive], and he built right next door to Paul Christman. Both these houses are given the same dates. Worley and Solari. were the same date.

But I just learned today [December 12, 1980] that George Solari died. And George, of course, was the son of Camill Solari. Camill Solari was a wonderful person and, of course, his sons were great people, both Al Solari and George Solari.

I don't know whether Solari and Christman bought their properties together, but anyway they became neighbors. And how I was chosen as architect for both, I don't know. It just may be coincidence.

Anyway, the Solari residence was a fun job. It was without any incidents whatsoever. It was a good, stock house with good materials, so it has the same appearance now as it did then, with a clay tile roof and some stonework. It was just solid.

But Paul Christman was very interesting. How he came to me I've forgotten, but he started off with a rather small house and as our preliminary plans were being changed he would get bigger and bigger. And he said, "Well I want bigger windows. I think that's the problem, you windows are too small." He said to me, "Are you an architect that can design windows?"

I said, "I can design 'em as big as you want."

Well, fortunately I had a draftsman who came to me about that time from Los Angeles and he wanted to get a divorce. So I put him in charge of this house and then everybody got along fine, we could spread the house all over the landscape. Now he didn't want a dining room but he wanted a large kitchen with a breakfast area. I said, "Well, you must

have provisions for a dining room in case you sell.”

I put the fireplace, a big massive thing, right in the middle of the combination living room-dining room, and then put windows in back of that, and you passed behind this chimney, or fireplace mantel, a block of masonry, with these windows looking out to the north and other windows looking to the south. Everything, incidentally, was thermopane glass; it was just coming into its use and it was very expensive.

And we designed a sort of an easy circular stairway to the rooms upstairs. The plan was very unique. Along with it was a solarium and then from that you went into a game room, and there was a barbeque.

The barbeque he wanted to be designed in such a way he could have his guests come in from the outside as well, and it got pretty big. Well, I have designed a few barbeques, you know, with ordinary fans but—and this was for an ordinary small fan.

The night of this party, in which he invited certain people—he had a big bash; everybody got tight, the same with George Solari and a gang of people. I wasn’t there. But the next day Paul Christman called me up, and madder than the dickens, “That fireplace won’t work! That barbeque smoked everybody out!”

Well, he had built a tremendous fire, you see, and this little fan wouldn’t take care of it. The net result was that we had to get another fan and build it on top of the roof. Fortunately, I had a flat roof, so that it wasn’t all that hard. Just embarrassing, though, to have something you design not work!

It also had a dog kennel and a swimming pool with dressing rooms. But he was a party man. And then he also owned a fish farm of some sort. Hatchery. He called it X-man, Christman, Fish, or whatever, something unique. I don’t know whether he and Mrs.

Christman were divorced by the time I knew them. But he eventually died and the house was bought by a Mr. and Mrs. Rose.

Incidentally, they called me about twenty years later, wanted to do some remodeling. They had—who’s that decorator and furniture man, it’ll come to me—but they retained him as the decorator and asked me if I would remodel the bathroom on the second floor. But the decorator and I were diametrically opposed, and I said, “You take one or the other of us.”

But we just turned that house upside down. We had something in very free-flowing and unique, but this man began to put in all kinds of wild stuff and I didn’t want anything more to do with it. So, that’s just a sequel to that other story.

The next one was 265 for Rodney Boudwin. That was in the southwest. Rodney had—his ideas weren’t too restrictive, but he wanted a one-and-a-half-story house and we had trouble with the stairway the way he wanted to approach it, from two different sides.

266, Courtney Catron. Courtney was a fine person. He owned the cast stone—Sno-Lite, yes. And he made tabletops and all kinds of slabs of—using this product. Incidentally, I used his product for the signs, or the plaques you might say, on both the Sarah Hamilton Fleischmann School of Home Economics and the Max C. Fleischmann School of Agriculture. They just faded a little bit but they’re still there.

That was the second job that you had for Courtney Catron.

It’s like trying to find where you parked when you’re in the garage, in and out, two or three times a day, like I have to do. And I forget what floor I’m on again. So, that’s the case with this. So, I don’t know what that job is.

The same as this next one, 267, Orvis residence, 1948. I think I already talked about the Orvis job at Lake Tahoe. This would have to be a remodeling or an addition to

You talked about putting on a greenhouse.

Well, she was always doing something like extending the living room—did I talk about that? Where they had to sink the living room and raise the—no, we couldn't raise the roof, but sink the living room to accommodate these two tapestries that they'd bought from New York City. Their length was such and such, and the fringe was that long, and so we had to get at least ten and a half feet in a house that had only eight-foot ceilings. The simple solution was to put this addition on this small living room, because it was too small anyway. So you went down two steps as you came into the small living room; just go down two steps and then you've got the floor level lowered, you see. It made a nice room out of it.

At that time I was building my house, I see. 268, Parsons residence; it was April 1, 1948. I was intrigued with the idea of a split level, Split level was a way of doing things and the property wasn't all that big so I couldn't do it all on one level. So, I had unfinished rooms in the basement which I later finished up for my two children. But the living room, dining room, kitchen and breakfast room were all on the same floor, then up a little spiral stairway—because Helen said, when she saw my plans, she said, "Is that a pretty stairway?"

I said, "Yes." I said, "It's a winding stairway."

She said, "Good, because someday (oh, we had our children, that's right)—I'd like Alice to be married in the house, coming down a winding stairway." So that satisfied that.

The other thing I did, though, that was a little different was having radiant heat. I initiated that into my house and there was

two or three other people who started radiant heat, the Sewells for one. I put mine in the basement in the concrete, and then the other part of the house was all in the ceiling, buried in the plaster. And there were drawbacks to both of them. Buried in the ceiling, if your legs are underneath a table—supposing you're writing or eating dinner—the top of your legs are cold because the heat simply radiates down. The temperature can be sixty-eight in the room but you feel a nice seventy. It was a good heat that way. But if it's in the floor in the basement, then your feet are hot and the top of your head is cool. You're not getting any effect because the heat is radiating to space and hits the ceiling above. It doesn't hit your head!

Well, anyway, I also used a huge window, eighteen feet wide, in my living room to catch the morning sun, and sloped to the shade upward so it allowed the low rays of the sun to come in all day long, but exclude the summer hot rays. That was 950 Marsh Avenue.

I'm hesitating here—269 was a J. W. Ross. I don't know who that was.

270, Klause. I don't know.

271, Suks, remodeling. Well, that was a motel in Carson City.

272, Eby and Company, don't know who that was.

273, John T. McLaughlin. Oh, that was a guest house that I built and to the—well, the—sort of the southwest of the Dexter house; Dexter sold him the lot. So, John McLaughlin wanted to use this, I think, as a tax write-off, as an attorney. So it was sort of a cute little cottage. It's all by itself on the brow of that hill as you go down California Avenue. In fact, it's used now by Mrs. McLaughlin's nurses (she has nurses around the clock).

274, Mr. and Mrs. Don Cady. I think that was in Susanville. I was very careful that I would not sign the drawings because I didn't want to be practicing in California without

a license. I've since found out that you don't have to be a licensed architect to design a small house in California.

275 and 275a were Sierra Vista school, foundation, and then later the school itself. That was rather interesting. We took three or four air base buildings (they were just frame buildings), moved them in from the Reno Army Air Base and set them on this foundation. I guess the property was sort of landlocked. The school district then thought that this would be a good way to get another school in that district. You go up from Valley Road, I believe.

So we put these buildings in the form of a "T" and then put a little porch, a cupola, on top. It was a nice-looking little school. Had some very serious faults as far as it works now because it was on levels that were—you had to walk up steps. Well now, of course, it would be irregular. But I think they've since rectified it by putting ramps in there. But we made it look like an exaggerated country school.

276, Big Meadows motel.

The name is Berreyesa, A. W. Berreyesa. This is June 1, 1949. Somehow that's out of order.

Christman hatchery, I don't think I did very much with that.

Bartle, 279, Rollin C. Bartle. Doesn't ring a bell.

Harry Foote, 280, 12/7/48. I remember that so well because that was an office building across the tracks on West Street, across to the north. He had a piece of property that was—I guess he had bought it sometime way back, and was holding it as an investment. So he decided to put in an office building. I said, "You want to work across the tracks?" I said, "Nothing will work out of the business sector." But he was determined.

The building is nondescript, and I'm not that proud of it. But the interesting thing was

that he paid me off in cash, and they were big notes, big old-fashioned dollar bills, that, when I got them, had a very musty smell. And I deposited them in the bank and the cashier remarked about, "Where'd you get these?"

And I said, "Well, Mr. Foote (or whatever)."

And I thought little about that, except in about a year and a half later the FBI came and asked me if I'd had business with Mr. Foote. Well, I don't think I was the one that sent him to jail, but they had this evidence on him. Poor guy! Playing innocent, you know. He says, "Every time I had an extra ten or twenty I'd put it in my pocket, and that's how I built the building." I guess it was paying his taxes!

281 was a job for Andy Drumm. This was in Fallon. I guess everybody has talked about Andy Drumm. He was sort of a wild character. In his airplane—I took a flight with him—he says, "You don't mind flying, do you?"

I said, "No! Not a bit."

But he did some weird things, flying between peaks in the mountains, you know; you'd think you could reach out and almost touch them. I wasn't too happy.

282, Boudwin remodeling.

283, Ginsburg residence. That has to be Sam Ginsburg. The house was an interesting house on Mount Rose Street. The interesting thing about it was that eventually it was sold and was bought by President [Charles J.] Armstrong. Now the house belongs to Rollan Melton.

Rollan Melton enlarged the kitchen and opened things up a bit. Everything was tight in those days; you did small things. And the Ginsburgs fit into it nicer because they had no children. Well then, of course, when Armstrong bought it, it didn't last too long because they needed something big to entertain in.

284, City of Reno recreation center. I'm trying to think if that was the remodeling of

the California Building. But let's say it was the California Building, because that was rather interesting. This big barn of a room had columns in it, and how to make this more usable—. I talked with my engineer then, who was a very practical man, and he said, "Well, if we set the wall studs (which were heavy and thick), laminate those and make a column out of 'em and have it up to the line of the truss, then we can cut off the columns, send a cable across, and make an inverted truss." In other words, it was a suspended truss, rather than the ordinary Howe truss (I think that was the kind). So it's there today, with this inverted system, which worked very well.

I painted the truss members a peacock blue, which were later changed. I think people got tired of peacock blue! And then we did other repairs to the building and made it very serviceable.

285, Mrs. Joe Deming. His house was on Marsh Avenue just below me, and was a sort of an ordinary front entry in the Colonial style. But they wanted something more elegant, so I built a semi-circular porch with columns on it, and also raised the garage roof, and then on the porch we built another room (whether it was a maid's room, or something) with a bath.

At the same time, I think I built a family room of some sort, again, with an indoor barbecue—this time I'd learned my lesson! It turned out very nicely.

286 was the Catholic Day Home. Little hazy on that.

287, remodeling of Sierra Pacific gas plant. That sounds like a terrific job but I haven't the slightest recollection of what it is.

288, residence for J. B. Matley. Sort of halfway between here and Sparks.

289, St. Theresa's church remodeling. St. Theresa's— that has to be in Carson City. Well, I don't know what this is.

290, Nevada State Prison. I'd already built—this is 1949. I can't recall.

Well, 291 was the Reno Business College. That was a remodeling for—who was the business—Linnecke. Linnecke bought this old house, brick and very ordinary. I put a front porch on it and enlarged the windows and made a commercial-looking front out of the residence.

292, Louise Frisch. I can't think of what that was.

293, DeLuxe motel. Don't know.

294, Western American Life Insurance Company. Doesn't ring a bell.

295, L. E. Wilbur. Sounds like a contractor, but I don't remember what it was.

296, Arthur E. Orvis again, 10/6/49. Well, this could have been a kitchen remodeling.

297, mobile home, no date.

298, University of Nevada President's office. Yeah, I remember that. Well, let's see, I can't recall who it was for. But, of course, this was in Morrill Hall. And we had to put in a post in there to carry a beam, but it didn't interfere too much. But I didn't have the feeling for preservation then that I have now, so we put in a new kind of striated plywood on the wainscoting. Fortunately, I didn't take the wainscoting out, but just put that on over the plaster. And all we have is a few nail holes in it. But it was something kind of horrible. Put in some bookcases and reset the safe.

299, John Jutte, that was a residence. Also in 1949.

300, Andy Drumm again, Fallon.

301, Huffaker Lane school. I'll talk about that, because there were a lot of things that went on in there.

I was commissioned by three members of the Huffaker school district, all Italians, what's their names—. Well, it'll come up because I've got a lot of drawings.

They all had ranches, but one worked with the Southern Pacific railroad and he was sort of a dock worker. But he had a lot of know-how and know-it-all business. Everything went along fine until we were going for bids, and Rodney Boudwin of Walker Boudwin Construction Company was low bidder, and the Italian was the second bidder. They wanted to award the contract, of course, to the Italian. That isn't the important thing, except I recommended that the low bidder be given the job and I prepared a contract. On the day that I was—I had the contract in my pocket and went over to Carson to see something about this Prison job. I got a call, I think it was from Boudwin, he said, "Don't try to get that contract signed because you're in trouble if you do."

And so I discreetly came back, you see, and said that Mr. Boudwin is challenging this business of awarding to the low bidder. And there were no clear laws at that point but I was determined that the low bidder should be awarded the contract and so the attorney general's office, or somebody, told them that that's what they'd have to do. So we signed that contract for Boudwin. Well, from that day on my name was mud! There was nothing I could do right.

"Parsons," I'd be called in at seven o'clock in the morning by this guy down from the Southern Pacific depot, freight yard, "that isn't the right kind of lumber. Get out there and get it changed." It wasn't grade-marked and I had specified that it should be grade-marked, so there was a big to-do about that.

And I suggested, "Well, if you insist—I think the lumber is right—but if you insist, we'll get a grader to check it."

"Well, who pays for that?"

I said, "Well, the person who is wrong pays for it," and Boudwin was willing to pay for it if it was his mistake.

Well it was all right, eventually, but it cost \$300 to get this grader who chalked every piece of lumber, you see, with his crayon. But now there were some pieces that they challenged. "That doesn't look right."

"Well," I said, "it's a structural grade piece even though there are knots in it; they're solid knots."

"I don't like it. I want to take it out."

Boudwin said, "Well, let's stop being picayune about it. We'll just slip in another one beside it."

"No, take it out! We don't want to see it in there!"

I said, "Look, you're not hurting anything if you nail another one, scab another piece alongside of it."

Well, this was the kind of trouble I was in all the time, you know. There was all kinds of things, pettiness that came up.

But the greatest compliment was when the building was finished and these little kids were turned loose in the new school. They ran down the hallway, shouting and hollering. They came back walking. "Shucks! You can't hear yourself holler in here!" You see, the acoustical tile was something new to them.

There were no other problems about that except that I used a system of skylights, where we'd get a clerestory lighting to get to the back end of the room. And this was all right for a while, but I guess it produced a little bit of glare so they painted out that glass. And then we made an addition to it later on and that worked out nicely.

The funny thing was that when I first designed it, I wanted a principal's office. "Oh, we don't need a principal. The head teacher is the principal." It was just a threeroom school, you see. Well, Huffaker grew and it grew and it grew; in fact, there were two additions made to it.

So with the first addition, I made a principal's office but it was back down the hail, which worked out all right because he was central to the L-wing we built—or to the wing, which made it an L-shaped school.

The other thing, too (you always like to get unique things), it was a turning point in heating plants and their flues. My mechanical engineer was Stan Zemanski. For an ordinary boiler, your flue will have to be x-number of feet. If you put on a forced-draft boiler, you can lower the chimney. Well, I said, "That do you think about forceddraft boilers?"

He didn't know whether this was the thing to do or not, so he went for the higher chimney. "Let's not take a chance." So that's why the chimney is apparently so high. It was rather big, so it carries itself well, but it's not too prominent. But from there on, why, I think most chimneys were just down to a forced-use height. And, let's see, that was in November, 1949, call it 1950. So, January, '50, we didn't have to build high chimneys any more.

Hill's restaurant, that was an interesting little project. It didn't develop but—what's his name—forgive me for saying Old Man Hill, but he was a character who sat in his Cadillac watching the girls go by because his driver's license had been suspended.

He called me out to his motor court on South Virginia Street—it's been expanded now to something very, very elaborate—but he wanted a restaurant. So I made sketches and fooled around, and he changed his mind so often that I never did have anything very clear and articulate. So finally he gave it up. And he said, "Well, I want to pay you for your work." I sent him a bill for \$300 and he was flabbergasted, because all I had was one piece of paper. And that's what he said, that I was—.

But it taught me a lesson because I'd kept all my sketches, reams, and it seems now

when I rolled them up they made a roll, a bundle, about six or seven inches in diameter. Reams and reams of what we called onion skin sketches. When I showed them to his attorney, he says, "Well, I can see what you mean," because an attorney knows that his time is all that you can charge for. He saw the time involved in there and he said, "All right, pay Parsons." That was Job 302.

303, I have no recollection of what it was.

304, the SAE chapter house. That was interesting because Russell Mills and I collaborated on that. Russell Mills had been made an honorary member of SAE and that was the way they brought in a lot of people who had never been asked to join a fraternity in their college days, but as long as they had some money to give to the chapter, why, they were made honorary people. And so we collaborated on the house and his job was the mechanical, structural, and electrical. I did the architectural.

But we had to tear down the old Evans house. Now, at that time, I wasn't involved in thinking of posterity or preservation or anything. Except it was a shame to watch this house come down, and all of its beautiful lumber, and especially these beautiful brackets. And when I examined them they were made in pieces, laminated so that they were about three quarters of an inch wide, or an inch and an eighth wide, I guess, each one, so that the total lamination was about seven and a half, eight inches thick, and big, two feet long and about fifteen inches wide, and, of course, carved in all the fancy Victorian curlicues. I saved some of those, thinking I was gonna make a coffee table, and put them in my basement. Of course, never did, and they eventually ended up as firewood. Well, yes, it's a shame when you think of it, but I'm being honest! This is 1950, February 8, 1950.

Another interesting thing, Richard Sheehy was warden of the prison and I guess I was still doing some work—yeah, in 1949, looking back here—we were doing some brickwork on the prison. So he asked me if he could have the lumber for his use, and he carted off a lot of good sheathing material, you see, and studs. All he had to do was pull the nails and there was a lot of prison labor for that. And it went into a stock and they built, I think; some visitor's cottages for people who would come from far away.

The house itself was an interesting program because it was almost Depression time but—at least the SAEs didn't have any money. We got just far enough after receiving bids to compromise the house. Frank Capriotti was the contractor. And we made a deal with him where we'd leave off the doors and leave off some base shoe and other trim.

And one of the persons very instrumental in the house, of course, was Charles Mapes. He has been, until more recently. And he put up \$10,000, which was a lot of money in those days. And the other person of great influence was Tim Wilson. Tim was quite opposite from his brother—was it Frank Wilson? Well, they were the Wilsons with the Wilson's Drug Company. But Tim was a devoted SAE and he did more to rally the boys behind the cause and get the alumni interested. He was a great worker. In fact, he did so much that, you know, you overdo and the other people slough on their duties.

Tim insisted on having a basement and it was wise. We weren't going to finish a basement but he said, "Let's excavate more for the chapter room." Well, of course, that was a very wise decision because chapter rooms in the upstairs are just a disaster when the beer starts flowing! I've never seen that SAE house really dry in all my years [laughs]! And I don't want to go into that part.

But eventually mothers and fathers bought their sons doors for that house. And that was one of the gimmicks. It still has a lot of unfinished things in it.

Dr. Ross Whitehead, Job 305. Si Ross's nephew, that's right, but where the Ross came in there, I was trying to—. It doesn't look like there was much here.

But along came Silas Ross, Jr., 306. Can't recall what that was either. But incidentally, the Rosses seemed to have a lot of influence on me, or we related well.

307, a job for the City of Reno waste removal department. Well, I can't recall what that was. But I remember that just about a year ago they were seeking ways to build this waste removal department.

308, William Forman. As I recall, William Forman, of course, was an attorney, very prominent, and they bought the house that Russ Mills and I designed for Mr. Kind. Foster was the original architect from the Midwest. We asked the architect if we could use the plans that Clarence Kind from Tonopah liked. We designed the house in reverse, or backwards profile. And he granted permission, so the house was pretty much the Foster design. And, of course, the Formans later bought the house and Mrs. Forman added a dining room. And she thought I was pretty clever in being able to expand that, you see, and not destroy the rest of the house.

309 was Fred Black, Western Cigar Company, apartments. Must have been some preliminary talk for other jobs to come.

I'm skipping a few in here because they don't register, so why go into it and take up time.

Job 313 in April of 1950 was for Frank Morrill. I don't know—unless it was something I did for his half of the apartment house I spoke of earlier.

Goodwin, the Goodwin house, which was so prominent in my mind because we were visiting with them when Pearl Harbor broke out.

315, Reno recreation center, but I don't know whether it was more remodeling of that California Building.

316 was Calmar subdivision, 8/5/50. This was a proposed subdivision of five lots up on Marsh Avenue that was caught in the vacant—it was a vacant piece of land when the zoning went into effect in 1949. so this property was zoned in R-1 and it was just too big to sell in those days, so they tried several owners—I think one of them was Paul Christman and the other one Davidson. They fell heir to the property and I designed five little houses off this cul-de-sac. You see, it didn't get off the ground because they wouldn't permit the change of zoning.

317, Mrs. Cord. Of course, that's the wife of the motor king, Cord. Oh, that was a remodeling of their house on the—they were on a bluff overlooking the golf course in the southwest part of town, a very nice residential area. But the house was—its eaves were so low that it cut off the view to the southwest and they asked me to raise the roof so they could see more. But I don't think it was done; I don't think it materialized. It was a good idea.

318, James A. Lawrence in Gardnerville. James Lawrence, of course, the artist. And sort of odd dealings, because I designed a small ranch house. Then we came to settle the fee he asked if we couldn't exchange our services. (Laughs) So I fell heir to a painting of his. It was a left-handed deal, but that was my fault. I still have it, of course, and it's in a prominent place in the dining room. I think very highly of his work.

320, Lawton's hot springs motel. That's worth mentioning only because so many people have tried to do something with

Lawton's springs, turning out in disaster. And mine never got off the ground.

321, H. B. Jones. I don't know who that was.

322, Gordon Sampson, September, 1950. Gordon and Margaret Sampson were always good friends. I knew him back when he was the superintendent of the Virginia and Truckee railroad. And he loved that title, President, or whatever. Margaret was a good friend of my wife's, Helen. But this was just a little addition to the back end of the house.

323, Crane Company warehouse. Funny, I don't recall much about that.

Sewell supermarket, 325, January, 1951. I don't think I designed the whole thing structurally, I think what I did was do some embellishing for my sketches. Supermarkets never impressed me anyway [laughs]; there was no challenge at all.

That must be kind of a specialty anyway.

Well, it takes, yes, a person who can grind it out, you know, and knows all the shortcuts, and knows how to deal with zoning and city restrictions, and so on.

327, Tay-Holbrook, Inc., a warehouse. That became the victim of a faintly feud. The warehouse was eventually burned and I suspected that it was sabotaged someplace.

It's quite an odd thing to have a building of yours destroyed, especially by fire because you think, "Well I should have been able to design that so it can't be set fire." But what this was was a storage or warehouse for incombustible materials and plumbing supplies, and that sort of thing, pipe, and whatnot.

Later when Tay-Holbrook failed or moved out, of course the building was sold and then it became a warehouse storing rubber tires and volatile things like that. (Let's just keep the feud business out, because

I don't want to get hearsay into it. But that was my suspicion, that the people couldn't settle on how they were gonna settle their rights on the property.)

In 1951 I designed a house for William Shair. Bill Shair was one of the owners of the Flanigan Warehouse. They were two nice people but they didn't have the business acumen that their more modern contemporaries had and so things got separated.

I have a Fryer Cattle Company and I don't recall anything about that.

331 was Joe Messineo in April, 1951. This was interesting because Joe, the contractor, had done work for me, I think he respected it. But he built this big house on Marsh Avenue—I think it was Marsh, or around the bend. Anyway, it wouldn't sell. He called me up there and he said, "Help me. What's wrong with this house? I can't sell it." Well, the first thing, he had a great big sign out in front, carved out of metal—burned out of scrap metal or something, and then painted in silver, "JOE MESSINEO," letters fifteen or sixteen inches high, you know, and the thing was twelve feet long!

I said, "Get rid of that sign! What are you trying to say?"

Then he opened the front door. Right straight ahead was the dining room and in a ninety-degree turn was the bathroom. So you looked down there and here was the door to the- -the bathroom door was open and there was the toilet with its seat up. I said, "Okay, you've built a lovely, big house and you've just thrown everything—like a woman of ill repute opening up her kimono! By God, you're just inviting trouble!"

So I took a portion of the living room and built a screen so that you couldn't see the dining area and also that you didn't see down the hall to the—. But there wasn't much else

you could do. But I remember it so well! I guess I insult people.

333, Nevada State Hospital. We talked about the hospital before, I guess. There were two or three jobs for the Nevada State Mental Health Institute—or the Nevada State Hospital. It's pretty hard for me to recollect what that job was. There was the first one, which was the male ward, it was called. It was a concrete and brick structure with clay tile from the Reno Press Brick Company. I remember that so well because this clay tile was not the building product; it was brittle and all it was good for was filling the walls. I wasn't too much worried about it because the structure was reinforced concrete, with its slabs for decks and floors. So that formed the shear value to the columns which were supporting the structure, and then the beams supported the brick, so the tile was of no value except to hang the plaster on, to form an airspace. That's all we knew of then about heat conservation. And it's too bad we weren't then energy conscious, as we are now.

Well then, the later job—and that's way down the line here—is the one about the landscaping and bringing up to code certain buildings in there. We'll come to it later.

I had a pretty good relationship with the state under the various governors and the Planning Board, as it was then called, and later the Public Works Board.

How do you explain that? Why did you have a better relationship than some other architects?

Well, I think because they're interlaced sometimes. The "in," of course, was the male ward building. So when you're making an addition to it, or remodeling it, or adding some air conditioning, then you're the logical person to be called in. Now this is the policy that they use, they try to, if the architect has

served them well in the past, and I believe in it. It's wrong to get another person in on that job, and then the architect—or the first one—has to turn the drawings over to the next architect and then the new architects are supposed to be able to find out everything about that job. Well, they're not always that good. There're areas that you can find lacking. But if you deal with the first architect, then he's more apt to be helpful than be negative about the thing. So I believe in that philosophy. Why not, if he's really good? The new architect can be given jobs—and they do get little jobs as trial. A person up here at the University can get a small job and if he proves that he can handle that well he's then given the chance on a next one. But sometimes politics comes in and just wipes out the whole system. It's like business in anything.

I was hoping you would discuss the politics of keeping your relationships up there.

I think mostly it's that you do the best job you can. And it's all interrelated. The work that I have here [University], for instance—I've had in the past—is because I've had a good relationship with the Board of Regents. Especially the old board, you see. The new board, I have no relationship with. But the old board with Si Ross, and Dr. Lombardi, Jacobson—if your name comes up, “Oh, sure! He did a good job on such-and-such. If you want him, let's give it to him, let's have him do it.”

And then the president of the campus—and I don't try to play politics but I've always tried to know the key people in a department and keep abreast of things happening in the physical plant department. Ed Pine, for instance. Though Ed Pine was a very severe type of person, and I'm not sure that I've ever quite understood him, very close-mouthed,

but I know that he was a very sincere and honest person. I think we had a mutual respect for one another without being “bosomy.” I've never been a person that's been very close.

And I have to pride myself on not ever trying to bribe anyone, or overdo. I have taken a few people out to dinner, with Helen. But if you're doing that for the sake of the job it backfires every time; you don't get the job. The person had a good time with your money. You charged it up to business expense and promotion. But every job I've gotten has been because it's a friendly relationship and just being yourself.

You are a member of this and that—the church, the fraternity, the chamber of commerce. You've sat with the City of Reno in different aspects of their work, such as the citizens advisory committee. I've been asked up here to serve on such things as the judiciary system. Why? I don't know, just because I'm another person that fits a niche in the system of things, not necessarily political.

But I think you have to—a person looking at me would say, “Well, he played politics.” And maybe I did, without consciously trying to play politics. But you're a fool if you don't take advantage of that. I'll cite one instance where I got the first job—and that'll come up here later, I guess—on the agricultural building. Si Ross called me up one day and he said, “Ed, how busy are you?”

I said, “Not too busy.”

“Well come on up, I want to talk to you.”

“Fine.

Well, I didn't drop everything right then. The next day he called me, “Hey, I thought you were coming up here.”

I said, “Si, what—.”

He wanted me to come up that night. I went up to his house and he said, “I want you to do some work for the Fleischmann Foundation. Are you able to do it?”

Well, I said, “Surely,” thinking (he said agricultural building)—but he didn’t want a certain person, a certain architect. So he was showing—well, I don’t know what he was showing, really. Though he had faith in me, he was giving the job—influencing the others because this other person was not desirable in his mind. Looking back, I know I did just as good a job—maybe a better job—than he would have done. (But I don’t want to put that into this report, that is, the jealousy.)

I think that’s very important.

Well I felt this—I think I was well trained. I had as good an education as anybody in the field of architecture. I think my talents were as good as anyone else, therefore, I have a right to hold my head in that field of competition. It’s hard for me to brag. It’s hard for me to stand up in front of somebody and say, “I can do this better than the other person can and these are the reasons why.” I think I can talk about my philosophy and hope to gain their confidence that way, and how I’d take seriously their work, I don’t care whether it’s any one of these little houses or a campus building of several million dollars. To me the opportunity is just the same. I can’t say that I’m just as thrilled to have every little residence; I don’t have that thrill any more. But as these jobs developed, there was just that same thrill.

Just last week, I had occasion to go to Freda, the photographer, for a passport picture. And we came to her house and I told her, “This is familiar.” Then I recalled that one Sunday morning I had designed the entry porch for this house. I don’t know who the owner was then. So, there’s sort of a thrill to walk into houses that you’ve been responsible for and people are still living in. But I remember I made thirty dollars [laughs]

that morning, drafting up this house. It was enough to pay for groceries that week.

Well, what got me off on that?

I asked you the question about politics and how you made the buttons and levers of the political machine work for you.

Yes. The state was my godfather, you might say, with all the different people involved in it. Going back to A. It McKenzie, under Carville, under Bob Allen, there was a great nucleus. And Richard Kirman. These were easy people to deal with. Of course, I’ve never had any fear, nor do I have to bow and scrape to any governor. And that gives me an easy—to appear natural. And I want to be very formal with them; I don’t want to be buddyish. But at the same time you can—I make a point of going into the capitol, even now with Governor List, and pop in to the receptionist, and “I just want to say hello to the governor.”

“He’s busy now.”

“Tell him Ed Parsons dropped in.”

“Okay.”

That’s wrong with that? And that’s been my policy. You don’t wait until the job comes up and then send them a bouquet of flowers! And sometimes just sending people a Christmas card. But that isn’t the way you necessarily win people over. Just being friendly and treat them as people—they treat you the same way back.

And this is why I think every governor is great. A person who humbles himself to meet the other person—and though I don’t put myself beneath them, but I think that man is the governor of the state of Nevada, he demands respect. Otherwise, how’d he get there? It wasn’t a fluke.

I can go through the capitol building now and among the portraits (they used to be all on one floor, now they’re divided in

two floors, which makes it much better), but I can go through there and I could name half the governors of the state of Nevada, and say, “I know you, I know you,” starting with Governor Oddie. And so it makes you feel good, that you’re part of the state of Nevada. And you owe something to the state of Nevada because of that. These people were good to me, I’d like to think I’m being good to them. Even though we’re on opposite sides of the fence politically— I’m a staunch Republican—but I’ve profited well, or better, under the Democrats. I don’t know why that is—because they’re more liberal, or have a different philosophy. I think I’m beginning to understand the difference between a Democrat and a Republican. I used to think all Democrats are fruity [laughs]!

The reason I say that is because that came about during Roosevelt’s administration and all these people came out of the, the “woodwork,” so to speak, and danced in the streets when Roosevelt was elected. My gosh! Funny characters! And they were all given the political jobs—menial things, but still they got the—.

On the other hand, I can’t complain about how I profited through the years under the Democrats, beginning with Carville. And how did I get to know Carville? Through my father-in-law; they were buddies. In fact, I have a pair of cuff links that were given to—who was it—Vail Pittman—to my father-in-law for his service to the state in the dental field. During the War, Dr. Steinmiller did a lot to keep the carpetbaggers from coming in here and taking the dentists’ jobs, you see, the young dentists. My father-in-law, Dr. Steinmiller, was a great patriot. And something, I never knew what it was, kept him out of World War II and World War I. But he did a lot of service to the state that way. He was a tremendous man.

I’ve got a little time to tell you about my—I was just married about three or four years and Christmastime came. I was invited to a Christmas party on Christmas Eve, an office party, came home tighter than a hoot owl. I forgot all about the fact that we were gonna go out to dinner that night. And I disgraced the family by coming in and waving this present that I had bought for Helen, it was just an album of records still unwrapped, in a brown paper. And they took one look at me and put me to bed. About nine o’clock I rallied and we went out to dinner.

The next day, Christmas day, Dad said, “Tell me son, was it worth it?”

I said, “Darn right it was worth it!”

Well, he turned about four different colors! The idea that I would disgrace the family that way! But, by golly, I wasn’t going to admit that I had—I didn’t have to crawl on my knees! I’d overstepped my bounds one time; I’m not a drunk! But I sure came in happier than a coon!

But he was very serious, Dr. Steinmiller. I know he was a Christian, but he never joined a church, or I don’t think he was in any church. His wife was a strong Christian Scientist. But after she died and he remarried, he became friends with Bishop Gorman, who lived nearby. Bishop Gorman loved to come over and talk with Dr. Steinmiller because he didn’t have to talk Catholicism, you see. They could talk about anything except. And they could kid one another, and they just had the best of times in their discussions. They had mutual respect for one another as just honest people. That’s the way I like to think of my father-in-law.

Job 334 for Oliver C. Custer shows being completed in May, 1951. This was an addition to the original house, which was quite interesting because it was entirely a new style of architecture. The first style was

sort of a Cape Cod, modified. It was not a central entrance, but a very small porch, and two stories—or a story and a half with a gable, I'm trying to say. But the addition was a dining room and family room. Family rooms, you see, were coming into style now. And rather than using clapboard siding, we used all redwood outside and inside, some brick veneer. But this showed it distinctly an addition. And this is the proper way to do things if you cannot put an addition on with grace and style, because what he wanted was entirely different than the original design of the house.

It was sort of a split level. You entered the dining area; then you went down into the living—or the family— room, which then opened out on the level with the lawn, outdoors. Therefore, he was able to expand the house in a much more graceful fashion for parties, and whatnot.

The job is always, on additions, is what do you do with the heating. So I think we modified the original forced air with some electrical heating because it was necessary to put auxiliary heating in it. The other aspect was the expansive windows.

And it was a very charming room and the Custers enjoyed it very much. The flow was natural because you went from the living room into the dining room, all opened up, and then into the lower section which had a higher ceiling, of course, and then out to the garden. So for entertaining, it was very nice.

A month later I did a house for Leslie B. Gray. Must have been—I've got it listed as Leslie Gray but, of course, it included Mrs. Alleta Gray, a charming person, as you know.

This was an entirely different method of construction. And I don't know how I managed to sell it, but I sold it on the idea of precast panels set into a 2 by 4 wood frame, and set these panels on a module of two feet.

Actually, it takes one more stud because to form the panel you had to have one stud all the way around, you see, and so the one adjoining was the one you nailed it to. So that meant four studs in the place of three, that, naturally, span a distance of forty-eight inches. But in the precast panels I set natural field rocks, and instead of making them—filling in the panel from top to bottom all the same, I put the greater amount at the base. Therefore, when the panels were stood up, you have a greater concentration of rocks at the bottom. It gave a feeling of earthiness, coming down to earth, rather than just slapped in, like so many things are done, in an unimaginative way.

So the house turned out in a very charming manner. It was a random style with a natural cement background on these tan, reddish-brown rocks. I chose a blue roof, and that was something new in that neighborhood. Let's see, that was built on Wedekind Road.

Other than that there are no real unusual features about the house. But the house was large enough for Alleta to have her piano.

I also designed a cement—a cast-in-place cement mantel. This was kind of a mistake because it turned out rather roughly. So I was apologizing and I took my whetstone and, through just sheer muscle power, started to grind down the top, you see. And it made little effect on it. I still have the whetstone, all rounded from that.

George Probasco was the contractor. Usually he was a multiple house builder, but his crew was slack at the time and he wanted the work so he took this at a very reasonable price. In the vernacular, he lost his shirt! But he didn't mind because what he was doing was keeping his crew busy. So Les Gray got a bargain and I was happy with the way the architecture turned out. It was one of the houses I'm most proud of.

337, Edward F. Hale. No recollection of what that is.

338, Lockard, Cazazza, et al. No recollection of what that is.

339, Dan Emmett. No recollection.

340, Napes cocktail lounge, November, 1951. Well, that was a sketch for this ground floor, or where the bar is now, off the street. I was sort of conned into doing something that didn't set with Napes and it was sort of a disaster. remember making a rendering in a lavender piece of crayon. I have a habit of picking up most any type of pencil, you know, and start to draw. I was trying to be creative more than making color studies. But I thought I had a pretty good layout for the slot machines and all, and the cocktail lounge, so that you were let into the bars as well as playing the slot machines. But the color upset Charlie. He says, "I don't use purple." So it was thrown out.

341, Dr. Hobart Wray. No recollection of that.

342, Vernon Cantlon, 12/14/51. I'd already built one house for Dr. Cantlon, but this now was after the War, well after the War, so he wanted to build a bigger house. We made sketches, but he couldn't find a lot and he had so many different reasons for not doing it that it was given up.

343, Roland Holmes. This was toward the end of the year in 1951. That was an addition to his house. Roland Holmes was then the Parker and Santini—the Nevada Credit Bureau.

344, Pony Express Motel, January, 1952. And along with it was the Pony Express Trailer Park. Well, this was an experience. This was for the gambler—Smith—Harolds Club. And if he wasn't the braggadocious person if I'd ever met one! You'd mention anything about doing something, he was gonna do it bigger and better. I remember Tom Wilson was his

advertising consultant, and sort of right-hand man, and he was sort of a yes-man for Smith. And I was too naive about yes-ing and no-ing.

But he bought this old chicken ranch and it had been— well, it was a motel but it had been converted from a chicken ranch and chicken houses. And I remember that way back in the past when I was a youngster in high school. Of course, this was in Sparks, just between Reno and Sparks. He had his contractor—Mastroianni—I don't know how he got mixed up with Mastroianni, but that was the problem with this job. I had drawn up the plans after I got in a dispute because of Mastroianni. I knew that there was no footings under this junky thing. He wanted to put a second story over it, so I had devised a way of expanding that by concentrating my loads on posts that went down over the outside of that building, but I said, "Make sure—please dig a trench to find out where the footings are." Well, Mastroianni wouldn't do it. So I did it.

Mastroianni found out about it and he went to Harold Smith and said, "Parsons is messing around with my work."

Well then, we called a conference and he said, "Mr. Parsons, you're the architect. Mr. Mastroianni, you are the contractor. Whatever Mr. Mastroianni says, Mr. Parsons, you do." And Tom Wilson was looking sort of slack-jawed—what kind of a reversed situation was this? He knew, but then he didn't come to my defense.

So I said, "Well, okay. Let him try to put the structure on that and you'll have the whole thing down!"

Well, Mr. Mastroianni didn't like that, of course. But he had to when I showed the drawings. In those days they weren't as strict in the City Engineer's office as they are now, of course.

So, he built the thing as I designed it. Then he decided he would make another wing, and

this time he was talking about using Trane heaters, which was just some innovation for fan coils in the unit. You didn't have to worry about air conditioning at that time.

I remember the conference with Trane—was it through Barrett-Bradley? But anyway, he was gonna have a hundred units. He says, “By golly, maybe I'll have two hundred units. Order two hundred units for me!” Well, I didn't have any concept of how many—.

And I says, “Wait a minute. You've only got room for thirty-four now. You double it, you won't have more than around seventy (or whatever).” So he backtracked a bit.

But the next thing I knew, Mastroianni was building a new wing, and he was using the same identical plans. I said, “You're a stupid ass! What are you doing that for?”

“Well he told me to use these same plans.”

“You don't have to go to that money now. You can put your bearing on a footing, and build in a conventional straightforward way with the 2 by 6 studs as a bearing wall.” He had framed everything in the way I had done for the other—.

But as I say, it was a strange combination, because I never felt that I was doing anybody a service, except earning some money. And the Pony Express was—I wasn't proud of the thing, it was just a name.

I have a job here—oh, the trailer park, the same kind of a proposition. I'd studied the parking of trailer parks and found that for a certain allocation for parking space, you've got so many trailers. But he had somebody that knew it better, and so he could get two more trailers in this fifty-unit park, or whatever. And so, just was crowding things up. And I had no interest in it whatsoever. I got paid something.

346, General Petroleum. Couldn't have been much.

347, Thomas Wilson. Oh, yes, this was a—can't think of the name of the

street, but it was an original house and was interesting. I think I had freedom of design and enjoyed the house, it was rather small. The kitchen and the dining room were the most interesting things to me. But anything I do for Tom Wilson and ma Wilson are just fun, I mean, they're lovely people. That was in '52.

348, Gilmore Johnson, I don't know what that is.

349, City of Reno recreation center. I believe this was the remodeling of the California Building. It may be some little addition.

350, Magic Cleaners. This was taking a dumpy building and adding some more dumpy material to it and getting nothing! I don't think I'll even speak of it. Except it was interesting because Martha Irvine who lived next door to me on Marsh Avenue, and I took all my cleaning to her and we got to be friendly. Her husband, it was a pathetic case, he was just a no-good, fallen-down drunk, and she had to be the sole support of this poor fellow.

Job 352 was for Mr. and Mrs. Jack Horgan. This was dated March 14, 1952. I'd given a talk one time to the Optimist Club, of which we were members, and, I don't know, the subject was something about architecture. And somehow this impressed Jack Horgan and he wanted me to be the architect for his house, which was very nice. He had a piece of property in the southwest, overlooking Reno, on a sort of a bluff. It's more like in town now than out in the sticks, but at that time it was in virgin sagebrush area, and the jackrabbits and all.

We built this two-story house. You entered on the second floor level but on the uphill side, you see, with the garage. And there was a living room that occupied the corner and wrapped around with the dining

room and kitchen, so they all had a view. Then we provided an entrance hall and a master bedroom. On the ground floor were three bedrooms and two baths.

Jack Horgan had two sons. They were young boys then, had allergies, so he needed an air conditioning system that would filter out the dust particles that gave them this hay fever. So that was the first time we'd used a precipitane type of filter in the heating system.. And I guess it's worked out fine.

It had a balcony that was strong enough, but it had a little bit of weakness in it so that even a puppy dog running across would set up a vibration. And it's surprising how dogs, and animals, when they're trotting, can set up as much vibration as a human being. Women's heels are another problem, too, sometimes, in setting up movement in floors. So generally you design for solidity rather than what is absolutely the minimum. The house was generally just restrained modern, contemporary.

Job 353 for Fred Black apartments. Got the same date as 352, so something's wrong; they couldn't have been both that. Anyway, 353 is a two-story apartment house we built on Hatch Street. Anyway, I didn't like the word Hatch, so I gave it another name—and I can't think of the name because the street adjacent to it was—well maybe it'll come to me (yes, it's Ryland Court). But it was a two-story brick veneer. You'll be amused at the fact that whoever the plumber was—I've forgotten—but after everybody was moved in, Fred Black complained of this leak in the system. And some of these bathrooms were built over the parking, under floor parking. Whoever put the plumbing in, forgot to connect the bathtub to the—[laughs]. And then the plasterer came along and plastered the ceiling and there was no drain. Can you imagine that, with the water comin' down

through the, through the plaster? Well, that got remedied in a hurry.

The building inspectors must have been a little casual.

Oh, building inspectors are not that—yeah, they are casual. And I guess they have to be. They can't look for every pipe and connection. They get to chatting with somebody and when they look up they see a bathtub, and, sure, there must be some plumbing there [laughs].

But I liked that little job because it was interesting, you know, trying to get everybody's apartment so they wouldn't have to carry their garbage across the other person's view. It had a back stairway system, and all of that. I've never had a big apartment. I'd just loved to have had one of those, but this had to suffice.

Job 354 was Silver State Motel. Silver State Motel—. The interesting thing about that was the owner—can't think of his name. We were table mates together in the former days of Carson City. We lived in another place but boarded with Mrs. Shewan, Mrs. Shewan's boarding house. So that's how we got acquainted. He came to me to build this addition to his motel complex. It was all done in concrete block and very uninteresting.

355 was Weber. I have no recollection of who that was.

Reno Press Brick, 356. Well, if it's what I think this was in April, '52, it was to build an office building on this filled ground at the Reno Press Brick yard. At that time, you know, they had the oil business and also the brickmanufacturing plant. So the residue of their overburden was put into this fill. And they wanted me to design the footings of brick. I said, "Well, I don't know how to put—"

He says, "Well, here I'll give you some books on that. You can use steel, you see, and you can get the footings in."

I was skeptical, but they were happy with the idea. They don't want any cement in here—their competitors were cement people! So, no concrete, which was silly.

But it wasn't more than six months after this building was built that the thing settled, and I said, "I hope you don't think that I caused that because we built this on uncompacted earth, and I think you should have known, too, what was going to happen."

But that was Al Caton. Al Caton was a pretty strong man, cut and dry, down the middle, you know.

What happened?

Oh, they took care of it. I'm sure they had to take out all that muck and put in a concrete foundation. If I had known then what I know now, it could have been pumped—the underside can be pumped in with pump-crete, which just finds its way through every crack and crevice. And you can put so much of this stuff in under pressure that you could raise the building, so it has to be done according to the gauges, you see, and get to just the right place and then stop. This is what we did at Bowers Mansion, when I got to that.

357, Herlong. I think that this was my interest with Lockard and Cazazza, who loved to do Army and Navy work, military work. And that was quite in favor in those days, I mean, that was about all there was. But it was simply building warehouses—no, this was repair warehouses that were starting to show disintegration. And it was a mundane sort of job, in which we were to mark all of the truss connections that appeared to be splitting or have faulty connections. So we spray-painted. And at that time, George Ferrari was with us,

and he was a wiry little fellow, and he got up on this forklift, you know, up there twenty feet in the air, and we moved him around while he sprayed what appeared to be the tightening of a bolt or putting in a stitch bolt or whatever was necessary. It was not an exciting job for me.

358, [Sidney] Robinson, in June of 1952. That might have been an addition to his house before his divorce. He had a wife that liked to weave, so he wanted to create a studio up in the attic of this house that he'd bought before. So, it was adding a room and a bathroom.

359, the Carson City schools. This is dated July 22, '52. Carson City schools—. Then I have underneath that Carson City cafeteria. I'm a little puzzled because there were three schools. All right, these are three schools in Carson City, and the idea was to build them all the same because they had three different sites. And the school board decided that they were—what was the term then? Well, the primary grades—grammar schools. They all had the same plan except one, where the property wasn't wide enough so we angled out with the kindergarten in a different fashion.

The vogue then was to use north lighting, and also to use clerestory lighting. And I built a shadow box which demonstrated how natural light could be distributed by the use of clerestory windows. Let's say the room was thirty feet wide, then the windows were—on the one side—there were no windows on the far side and, of course, that side was the darker. But by building your windows high, you'd get a certain amount of light coming in, and then with the clerestory, you'd augment that with additional lighting. The only problem was that this was before the advent of double-glazing. So, knowing that the window would be cold, I had the heat outlets on the window wall behind a bookcase, and the heat would come up through little pipes in the grille. The main

duct system came from a furnace room at the end of the building. You see, five classrooms wasn't terribly long. We had a huge furnace and then this concrete pit, about five feet by five feet, that fed the conditioned air down through the trench. And then we fed with three-inch drain pipes every twelve inches, or sixteen inches, through the concrete floor. The reason for that was to get the fresh air, as well as this humidified air. One teacher wanted humidification, the radiant heat, so the pipes in the floor solved that, and then the humidifier. The main problem was we forced all this air through there, but radiant heat isn't all that good, trying to get it active on a chilly morning.

The schools were officially complete just a few days before Christmas. They asked me, "Could we use the schools before Christmas? We'll have our Christmas play, and so on."

And like a darned fool, I said, "Yes."

Well, that night it was just one chilly, awful night—I mean the day before, so the room just didn't—. We never had a test run, we had nothing balanced, so, apparently, nothing worked. The schools were dismissed and the work spread like wild fire the schools were no good. Well, that cost me further jobs in Carson City for about ten years, having allowed that business. No one talks about those schools not being any good any more, because we got the things balanced.

But I recommended drapery. No, they wouldn't do drapery, "because you said it would heat well enough without drapes."

I said, "You've got a problem, and I think you should have drapery to close at nighttime so you can build up this heat and save it for morning. That's when the kids need it. They don't need it at twelve o'clock noon."

But it showed me the unreasonableness of some people, especially principals and masters, the heads of something. But each

person had his own idea. Well, finally I solved the thing by cutting a hole in the floor at the source of the heat for each room, and tapping the main duct system where the heat was above seventy-two degrees, and put a grille in it, and I said, "Now you can toast your derriere. There!" And that's all they needed, was to have something to feel the heat.

If you felt where the heat was coming, and the air was coming out, you couldn't feel anything but a cold draft, you see. You've had that experience, feeling the air going past your moist fingers, and it feels cold. Actually, the temperature's up there. But there's a lot of psychological things you have to do with heating. I don't know why I've been really dwelling with heat so much, but it's an important factor. Lighting is another.

But that was the last job I ever did using the high walls for light, and the clerestory lighting. I did three jobs. There was the Carson City schools, the original Hut faker school, and an addition to the Brown school. And that was enough over that, those three or four years.

I'm not going to speak of this cafeteria because I don't know what it's referring to [in the job book].

360 was a job for the Cantlon offices. They were a wonderful couple—Vernon Cantlon and Dr. Ed Cantlon. They shared offices adjoining one another and then recently constructed a building (now torn down). Dodd—do I have that name right? It was a sort of ugly three-story building and it was designed by, well, some engineer, and they used radiant heat; no other way to ventilate. So we had to poke holes into the window walls and get some air there. But there, my job was the interior arrangement and decoration.

361 is a job for Record Supply, and I don't have much recollection of that, except it was for Dick Record and he was a very fine person.

362, the DeLuxe motel. This is the tenth month, 1952. These were interesting people. They already had their motel but they wanted me to make some additions to it, some onestory thing, uninteresting and unimaginative.

363, Trinity Church parish. I'd been working with Trinity Church for several years on different ideas for a parish house, and then came the vestry that seemed to be progressive, and Gordon Sampson headed the committee.. And all the time we were getting these grandiose ideas, and finally I said, "You know, you've got so much money to spend, why don't you let me design a building to fit your budget, rather than trying to get a budget that'll fit your ideas of what you need in there." So after all these trials, why, they let me do that.

And Gordon Sampson, I mentioned him because he said, "You made sense. I think you should be given the job of telling us what to do, and we'll follow it."

So I designed a concrete building with precast concrete slabs, cast on the ground, and concrete beams and slab, which were manufactured in California—T-beams, it was called. The first floor was dug out of the embankment that sloped off of—not Rainbow—Court Street.

I had Professor John Bonnell as the engineer. We designed this retaining wall and he said, "I could do it with one row of steel, but I think I'd feel more comfortable with two rows of steel." (I've never forgotten that.) He said, "You know it and I know it, but let's not have our names be sullied by something happening."

I said, "Well, let's have two rows of steel then."

That's the way you're taught in design and costs, and so on. And I wanted a church—a building—that would meet all the building

codes. I didn't have to go with a concrete floor, but to me it had far better rigidity in the system of holding that earth back on Court Street.

So the basement was offices. The second floor approached by a little winding stairway, or you could come off of Court Street on the upper level. That was the parish house proper. Then I used laminated wood, three inches thick, across these wooden beams. Rodney Boudwin was the contractor. Rodney got a kick out of these new innovations.

So I decided that since the church was concrete that a concrete restatement would be proper, but I embedded in the design a triangular fluted thing that terminated with a pointed arch. So that became the theme, the restatement for the windows of the very proper church, designed by this architect in Chicago, whose name was Tilton. He died accidentally (now that we're on the church—talking about that), he died midway in his contract with Trinity Church, so the drawings were never finished. Walker Boudwin built from the preliminary sketches, you see, but they were a remarkable set of drawings and there was enough there so that Boudwin could get the idea of what was going on. Boudwin, he was a very conscientious man and he wanted to do things right for the church. He put a lot of his own time and money into Trinity Church.

People have asked me since, why didn't I design a building for a third floor? It was perfectly feasible but when you get three floors, then you've got problems of exits. And in a small building like that you take up all your room with double stairways, and all of that. You just can't put a stairway in or a fire escape—it's a church building, not some warehouse. Anyway, it was, I think, a very interesting job, a very good job.

The next job I show here is for Captain Arthur E. Orvis, 364. Have I talked about

Orvis before? He's always cropping up and I can't recall—. See, he carried these titles. He went from Captain to—oh, gosh—. I see it's preceding the next job, which was 365, Steamboat Springs job. And that was for Captain Orvis. The idea that he was gonna buy Steamboat Springs and build this spa, because he was always a person who got involved in vogues or ideas. He was taking spring baths at that time and the beneficial waters were great for him, so he decided that he would have me design this Steamboat Springs hotel complex. And I just chose a thirty-sixty-degree angular plan, a la Frank Lloyd Wright. Everybody, at some time along the way in his life, was influenced by Frank Lloyd Wright. So I had these thirtysixty-degree angles throughout the whole thing.

But it was really a first-class hotel with all the shops and the proper ballroom, and whatnot. A very elaborate thing. It never got off the ground, of course.

Here's a Job 366 for Dr. Tom Mullis. Tom Mullis was a gynecologist, and I didn't know what gynecologist meant, but anyway, this was a remodeling job. I know one was on a—he chased me all around Reno, different projects—but on one we designed a building with a tree growing through it, because it was an old apple tree and they didn't want to cut it down. Quite a ladies' man.

367, Huffaker addition. I must have talked about Huffaker school before. This was interesting because at the time I did the Huffaker school, these people did not want a principal. I mean, it was just—the first grade teacher was the principal and that was it. So then they realized later on they needed a place for the principal to hang his hat, so the next addition was to put the principal's office at the end of the corridor, and then ninety degrees to the left of the original corridor, with the additional three classrooms. And I was happy

to get this school principal's office in there and make it a school again. It was built on much the same principle as the first school, with the clerestory and tall windows.

Incidentally, just today Mr. Norman Dianda, the son of one of the board members of the original Huffaker school, called me and wanted to know if I had a picture of the ground breaking of the original school. And I said, "I remember seeing that. It was a newspaper picture. I'll look it up." But that shows how time goes by. Here's the son of a man that is gone now—.

368, Silver Star. I don't know what that is. Had to be some little—.

369 is for Bill Beemner. Did we speak of Bill Beemer before? Because I've done several jobs, whether this was the first—. I never did this [Job Book] thinking I was gonna use it as a guide to try to get things in chronological order, but it was simply my method of assigning a number to a job so I probably abbreviated more than I should have.

But if this is the original house—um, it could have been. It was sort of a cute little thing. I still was doing work within the salt-box, Colonial-type architecture, and built in a very formal manner with a small entrance porch and a bow window on one side and a bow window on the other. And you entered the small entrance with the entrance vestibule—I always managed to get a vestibule in a house— and then the living room with a fireplace, dining room, back and to the side, a kitchen, and a small bedroom.

This was before they had their child. Helen Beemer was a very nice person but she died early in Bill's life, and it was rather pathetic.

370 was Mr. and Mrs. Hairier [Holloway]. Hairier was an assistant to Si Ross in his funeral home. Hairier Holloway built this house up on a hillside, a bluff. Windy Hill. I

think it was on top of Windy Hill. You drove around the curve and then you had to go up to a private road to get to the top of the hill. So this was turned so that most of the view—took in the view to Reno, the east and the south, and some of the north.

And I did this somewhat similar to Jack Horgan. It was a fun house, too, because of the big, cantilevered deck. I don't think of any great unusual things in it. Just a slope roof with a sufficient pitch to get the water off, back to the north side, so there wouldn't be any drips onto the porch. I don't think there'd be very unusual features about the house.

371, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Neuebaumer. This was on Marsh Avenue, right across the street from where we lived. We built our house on 950 Marsh, so this had to be around 985, or something.

It was a very unusual-shaped lot, and a very narrow front, so it was left over from the subdivision, you see. Warren Neuebaumer was a—I guess it's the wrong word to use, a junk dealer—he was a negotiator in bargains, so he probably bought this lot as a bargain and asked me to design a house for it. So I had to change the house all around, and normally you would think of the house as facing the street, but he had a bluff so he overlooked the bank down onto what is now the shopping center, the Village Shopping Center.

So we sort of wrapped things around, put the garage out in front. And I always like to get a garage where you could enter the kitchen, so I put the kitchen next to that. Then the dining room, then the living room opening up to the view, then another sub-hall off the main entrance to the left of the two bedrooms. There were no problems, except the usual little gripes that an owner has, you know. And I can understand because from an—what do they say? The biggest single event in a person's life is their marriage, then second is building their

house, because you've really got to put your heart and soul in that.

And Mrs. Neuebaumer—what was her name—oh yes, Marie—very pretty woman, and she loved flowers, and she was always taking first prize in flower arrangements. Warren was just an opposite character. He just liked to sit around the house or go hunting. He taught my son and the Sewell children in the management and the art of the shotgun.

372 was the Tahoe School District. This had to be the (the school and what?)—well one of the early grade schools at Tahoe. The thing about that job was that I said, "I'll design the roof to take the snow, to carry the snow." But they didn't believe me, and they wanted a metal roof on top so that the snow would slide off. Well, that's just what happened; the snow slid off and blocked the windows. I mean, here's a snowbank in front of your window!

And sometimes an architect isn't given credit for what he tries to tell a person. And so these people knew better. And now we design schools where we retain the snow, and if it's a flat roof, where there's not any place to drain it, why, after the storm, generally, the cold, strong winds come up and blow the snow off. So you've done a good job of sweeping snow, not let it slide off in one big dab of concrete.

I had some problems there, but that was because of in-law nepotism. The contractor, school district people interfering, and they wouldn't let me get bids. Capriotti was the low bidder, but somehow they felt that they could do it cheaper with their own people. And they say after you've rejected the bids twice then you can do what you want to do. Well, if I'da known that I wouldn't have taken the job. If there's anything I dislike it's maneuvering, and that's all they were doing, and played me for a sucker, and poor Capriotti. So then they gave it to their relative and friend—I've forgotten his name—and he used my plans up to where

it was convenient for him. So I can't take much credit for that job.

373, for the Western Cigar Company. If you knew the Fred Blacks, they were always people who had a bargain someplace. He inherited the Western Cigar Company from his father and it was in a poor district, across from the old V & T tracks. And all I did was put a new front on the building. But that made an impression on Fred Black. Anyway, I can't take much credit there.

well, 374 is Reno Community Center, March, 1953. wonder if that was the—I don't know what the Community Center is. Skip it.

375, sunshade for Fred Black. Well, that was just an awning for his house.

376, Peter Finn. Don't know who that is.

377, Black Shopping Center. That was, again, Fred Black, and I don't think that amounted to more than just a preliminary study.

378, Dr. Hood. That has to be Dr. Bart Hood. Oh, it may have been a study for an office down on Mill Street. I think he bought a residence and this was trying to get it up to code.

379, Dr. Broadbent. It, again, was in May, '53. Dr. Broadbent's—well, there were two jobs and I want to be sure this was his office building. This was a little one-story cement block building on Mill Street, and the problem was to set the building in such a way that you could get adequate off-street parking and then have some parking from the alley for the doctor and his staff. It worked out pretty well because we got six off-street parking [places] on the front. But I remember I used some decorative block, glass block. Those were the days when glass block was being featured for all kinds of things. And finally one of the companies—call it Libby Owens—came out with a block that could only be used by architects. Very exclusive, you see. So I used

this to set in a pattern of one-foot squares. I recall there was some red and black and against the gray-painted block it was very nice, very effective. And it also was effective for admitting light to dressing rooms, where you wanted privacy. He talked me into using gas heat instead of oil heat, and I think it was the right thing to do.

380, Colonial Apartments. That might have been some kind of a study.

381, June 1953, Sierra Gables. That was a cowboy outfit. That was the time when it was popular to build something for entertainment of divorcees, who still were in that era. And build a bar around the motel. I guess you would call it now, to bring it into perspective, a "bread and breakfast inn." But then it was exclusively for divorcees, in these open type of living-entertainment rooms.

Here's, again, another Dr. Broadbent. (I can't understand this so close.) I believe that was his residence. And this was a rather interesting house in the area where—oh, gosh—the community, sort of an island of undeveloped land around a lake right in the heart of town—but who developed this thing?—[Clyde Souter]. The streets had to be paved later, and it was sort of a mess as far as trying to get the city to do something there. But the location was unique. The land sloped down to a lake where the ducks were. Dr. Broadbent was a sportsman and so he liked the atmosphere.

But the house sort of followed the contour of the land, and sort of gently sloped with this very broad, sloping roof. And I had a porte cochere that took the place of a garage, so that it added to the broad lines of the house. It was on a split level. As you entered, the bedrooms were to the right, and the bathrooms, and then there was a little study to the left of the entrance. But from there you went down steps into the open living room, and a railing across

the upper hall separated the living room from the bedroom, so it had a very nice, open feeling, low, and then a stone fireplace.

I remember so well, I had a Canadian working for me as a draftsman, and he was the principal architect on the thing, the designer. And with my guidance, we made a nice house of it. But one day I sent him out to supervise, to see how the masons were doing. Well, he took one hour, two hours, three hours, four hours, and finally I went out there. He was sitting down on a slab of something-or-other, his arms folded, admiring his handiwork, you see. I said, "Eric (his name was Eric Chamberlain), what are you doing?" He says, "Well, I'm supervising."

And I said, "Haven't you studied your—admired your— work long enough?" I was impatient. But you have to recognize this in a draftsman, given a little chance to seep in his own glory, you see, this adds to his prestige.

That was that lake called—Interlaken Lake. I'm trying to think of the man that promoted this—he had a—ph, was it Souter? Well, anyway, this was a landlocked piece of area for such a long time, then it began to grow up and some very lovely homes were built around there.

The next job is 383, John Lovejoy. It doesn't ring a bell.

384, Brown school, consolidated. The Brown school was designed by Russell Mills originally, and then they wanted to make some additions to it. And so I put a three-classroom wing across the back end. In fact, there was a twostory type of arrangement. And again, we had to get in a principal's office. See, the old one-teacher classroom—one-teacher-who-was-the-principal type of operation was fast disappearing. Nothing startling about the school. I copied some of the old stuff I was doing before, you know, the slant roof and the double—the clerestory—and the big windows oriented to the north.

Also, in the lighting of those classrooms at that time, we used the concentric-ring incandescent fixture. That was the forerunner of the fluorescent light that has now taken precedence. The concentric-ring fixture was developed and approved by the California school district. And that was before we had any real school district in Reno, and so we thought this was the thing to do. It was an incandescent type with a silvered bottom to the opaque—to the bottom of the globe—so that the light reflected up and then hit these concentric rings in such a way that you got lighting filtering down, so most of the light was bouncing off the ceiling. They lasted for about ten or fifteen years and gradually were replaced.

385, August, '53, Nevada Historical Society Museum. That was before it was here; it was down in the center of Reno. I've forgotten what I did—Clara Beatty, yes. She was sort of a master of everything, a domineering person. She was all right.

386, Santini. Well, of course, that was the father of Congressman Santini—what's his name, Jim? Jim Santini. And he had a little house down in the southeast part of town. The problem was to add a room or two in the—there was an upper floor in this one-story house and there was no attic, so we punched a hole in the roof and just went up and built this thing for the stairway that I managed to get up there. I've forgotten exactly how successful it was as far as answering Santini's problems, but I'll never forget Mrs. Santini—Euphemia Clark. Well, to her, I had created a monster. And I came down there one day in the supervision period, and she said, "Come outside with me." we stood in the middle of the street and she said, "Now, look at that. Aren't you proud?" or some wry remark.

I said, "Not a bit." I said, "This is something your husband wanted. We solved the problem

but I don't know what else we could have done." It was a monster, though!

387, Biltmore ranch sign. That's all I can remember about that.

388, Fred Black and Edward Black together, a motel, November, 1953. This was an interesting job in that Fred Black owned this hole in the ground right adjacent, or next to, the Truckee River, with the street a continuation of Second Street. Now it's diagonally opposite the city jail.

Fred had this property that was owned by his father, and it was also across the street from the Western Cigar Company, which I fussed around with, before or after, I've forgotten. The important thing was, it was a piece of ground he owned and wanted to develop it. Well, how do you—this was in the days before we compacted earth to build on top of the compacted soil. I knew I had to fill it. He wanted a swimming pool. So, the thing to do was to set pilasters on solid ground, with concrete footings, then we built pilasters of concrete block up to the level of where we were going to set the motel, and then filled in with borrowed soil. In other words, in those days, you asked people to, "come on, dump your stuff," you see.

And we got it filled up, built a retaining wall along the river, of concrete. And he had a surveyor, a friend, forgotten his name, but he was not what we'd call a firstclass surveyor. But Fred wanted to use him, so he surveyed the river's edge, which was—now, you'd be in litigation over such a thing because you wouldn't know where the real water line was. But anything went in those days! We accepted his survey, but it seemed to me like it was encroaching on the river, but, no, that's where the line was—out there, three feet beyond the water's edge. Well then, I had to splay out to the—back to the bank, the natural bank, so that [he] wouldn't have water eddying around the thing. (I knew that much about water.)

Got the motel walls halfway up, when I had a cantilevered second floor over the first floor parking, and I had John Bonnell as the engineer (and what I'm going to mention is not any reflection on Bonnell). But the design was fine, except the steel, and the way it was anchored, with bolts—two bolts in each leg of this cantilevered section that went out about eight inches, the width of the concrete block. They wanted me to set the column line back on the property. Now, as the masons were erecting the block, they noticed a certain list or falling out of the plumbness of the wall. So the brick masons, instead of trying to stop in their work, or correcting it, as they piled more block on, why, the thing got worse, you see. So they built a bow in the wall. And I heard about this at three o'clock in the afternoon, rushed down, and I said, "What in the world is going on here? Why didn't ya stop when you see a thing like this?"

"Well, we didn't know. Nobody told us."

Anyway, I stopped them, and then, of course, everybody got concerned. And Fred Black said, "Well, who's gonna pay for this?"

Well, I said, "I don't know. But something's wrong, I don't know what has happened."

Well, the fact is, there was these two bolts and the holes were a little larger than the bolt hole—this is normal tolerance—but there was just enough play in the difference in the diameter of the bolt hole and the diameter of the bolt, that it allowed this thing to tilt. So as you went up, a thirty-second of an inch, multiplied by the height, became inches, you see.

And I said, "Tear it down!" I said, "Tear it down before the mortar sets!" So they tore it down, and they worked beyond five o'clock.

Fred Black said, "Who's gonna pay for this?"

And I said, "I don't know. I don't know what the fault is; when we analyze it we'll find out."

Well, a few days later, we knew what had happened, and I blamed the steel company for the over-tolerance. And they said, "You didn't specify a degree of tightness." Well, everything pointed to me, you see—a round robin—the brick masons were not at fault.

And finally I said, "I'll pay for it." Well, good old Charlie! I'd been told that architects never should admit to mistakes. Lawsuits develop over these kind of things. That was before I took out any errors and omissions insurance.

So it was easy to pay for. I think it cost me \$600, and that was quite a chunk out of my fee in those days. But I slept well.

And I told the brick masons, when we tore down the wall, to scrape the mortar off, gonna reuse the blocks, and it's no big problem. Just start over again in the morning.

Then the funny thing, a few years later, a person next door was gonna build his motel, and when they surveyed they found that Fred Black was over a foot onto their property. Now what do you do? You don't tear down a whole motel. So finally he had to negotiate and to buy this other man, you see. That was rather costly. All because he had used this sort of a half-knowledgeable engineer who couldn't give you a property survey properly.

Along came the 1955 flood, and we had a single furnace room down below the level of the land. We built that of concrete block and concrete. Bonnell said, "You know, this building is so light that unless we—and no use waterproofing the basement because it'll be like a bathtub, it'll float away." So he said, "Let's put in a hole, let the water in."

That was the smartest thing we did because in the 1955 flood along come the water and I told Fred, "Pull the burner. Get the burner out of the furnace room. Open up the—this porthole—and then let the water in." Well, he saw the wisdom of that, and that's what we did.

Then in a couple of days the water subsided, we found a couple of fish floating around in this "tub," pumped the water out, sealed the hole again, and he was the first man in that area to be back in business. The Riverside hotel, you know, was flooded and the Cavalier motel had put all their TVs in the bathtubs, thinking they were safe. Well, of course, the water came up over the bathtubs and ruined the TVs! And Fred was sitting high and dry, so I think he thought I was pretty clever just letting the water in. He kept that for a long time, then sold to someone else. And it's still in operation.

Here comes that Carson City, 359-A. It goes back—359 was Carson City schools in '52, and now this is 1953, a year later. Cafeteria, Carson City cafeteria. And I can't recall anything about this cafeteria. Well, I'm gonna skip that; there's no use mulling over it.

389, the Biltmore ranch, February, 1954. I think that was a ranch building for Chuck Moore. He was quite a promoter, in his way, in those days. I can't talk much about that either, because I see the same date, same month, February, 1954, Job 390 was the Douglas County high school. Douglas County—I think I made some studies for it and it probably was a little remodeling of the school because I don't recall doing anything of any consequence.

391, doctor's building, a Dr. Kudelko. Doesn't ring a bell.

392, Franzman motel, March, 1954. Franzman, of course, was quite a figure in his day but I don't recall what this is. I'll just skip that.

393, Jack Halley, residence, April, 1954. You'll recall that the first job I had was Jack Halley, Number 1, and I had made a hit with Dolores Halley. This time she chose a lot in the southwest. (I should have a map so that I could find out where that is.) But it was a neighborhood that nice homes developed

in and I built one right close by for Sam Ginsburg a few years later.

But this house was, of course, 392 jobs later. The Halleys now were more affluent, and so on. And this was really a fun house because Dee Halley was so enthusiastic and such a jewel to work with, that I was able to express myself and she agreed. And if you've been in it you'll recall there was a nice entry, a vestibule, that was bigger than this room, big enough so that when you took your coat off you didn't bump your elbows on the wall. That opened into two ways, one into the living room to the left, straight forward was the family room, with a large fireplace and barbecue. How I hated barbecues, because they always smoked up and were smelly! But everybody had to have one. Did I tell you the story of Paul Christman's? And that was why I was so fearful of them.

Then, of course, there was the usual bedrooms and bedroom wing, an outdoor terrace, again, another barbecue pit opening from the kitchen. I always tried to get the kitchen to be serviceable to the backyard. So it was a great house for entertainment. They could open up the dining room, close it off when necessary. Usually it was open.

But Dolores furnished the house in a very lovely way, not too much of this Home Furniture-type furnishings or Sloan (San Francisco); they were naturalists about it. But Dee always felt comfortable in that house, and she's still living there.

394, Waldren Motors. Well, that was my first experience in working with an automobile dealer. One or two places down the line I've had other jobs with them—they're all the same. First of all, they chisel you down just like a big customer buying an automobile, you know, you give and take and you walk around and kick the tires, and all that business [laughs].

And so Waldren (what was his first name?), he got me to do this for two thousand dollars even. I wanted twenty-five hundred but he got me down! And it was a sort of an oddshaped lot. He had to have his sales room and then the shop. And there was always a certain procedure for designing shops; you had to have the grease pit and the hoist and the tire changing area, and then certain lifts and traveling cranes, and whatnot, their light machinery. The other thing was, to meet the building code you had to have the grease trap and keep the greasy water from contaminating the sewer.

When you confront the owner with all these things, he gets upset because here's added cost, you see. I remember the contractor did the best he could, but he was not what I would call a knowledgeable contractor. Somehow these dealers always get the chintzy guy, you know.

But the building turned out successfully. But, of course, Mr. Waldren died and then the sons were not interested, and the mother wanted her money out and they sold the building. And then they couldn't find the plans, and somebody took my plans, I don't know who, the prints and all. They wanted 'em to consummate the deal, you see. This went on. And I hate to lose sets of drawings, I'd had it happen once before. Just like stealing library books, you know. somebody says, "May I borrow these overnight? And I'll bring 'em right back." That's the last you see of them.

395, Reno municipal airport, April, 1954. I couldn't have done much there because I don't recall. I think that's before Vhay and Grow built the airport now that has those exotic, tent-like roof structures.

396, Caffrey. Well, that has to be Dorothy Caffrey. Oh, that was—she built a house for her daughter and son-inlaw Bart Schouweiler, Schouweiler. This was for Bart Schouweiler

and his young bride. It was at the rear of the big ranch house. And naturally a young married couple will accept mother's gift, you see.

It was a cute house, sort of backed up against the hillside, so I had to open up the principal view to the pasture which was behind Dorothy Caffrey's house. Here I used a skylight in the kitchen, which everybody thought was a great idea because it did bring the light into the center of the kitchen (it was rather a large kitchen, deep and narrow). There weren't any very unusual features except that it was sort of a house turned around; you approached it from the back side, went immediately into the garage. I always believed in trying to get the garage accessible to the living area, or the kitchen area, and that worked out nicely.

397, agricultural building for the University of Nevada. I'm trying to think how that came about—it was a real contract, and my first big job for the University of Nevada. And it was to be built down in what was called the—near the “Gorman shortline.” The shortline was simply a railroad spur that came up—into the foot of the campus, in this hollow that nobody would build on. I know Fred DeLongchamps would not accept that as a suitable place for his buildings. Anyway, the “Gorman shortline” was to be abandoned and the oil and the heating plant moved in some other location. So it opened up the whole lower part of the campus, where now the back part of the agricultural building stands.

And this was to be a—it was quite monumental in a way, had two stories with a basement. And it was a wonderful plan, very formal, very tight, very classic in the customary way of doing classroom buildings because there were some laboratories in it, but not too many. Mostly classrooms. Then a shop building was to be done elsewhere.

Then something happened in the appropriation and the building was abandoned. And I was paid when I delivered the plans to Mr. Gorman, who was then controller of the University, he said, “Well, Ed, you might as well give me the plans (it was a roll now, ten inches in diameter), but it'll never be built.” Well his prediction came true, of course. And it's sort of disappointing when you can't see something executed that you had put your heart and soul into.

Well, regarding the history of the agricultural school and the school of home economics, it was the result of the Fleischmann Foundation being organized and wanting to do something for the University, particularly because of Max C. Fleischmann's interest in agriculture, and especially his interest in the state. And I think—let's see, who was the president of the University at the time? Well, then it started with [Dr. Stout, 1952-1957]. And he was sort of a bright fellow, always jolly. But he grabbed onto the ramifications of the needs for the University through those departments I just mentioned. And my first contact was through Si Ross, who called me. And I didn't respond to his call the first day and the second day he called me and sort of gave me the dickens for not responding. So I high-tailed it up there one night, the next night, and he said, “I want you to do this work for the University.”

It didn't quite sink in then, the magnitude of this building, humanities building of some sort—prior to that, and it involved such little people. And who was the head of the department of agriculture then? Well, I've forgotten. But soon came Dean [John R.] Bertrand, and then he was replaced a little later [1956]. Okay, Dean Bertrand, I remember he and my draftsman took quite a shine to one another because they both served in the Navy, so they got along fine that way.

But as we were into the program he became more dissatisfied with the state of Nevada, then resigned.

On the other side was Dean [Swift] of the school of home economics.

So with those two people we started a sort of a summary of the needs of the two departments, of the two schools. Dean Swift, she was very modest and didn't need very much; she thought of the building as a cooking and sewing school. Then later came a new staff of six women, and they came on like gangbusters! So, as we got into the study, these people saw that this was totally inadequate and started to change the program to expand it into much larger requirements. I'd like to name those people. Maybe I can later on. Still in the department and head of it, is now the person married to the dean of agriculture, Marilyn Horn. She was a sweet person and very bright. With her were other people—I'm going to have to look up those names instead of wasting time now.

But this program, instead of being twelve thousand feet, was thirty-two thousand square feet. Well, do you see what this did to the budget? So I went back to the dean of the agricultural school and I said, "This is what these people want."

"Well, they're not gonna get all they want."

But in the meantime, I traveled with various department groups of the school of agriculture. We went up to Idaho, went over to Utah, several towns in the Northwest, visiting agricultural colleges. And that was a good experience because I did learn quite a bit. And each one, as we went through, would grab me and say, "Hey, that's what I want." "That's what I want." Well, of course, this was all buzzing in my head.

I must say that the sidelight to the whole trip—they gave me—started with a campus Ford and it had about three cylinders missing,

I guess. Got it up to my house and picked me up, and I said, "We're traveling in that?"

And they said, "This is the best we can do."

Well I said, "I don't think it's gonna get us out of Sparks!" So I said, "Let's take my car," and I had a little Ford, newer. We put five people in, I was the sixth. Can you imagine driving five or six hundred miles, you know, with three people in the front and three in the back. And I was tired at the end of the day, and I proposed having a drink. "No, we don't drink." Didn't dawn on me that what I had was a car full of Mormons [laughs]. So then I learned the next night to—they could go and have their liver and onions and I was gonna go have a steak and get a drink and get a little relaxed.

This was a seven-day tour and I was sure glad when it was over! I couldn't even treat them to a good dinner at the end of the tour. They were so conscientious about how they should eat. So, liver and onions, I'll never forget that. Never a steak!

But we came back full of knowledge and ideas. Then I had to start revising my plans because now there was friction between the two elements of young people.

The librarian got into the act, Dr. [James J.] Hill, I remember. And he had a pet theme and, by golly, I couldn't shake it. He wanted—it's partly used now—he wanted the stacks open so that the students could study in among the stacks, yet I couldn't find room enough to get all the volumes, you see, in this new system. So the library ended up sort of a misfit.

But all the rest of it was really fun, working out the different laboratories and classrooms and lecture rooms and the dean's office and—.

Then the school of home economics, that didn't budge a bit! That was fun.

But when I presented the whole scheme, trying to keep it in the lower part of that open area that was then called the Gorman

Shortline, as I recall (the building is down in that little pit), I couldn't get it all in there and I began coming up the hill. At this time—I think [the president] came in—well, it possibly was Stout.

Well, what happened was, he saw these preliminary plans (the president) and it was awfully close to the then-president's office, which was an old two-story or three-story Victorian style, red shingle, redwood building, beautiful interior. But he said, "What is that?"

I said, "Well that's the playground for the trainees of the school of home economics."

He says, "Kids! I don't want any kids in my backyard! I've raised my children."

The next day he called me up, he says, "Your plans gave me an idea. I'll prevail upon the Board of Regents to sell the house and buy me a house off the campus. That's where it should be because they treat all presidents on campus like they own your kitchen, borrowing pots and pans, and that sort of thing! Something like they do for a rector in a church."

So that changed the era of the presidents quarters. I think the first house that was bought was the Sam Ginsburg house, which I had designed earlier. So he was there for several years and then outgrew that.

Anyway, instead of moving the house, they tore it down, and I remember [Frank] Capriotti was given the contract. Instead of trying to save things they let people come in there and take things. So they took doors, and beautiful hardware. And I went in and took some shelving that was twenty-inch—sixteen inches—wide, all solid redwood. I made my son a cabinet out of that. It's still around the basement.

The planning of that lasted for, oh, five or six months and finally the preliminary plans were accepted and I was ordered to make working drawings. It became a U-shaped

building because I just was trying to sneak in all the requirements around in that hole. And that's, why I developed that non-axial form that broke the tradition of all the buildings lined up like soldiers. I just couldn't find room, so I just tilted it, and it paralleled the ditch.

Also, that ditch became—the Orr ditch—became a problem, so we had to build a bridge over that to connect between the school of agriculture and the school of home economics. And with that ran heavy power lines over the ditch, and that's why the railing is so wide on the other side; it carries these conduits. Well, it was only a few years later that they build a siphon and the ditch was abandoned, so it's now just a bridge without any real meaning. It could have been just a simple walkway if we had been able to anticipate the fact that that siphon could have been built. And that opened up a whole new era for land use. Incidentally, it may be out order, but a few years later came the Orvis School of Nursing, and with that ditch out of the way I knew exactly what to do.

Nothing unusual about the building except I used a system of reinforcing the shear walls (what do you call it?) —you call it the Kitrick system, which was a patent by a man Kitrick who invented a—. Well, it was simply paper boxes that were more or less water resistant, made on a module of twelve inches square, so that meant they were eleven and a half inches on the broad surface and three and a half inches thick. This allowed you to put reinforcing steel between the boxes, on twelve-inch centers, and over the tops of a reinforcing wire. Then, under pressure, you sprayed a loose mixture of concrete, which developed to seven thousand pounds per square inch. This was a stronger wall than you could build of masonry. So I had to have this special equipment come up from Los

Angeles and do the work. It created quite a stir to see these paper boxes going up, and people sneered at the idea of paper boxes. Well, there's not a crack in those shear walls even to this day now, which is quite remarkable, even with the expansion and contraction that we get all the way up and down the hallway. So it did the job. Of course, a shear wall in engineering practice is something that helps resist earthquake, seismic forces. Don't even want to cut into a wall; you're really cutting into something—.

I don't think they've changed the use of those laboratories and classrooms very much in that building. I've been through on different occasions, and I think it's always a tribute to see that things went along as planned. With one exception: some of the users got a little exuberant and asked for fume hoods. This is where you conduct an experiment and let the noxious fumes go up a flue. And later on I went through, oh, about five or six years later, and found these fume hoods were used to grow plants in [laughs]. I'd see people storing their lunch in the fume hood.

But other than that, why, the shelf space was used. I used metal cases like furniture. That hasn't proved to be too good because there was only two uses then—I mean two materials then—would be metal or wood. Wood was more expensive but it was nicer-looking. Incidentally, we used wood in the school of home economics and it's beautiful. But now this metal in this school is all rotten—rusted, I should say—from, you know, acids running down the face. I shouldn't say all; it depends on who's taking care of their room. I've noticed this about teachers in schools, and principals in schools; they take care of it according to their personality. And you can go into a laboratory building and find the foulest, rankest housekeeping, and other areas beautifully kept, you see. All I have to

do is go into a laboratory and look at the soapstone sink, which is where they pour the concentrated acids in. If that has been properly cared for, it's beautiful. If there's things that have been allowed to rot in there, it's ruined for life, all stained and etched.

The building was built for thirty-three dollars a square foot, which was kind of remarkable in those times. The only thing I didn't do, and I should have done, was that I didn't insulate the building as well as I might have. It was a brick veneer, however. I tried to talk them into air conditioning, and at that time we could have air conditioned that building for ten to fifteen thousand dollars. (Since then, you know, it's three hundred thousand dollars to air condition it.) So, they said, "Oh, we don't have to run the school in summertime." Well, of course things changed very quickly.

The school of home economics roof leaked in places. This was caused by expansion. But we had no trouble with the other schools.

Incidentally, there were two different contractors. I won't blame Capriotti, who was the contractor for the school of home economics, and Walker Boudwin for the Ag building. We tried to get Boudwin to build both schools but the power that be wouldn't let them go and spend \$5,000 more to keep it under one contractor. It would have been so much easier.

Both buildings are so pleasant.

I know the Home Economics building is more inviting. One of the—let's see, someone last year went to visit the Home Ec building and there was a new dean, of course, in there and I met her (I've forgot her name now), but she was upstairs on the second floor, and she said, "I'm going back to the office you originally designed. I think it's better than

where I am now.” Somebody else had taken that, you see, and made it the dean’s office. So, that pleased me, to know that it was going to work in the way I designed it.

It’s kind of fun going back in. It takes a little courage to do that, incidentally, because they say, “Oh, you’re the guy that designed this god-awful thing [laughs]!” But most of the time it’s a pleasant reaction, and that feels good.

What else can I say about those buildings? The only thing, the budget, you see, now was stretched to the limit. There was no money for furniture or landscaping, and for years that went begging. And they threw in some pyracanthas and some evergreen stuff along the front—it’s not a landscape job at all. But I shouldn’t complain, I think it’s served well. The only thing that happened, some years back they had to add a wind screen in the first floor entrance of the Ag building because that tunnel created a terrific draft. So I added two little brick, glass block wings and that did the trick, just enough to break up that eddy, current of air. But the interior court, which I visualized could be—landscaped would be interesting, it’s just, still open pasture.

[You talked some about how Walker Boudwin was to work with. How was Frank Capriotti to work with?]

Both were very good men to work with. I’ve done work with ’em after, I mean after—let’s see, Walker Boudwin was not as energetic then as he was earlier, so Rodney Boudwin was the chief man and, I think, Harry Lemmon. But both of ’em were very good to work with; I had no trouble. Capriotti, I’d worked with him before on the—we built the SAE house, so I learned all his temperaments.

You know, it’s good to know how people react, instead of having to learn. Maybe it’s bad that you get latched onto the personality of a contractor and you want him again for

a job, and you begin to set up favoritisms among contractors.

Later on, when I did the med school, why—let’s see, who was the first contractor on that? Well, I’ll come to it in the proper sequence. I had three different contractors on that, three different—and they all seemed to work in after you got to know them, George Vasko on the last.*

I was going to ask you about the politics of that whole affair, too. You mentioned Si Ross being so insistent that you were to be the one. Did you get into that any more with him?

No. I think the Board (of Regents] accepted me. But I’m glad you mentioned it, because I did have to go before the Fleischmann Foundation Board, and they were very stiff and formal.

I got into a little trouble because I forgot to mention the fact that the greenhouses came in, and there was a farm mechanics building that they wanted. So I had made a rendering for the farm mechanics building and mentioned just that the Fleischmann Foundation would no doubt finance this, and I got reprimanded for having leaked this out; the Fleischmann Foundation wasn’t going to give funds for that building. So I learned to hold my tongue. I didn’t mean anything by it, you know, it was just advance information.

I learned something from a newspaperman, Walt McKenzie, years later. He said, “Tell people what you’re doing. Never tell them what you’re going to do.” I thought that was a pretty good admonition.

*1. Johnson and Mape Construction Company

2. A. M. McKenzie

3. George Vasko

Did the Fleischmann trustees help with the planning, or come around during the building period, or anything like that after they'd been so interested?

No, their philosophy was the give the money; if you've shown a need for it, and you've stayed within the budget, that's all they wanted. But then when the budget was increased (I do recall this), they went back to the Fleischmann—the board went back to the Fleischmann Foundation—and said, “Look, these women (or maybe that's not the way to express it)—but the request of the school of home economics is so great, we need more money.” I've forgotten now how much it was they asked for, but it didn't please the Fleischmann Foundation too well. And the president was very artful in pleading that case. Gee, I wish I could recall—I think it was Armstrong. (Armstrong was a good politician, and he was good for the University in the legislature [served 1958-1967].)

Oh then, several years later came the addition to the agricultural building. In the meantime, knowing that we had to cut this wing off (which was called the “Life Science wing”), I just purposely left the end unfinished and hung some black sheetrock, insulation board, to the studs, and there it faced the president's office, which was then Morrill Hall. I guess it was Dr. [Armstrong] that called me in one day, and he says, “How much longer do I have to look at that blank wall?”

I said, “Whenever you get the funds to build the addition.” I saw no reason to spend money to build a wall that we were gonna have to tear out later on. That made sense, of course, with budgets the way they are. So I made my point.

And he said, “Well, I'll have to get that money coming.” And that was another project, trying to—see if I can find it here. I'll

have to look that whole thing up because the biggest jobs are just not shown on here [in job book], those concerning the University of Nevada.

I have here a Job Number 398 for Edward Jack Morgan, June, 1954. Didn't I speak of Jack Horgan before? Yes, back in '52. Well, what I described before was the house that he's living in now, so I'm not gonna try to figure out what this is. Might have been some little addition.

Job 399, City of Reno, a park shelter. That was of no consequence.

Job 400 was a residence for Norman Snow, October, 1954. Wasn't very exciting.

401, Woodrow W. Loftin. I don't know who he was or what it was for.

402 is C. H. Ristenpart, Jr., a lake cabin at Lake Tahoe. He's a cousin-in-law of Helen's, so we're good friends. It was just a little log cabin—I mean, an A-frame type of thing.

403 was a duplex for Harlan Brown. Harlan A. Brown was a man who worked for Fred Black in the Western Cigar Company. He had this block and wanted a duplex, and it worked out all right.

404, Jay Barker, residence. Doesn't ring a bell.

405, Mrs. Bruce Thompson, October, 1954. Why would that be Mrs. Bruce Thompson? Didn't I describe a house for Bruce Thompson? Well, we'll skip that.

406, Sewell's parking lot. That's what it was, just a study for a parking lot.

407, O'Brien-Rogers, a sketch for a funeral home, and it didn't get very far.

408, Sewell's building development. Oh, I remember that. They had some property adjacent to the Sewell's market on South Virginia, wondered what to do with it. I made studies and that was about all.

409, Douglas County high school addition. I think that was plans for a gymnasium that didn't mature.

410 was Dr. Broadbent, February, 1955. That was just his residence. The first one was his office, I described that didn't I? I think I described that residence, too. I guess I ran the two together somehow.

411, Mrs. Robert Craig. She had a little stucco house and I made a bedroom addition and then restuccoed the—I thought I did a good job and rejuvenated the house.

412, Frank Capriotti, dining room addition. That had to be to his residence, and that's February, 1955.

414, Mrs. A. Gardella. Oh, this was the mother-in-law of McKenzie, a very prominent builder now. (What's his first name?) He had a lot—his mother-in-law had a lot—on Willow Street, I think, and it was a very unattractive street, so I said, "Let's turn the house inside to the court," remembering how things were done in Los Angeles (you have this pleasant little court). But it didn't take on, they'd rather have seen the dirty street than the interior court because people left their baby buggies, you know, in the court, and the lawn was not well-kept. That's the problem the architect has; he can visualize things and do these things that you know are good, but they take a certain amount of understanding about the client.

415 is the Regional Planning Commission display board. (That's all it was.)

416, Harry Foote. Harry Foote is dead now so I believe I can speak of this, but if you think it should be cut out we'll do it.

Harry Foote came to me and he said, "I have a piece of property on Third Street, or near Third Street, across the tracks, and I think I should make use of it even though people say I'm a fool to build on that side of the tracks because I'm out of the business zone." But he wanted to have a two-story building, one for his Harry's Business Machines, the other for just offices.

Well, the building was sort of a mundane thing; it's one that I don't like to talk about because architects say it's a monster. But the interesting thing was that when he paid me, he paid me in big old-fashioned dollar bills—or not dollar bills, but bills. And he said, by the way of explanation, "You know, whenever I get a few extra dollars, I put it in a tin can and keep it." He wasn't aware that Uncle Sam wanted his share, too! A few years later, after the job was all done, why, the IRS came to me and asked what I knew about this transaction, and they just wanted to know if I'd been paid in cash.

And I said, "Yes."

They had everything on Harry Foote, but the poor guy went to prison for a couple of years. He was innocent from the point that he thought he was doing wrong, but he had avoided paying taxes, you see. He went to some California prison where it was very pleasant, you know; it wasn't a hardened-criminal prison! But he said, when he got back, "Well, it taught me a lesson." And he kept on in business until he died. But he was an unusual person because he was a fireman; he loved [being] volunteer fireman in Sparks.

414 was the Nevada Auto Supply. I have this as March, 1955. Must have been a small warehouse building.

418 was Arthur Orvis, 1955. That must have been an addition to their house.

419 is S. B. Seddon. Seddon was a very nice, retiring person, and he and his wife, in Minden; they had this small piece of property. So I designed this tiny house for them and it was such a "love cottage," and they liked it very much. I didn't follow any style of architecture, but, oh, some traditional details like leaded-glass windows, diamondshaped.

420 was Temple Emanu-El. That was an interior remodelling and building a new Torah for them. That's the first time I'd ever done anything for the Jewish faith. And it

was fun, because I listened to the darnedest fights, and then they'd apologize openly to me, "Don't pay any attention to us, Mr. Parsons, we always fight like this!" [Laughs] Calling each other names—not foul names, you know, but I've forgotten why they—like, "You're a fool, you're crazy!" They were very outspoken.

But it was a very interesting job and I liked it. It was where the old building was, across the street from the (old) Reno high school. Now it's, of course, since gone.

Later on I designed a sketch for a cemetery for the Jewish people, and nothing more than just suggesting how the plots could be made with curbstones around them. So, that was my work with the Jewish faith.

421, (Sequel to Job 371) Warren Neuebaumer, comes to mind, April, 1955. They were an interesting couple because what I knew about Warren before, he was a dealer in used or secondhand goods, and Marie Neuebaumer was a very beautiful—a most beautiful-looking woman. She was a sweet little woman who was very much interested in flowers, and she won every prize in a flower show, just not even have to try.

They bought a very odd-shaped piece of ground on the tail end of Marsh Avenue, I believe, just as it goes into Sharon Way. It was something more than a pie shape, it was more like a broken pie shape, where the only way to get into the lot was to treat the whole front entrance—the front portion—as a driveway and then gradually swing into the garage, and as it widened out in the back, why, then you could develop a house that fit their requirements. So they did have a lovely view of what now overlooks the shopping center of the Village [Shopping] Center. But it was high enough so they wouldn't be bothered by that. Had a dining room adjacent to it, then there's a hall, and that angled off towards the front again to serve two bedrooms.

It was interesting, after the job was done, Warren didn't quibble about the fee at all. But the architects were having a booth in the Washoe County Fair, shortly after that time, and I created a little pamphlet "What the Architect Does," to set in the booth, you know, and it showed the various steps. He didn't see me in the booth, and as Warren came along, picked up this with the title, "What the Architect Does," "Humph! All they do is cost you money!" I've never forgotten that.

422 was Jackson, Mrs. H. Lownes Jackson, June, 1955. Oh [laughs]! Brownie Jackson, I'll put that in, Brownie Jackson, because that's the way I knew her, I guess, everybody knew her. (Where was this house—Fernley.) Well, it had to be a house and not—I can't recall the plan. But she was a nice and interesting person.

423, Joe Haller, 1955. I think Joe asked me to build a fence for him. That's all I can recall. I think it became a spite fence because it was on the back end of the property separating his yard from another person's yard—and this thing was built six feet high. I said, "That's as high as you can build. If you want to go seven feet, then you can't do it." But he was content with six feet.

424, W. J. Raggio, Bill Raggio. This was just about the time that Bill was getting into politics. The house wasn't anything terribly unusual, but it was in a confining lot, I remember that. It's kind of fun to work on these projects because I do remember trying to get a barbecue squeezed in so that the fumes from the smoke wouldn't interfere with the bedroom of the neighbors next door.

425, Cavanaugh. Well, that has to be John Cavanaugh, Sr. Don't remember that so much. I think it was more of an addition to their house.

426, Moore, August, 1955. I can't recall what that Moore was.

427, William Beemer. This has to be an addition to the Beemer house because we've spoken about Beemer before, haven't we? Yes.

I think I could just dispose of all of them [Beemer jobs]. First was the house, very tiny, then came the patio, then came a garage-carport idea, and then came a house alteration, in which he added a bedroom and created better bedrooms and kitchen out of the rest of the house; it really made the house then. Then we made a sketch for Beemer in Sparks for Sparks Drugstore, but it never materialized. That was shown as Job Number 428.

429, doctors' building, remodeling. I'm quite sure now that the doctors' building had four partners, Dr. Harold Cafferata, Dr. Louis Lombardi, Dr.—Cafferata, Lombardi—quite well-known socially—isn't that awful now, I can't think of the—.

Cafferata seemed to be the old doctor—lives on the— it'll come back because I can visualize—he was on the carpet for a while for malpractice (this was recently). He was also on the hospital board.

Maybe I shouldn't call it malpractice, but they barred him from either Washoe Med or St. Mary's hospital, from operating in there.

But Cafferata and this doctor were the ringleaders. And I'd have to go, periodically, to meetings, at night always, of course, and listen to their various ideas. And this building was divided up into four parts, predesigned. But now here was space down in the basement, and I think I got three offices down in there. Miserable things! They were a nasty job, but just squeezed up. Dr. [Tom N.] Mullis, to start with, and Dr. [Robert] Broadbent, and Dr. [John] DeTar. As these young men came into practice, why of course, Cafferata grabbed onto them and said, "Here, we'll get you a start," and put them down into the basement.

But the arguments were always such silly things. "Shall we have a buzzer on each door," or "shall we have an intercorn," and "how high shall we place them," until I just got all provoked with this. It's a good thing they didn't have consideration for the handicapped in those days because there wouldn't have been one of them that would have passed. We did get a ramp in there from the outside ground floor entrance into the building, so it went half up and half down. Now there's a laboratory in there.

It was interesting to learn about doctors through that. And then later on I had clients of each of these people, you see, as they branched out and wanted to get— DeTar was the worst. He got me in there and he said, "Now you listen," then he went in and around the other room and began to talk. Then he came around and he said, "Did you hear what I said?"

I said, "I heard your voice."

Well he says, "That is what I can't tolerate here, having people hear conversations through walls." You see, he didn't want it to be heard.

Well, so much for the doctors' building.

Job 430, John Mugnaini, a warehouse. Doesn't ring a bell, so let's pass it.

431, Seventh Day Adventist. That doesn't ring up anything, either, unless it was just some consultation.

There was a painter who was one of the best in that period who was a Seventh Day Adventist. My client called him the "man with the Japanese name," Tampka, Harold Tampka. He was first class and very conscientious. That's the only thing I can remember about the Seventh Day Adventists.

432, DeLuxe motel, and the name was Suk, air conditioning and porches. I did do many little jobs for them. Again, I might as well lump them all together.

It goes from 1949 to 1959. There's one, two, three, four—four jobs, and let's list this under DeLuxe motel, the client was Mr. and Mrs. Suk. Whenever they had a little problem, they came to me, over a period of ten years. And I think the first was to tie this disjointed bunch of buildings into a unit, and that's why it was called porches in the beginning. I said, "The way to do it is just to enclose all the shelters and all the units under one continuous porch, then you'll get some identity."

So DeLuxe motel is listed as Job 293, and 362, 432, and 479. Each one was to add something. And to me it was trivia, but it made a fairly decent motel, auto court, whatever you want to call it, and for a while it was the nicest one in town. But those two people worked like dogs. I believe that name is Swedish, I'm not sure, or Norwegian. They talked with a slight accent and they were fair-skinned. But they really wore themselves out and finally sold it, I suppose, in the 1970s. There was no contribution to architecture so I don't want to dwell on it too much.

Robert Erickson, remodeling. I was looking for some clue, but there is none. I think that was his house on California Avenue that they asked me to punch out a wall or two and make the room better, but it never materialized.

434, Dr. [John] Palmer, remodeling, 1956. Dr. John Palmer, he was our pediatrician. Nice little, roly-poly fellow. I think—didn't he pass away? He's out of the area. His first office was over right in the middle of the block between First and Second Street, over the Hilp building, yes, because he was a relative of some—.

Somehow you get to be a client—or a patient—of somebody like Dr. Palmer, and I haven't got the slightest clue here of what I did, unless I suggested some small alteration

for his second floor office building—pr, office. I believe that was it.

435, Martha Irvine, 1956. That must be the cleaners— Magic Cleaners. No, I guess we've already dealt with Magic Cleaners.

But let's say that I helped her with a fence. Martha Irvine and I were neighbors on 950 Marsh Avenue and she was 960, or something like that. But her property was higher and she wanted a fence, and I think I designed a fence for her.

437, the Mizpah Hotel [Tonopah]. All right, I can talk about the Mizpah Hotel. This was owned at the time by Charles Short. I remember the name because it was the same as the former owner of the clothing store. But he was a slicker. He got me down there, and my associate (I took down a draftsman to stay overnight, because to measure up a hotel just would take two people). And he let me do all this work and then said, "Well, I don't know just when I'm gonna build."

And I said, "Well now, look, you got me down here. At least pay for my board and room." That's all I got out of it except a day and a half lost.

I'd never learned how to deal with gamblers. There's a certain run of them that are just slick.

438, Colony Casino. I don't know what the Colony Casino was.

439, James Hunter, 1956. Again, I have no clue.

440, Dr. Gerlach. Again, I'm. drawing a blank. If they had been significant, I would have remembered, so no use trying to recall.

441, William Smith (this is interesting) for Al Smith. Who was Al Smith? All I have is, in pencil, "house—Susanville, 441, William Smith." I made some sketches and that was about all of it.

442, Harry Gray, 1956. Harry Gray—that's Les's father. I guess I met him through Les

Gray. I think he had a little office on the corner of Liberty and Center—no, Center and Lake. A little frame building, and I think I did a porch remodeling for him.

443, Chet Fremont. Oh, boy. Some of these names just lead to nothing. Nope, I don't have any more comment on Fremont [from book].

Harry Marks, 444. Now there's an interesting job. Harry Marks was the mayor of Modesto and he had a very sweet wife. This shows October, 1956. They had a beautiful lot at Lake Tahoe. You approached it as you were going down to the old Glenbrook Inn. This was all private property but I suppose they had easement rights or something, because after you left the road that—it was barely paved—that went to Glenbrook, before you got there you turned off on sort of a dirt road. And if you'd gone in there at nighttime without knowing the road, you'd have ended up hitting a tree or a boulder, granite boulder. Then we stopped—my first sight of that lot—we stopped in about the only level spot I could see, and we parked two cars in there, and that was about all there was room for. So, you could see the Lake in among these trees. Beautiful spot, as I say. So he said, "I want to build a house in here and I want to have a boat landing from the Lake. I want to build a garage up here because this is about the only flat land I've got."

So the project was a two-car garage, I believe, and a sort of a shelter for visitors. You walked down a path and around these big granite boulders, through beautiful trees, to the side of the house. "Now, I want to save as many trees as I can."

Well, it was a real challenge. So I measured up all of the trees and began to design the house in the office. And the house was 130 feet long, it wasn't more than just one room wide, and on different levels, stepping from

the highest level from the bedroom wing then down into a sort of a passageway that was lighted by some dormer windows, past the den, then on down a few more steps to the living room. On the same level was the dining room and the kitchen, but just off the front of the dining room was the main entry. I always liked to screen the entry from everything else so you got the surprise after you looked past the screen, got a glimpse of the Lake through the dining room and then through the living room. The kitchen then took off on a different tangent so we could avoid more trees, and there was a laundry room, and so on.

It developed to be a very interesting, rustic-type house; that's the only way I can describe it. Shake roof. And I always wanted to build something around a tree and this time I got a chance to build the porch around a tree, and that tree must have been three feet in diameter, a big cedar, red bark tree. And I spent so much time on the terrace that overlooked the Lake, that, you know, I never really got a chance to sit out on that terrace and enjoy that beautiful view. And then I had an occasion about two or three years later to be out in a boat and see the house for the first time from the Lake. And I was thrilled to see what an impression this thing made! Of course, now you're out of the trees (and whatever small trees were there were not bothering anything), but you came out on a concrete terrace and then down some steps, and then finally you got down to the beach.

I was proud of the house so I put it in a brochure of mine. And I've forgotten the cost, I think it was \$80,000. But it would have been worth \$300,000 now. I published that \$80,000 and Harry Marks saw this brochure—I sent him a copy—and he was mad as a hornet! Why would I publish the cost of that house? I thought it was a badge of honor, but, no, I

was telling the assessor, or something! And I'd never thought of that, you see [laughs].

But he got his money out of that all right. Harry died about ten or fifteen years later. But we were never enemies, he just chided me for that, because he'd made lots of money in the jewelry business. It wasn't "Harry Marks," it was (something) Jewelry. They had this branch office in Rena. Anyway, I don't know who owns the house now.

445 is Dorothy Caffrey, a room addition. And that was in her main house, I'm sure. Again, the date is 1956. So this came after the Schouweiler house. It was a room addition and a screened porch, and I remember it so well from all the cats that she had. Then she had a burial plot for one of them just outside the [laughs] porch. Had to be careful not to disturb that!

Job 446 for William Forman, November, 1956. That was a residence in—oh, yes. This was an addition to a house that I'd helped design with Russell Mills. And the house that we designed was for Clarence Kind, way back before 1938, before I went into business for myself. However, the dining room of that cute little house was too small so he asked me to make an addition to it, and it turned out very charming, very pleasing. We kept the same atmosphere in it; it doesn't look like an addition, it just pushed the dining room—or this little breakfast room—out into a decent-sized room.

So from there on I was always doing things. Another job for the Formans was adding some bookcases. They had to be just right. And a fish tank had to be designed for Bill Forman because he loved to come home from his work and relax with feeding the fish.

Mrs. Forman was a very sweet person, but never could quite make up her mind, she just needed prompting all the time. I got a little tired of having to tell her that it was going to

be good, be all right. "Well, if you think so, Edward" (she always called me Edward) Job 447 was for James Lathrop. There's several jobs for Lathrop but I think this one refers to a residence we designed out in the country, out in Washoe Valley, up off the road—or the old road that circumvented around the foothills, and just above the road to Carson City that went past Bowers Mansion. Washoe Pines, that area.

It was beautiful country. And we used old brick, I remember, for patios. And I thought that was rather an expensive way to treat it but that's what he wanted. You know, sometimes you don't have the courage to spend the client's money, but if they want to spend it, gee, that's good for the architect.

Job 448 was Gordon Thompson, and here's the note, "addition, family room," December, 1956. The Thompsons were—and are—remarkable people. Gordon's wife was a—well she didn't seem like a Thompson to me; she was just a little bit different. And her reason for adding this room was because that she felt that her house wasn't adequate for the time when she had to entertain the family. And it was always traditional that they rotated among the two brothers and two sisters. So it was quite a family affair.

It's always interesting to know why you did these things and what the challenges were. I didn't design the original house. And, of course, it is a challenge to try to correct the flaws of somebody else's work. I shouldn't say that but a lot of houses start off very small and grow and grow and grow, just like the Custer house. I think I made three additions to that and I think we've spoken of it before.

449, Rodney Boudwin residence, February, 1957. Rodney had his own ideas about the house; he wanted a two-story brick, and that was all right. But he had a peculiar way he wanted to get upstairs, I remember

the stair system seemed awkward to me. But a contractor gets fixed ideas, and he imposed this upon me! And we worked it out; I mean, it wasn't that bad, but I'd like to have done it differently. The house was just-a-little-bit-better-than-average type of brick house that was being done in those days. Of course, being a contractor—and he was just coming into a name for himself. I think Walker Boudwin was still alive then. But Rodney became more and more of a businessman and more assertive as the years went by.

450, the Erickson building, March, 1957. That's the building now where Paterson's store is, and Spina's shoe repair and Tait's shoe store. I think there was one other little store. Then the rest of it was all Paterson's. The interesting thing about that was that it was the result of a fire, explosion, that burned down—I think it was called the Federal Building, and also the Elks Club across the street— and of course, killed two or three people and injured severely Mrs. Fleming. It was a tragic thing.

But what I had to do was create a mezzanine for Paterson's, and maintain a certain height because this was a fire loss and had to keep within bounds. Also, the basement—I couldn't go any further—but the basement was a cracked up, dismal thing. We had to take out the old floor because of the water pressure from the river, it was cracking it up. So we had to have a basement for the boys' department, and the head room as the major thing. I went to the city engineer and I asked if we could raise the sidewalk and street level six inches. Well, he was delighted—this was Elliott Cann—because he was always looking ahead to the time when the Sierra Street bridge would have to be replaced because of flood waters. Of course, they never replaced the bridge, but I got the whole area elevated six inches to give me more head room.

But still it didn't have enough head room, so the engineer and I devised a system of laminated wood floors. (And Lamberti was the engineer.) He took 2 by 6's and laid them on end, and nailed them together, just one solid block of wood, six inches thick. And that spanned, oh, sixteen to eighteen feet. But the interesting thing about it, when you design a floor that's continuous over series of beams (we used steel beams) it begins to develop a rhythm [gesture, waves] and if you walked across the floor Spina felt it in the next room, the vibration [laughs]. Well that bugged me for several years, but after a while it settled down, it went out, and you didn't feel any vibration any longer. But for a while it was very embarrassing.

We used the same thing on the first floor—the mezzanine floor—and the roof deck. It looked funny to see the workmen, with their twenty-pound sledges, driving thirty-penny nails every six inches into the adjoining 2 by 6.

Then, horror of horrors, according to one of Mrs. Erickson's friends, they told her we were putting a lot of tin on her building. And what she was referring to was a new process (it's used quite commonly now) of porcelain enamel metal, just like you see on the campus around here, lots of it. And we put those up in such a fashion that they'd look like just a lot of sheet metal but extruded at the joints and let the joint be recessed, and then capped with another piece of sheet metal. And a good example of it is the Home Economics building right here on campus. Anyway, it's awfully hard convincing a widow that you're doing the right thing, you know, because they're inclined to think their friends have better knowledge. But I assured her that it wasn't tin, it was good sound—it was metal on top of a wood frame, which had all the fire resistant qualities needed in a downtown building.

The rest of it's as you see it now, just different colored panels.

Anyway, [the shoe store owner] only complained because I had used an orange stripe at the bottom panel of his store, and I guess he didn't like orange. Nobody asked him whether he liked it or not and that's the way it went in! But he was the only other complainer.

Another unique thing I did was take—Courtney Catron had a plant, using cementitious material, somewhat like terrazzo, and putting in marble chips or whatever, and then grind it smooth and polish it. They had nice tabletops and other areas. In fact, I used that idea for the Max C. Fleischmann College of Agriculture and the Sarah Hamilton Fleischmann Home Economics, as signs, backing for the signs. But going back to this brick, I took the hollow brick of Reno Press Brick Company, turned it on end, filled the core with this cementitious material, and then cut them in half. By cutting them in half, why, then you've got a polished surface, you see, and you could use two slices in the place of one. So it set up a pattern a little bit Arabique.

It had a very unusual effect, nothing like it in town. Some people questioned whether that oriental effect was appropriate. Well I didn't care, I thought it was good. And, you know, no one has ever written a graffiti on that building. It's impossible; your pencil would break, or the joints were too close, and so it was never conducive to taking any piece of literature [laughs].

451, Bankers Trust building. Sounds like a good job but I don't recall anything about it. Maybe just preliminaries. It's March, 1957.

And then comes Job 452, Mrs. Willis Caffrey, April, 1957. Probably some addition.

453, Mineral Hill school, May, 1957. I don't remember having built something, so it must have been preliminary.

Job 454, the .Elks Club, May, 1947. That was an interesting job because there were three or four architects as Elks, and I suggested to the committee, particularly Cliff Kumle, that we form a pool of architects and we would make our contributions to the BPOE. Well, at the night of the meeting, I was the only one that showed up, and I said, "I'm sorry I couldn't get more architects here."

"Well, you're here, aren't you? What's the matter with you?"

So I said, "Fine! Why fight it?"

So I designed the Elks Club and I took, with the committee, several trips to visit other Elks clubs for ideas. And that was good because then I found out what not to do. I think we produced a very fine, working building. It was very flexible; the dining room could be opened up to the meeting room. The meeting room could be enlarged by—doubled—by simply opening up a movable partition.

And in all fraternal organizations there's of course, the various stations so there had to be a light focusing on the Exalted Ruler, the Leading Knight—it's been so long I don't—anyway, there were four different people. But to make it for an unusual night, why, then you had an auxiliary light, you see, way back at the end and the same thing for the central lights on the two sides. Also, you'd have a light here for the—it wasn't the lectern, that was on the stage—but, well they'd place the Bible and the Elk's head on this podium. Of course, for double the size, you'd have to have regular lighting positions.

And I wanted to create different atmospheres, so I used two systems of lighting. One was a chandelier system, and the other was recessed ceiling fixtures. Recessed ceiling fixtures got a little tiresome. But we had that controlled on a rheostat, with the chandeliers, gave it the atmosphere you needed for a banquet or a dance.

Of course, we had a stage, and we had a platform that came down from the stage, that rolled underneath the stage. The platform was just to get the three principals on the front: the Scribe, the Exalted Ruler, and the Treasurer. You don't put them up on the stage like they were the king of something-or-other. So it worked out nicely, and this tiered, movable stage also helped in other kinds of productions.

They also had the longest bar in Reno then. We divided that in half so there could be a totally men's bar and then a public bar. And, on occasion, if you wanted to have a public dance, why, then you could open up both bars. But if you wanted to exclude the public from the Elk's bar, why, that was also possible. But we had a passage between the two bars so that one bartender could watch the whole thing because stealing liquor is one of the things you have to watch very carefully in bars. And the Elks Club has lost thousands of dollars by liquor going out the back door. You can go across the front bar too easily.

We only had a billiard room and a card room. The card room was the exclusive club of just a few. I don't think they ever ate lunch—I don't think they ever realized what they were eating, but they got there promptly at twelve o'clock, left promptly at one-thirty, got back to their offices (most of them were judges or attorneys), and they'd get back for their two o'clock appointment, you see. As I say, I think they hardly knew what they were eating because of the intensity of the game, usually panguini, or bridge, and poker, of course. But I was always amused by that special group.

I used, again, concrete block veneered with a very slender brick—I've forgotten what it's called now. But it was one inch thick by sixteen inches long. Oh, I intermingled that with 4 by 12 block, so I got a very interesting pattern that way. And, again, it was fun

working with the brick masons and directing them in how to weave this pattern because it was a casual thing, it wasn't a set thing. But the closest thing around here to that is the Weinstock's principal building, you'll see it. But that was very patterned, inserts in recessed—well, recessed in an out-facing block. So that was one of my innovations.

I put all the air-conditioning equipment in an airconditioning room. I couldn't get some of the condensers within the room because they generate such heat. But I was able to put them over the dining room, which was the single-story portion of the building, and it was hidden from the street. But I put these four or five units within a heating room, and I did this purposely because when a heating plant fails, why, it's always [snaps fingers] like that, your whole building is gone. But seeing so many happen that way, I decided I would have single units for different zones. That was a good thing because, even though it cost a little bit more, when there was a failure it didn't destroy the whole club—It might have been in the billiard room or in the reading room, so that room was closed for that time for repairs.

Later on the Elks Club swimming pool came along, and I think I might as well talk about that. I guess it was about my first swimming pool, other than just a little one for Mrs. McLaughlin years and years before. They had a swimming pool contractor, and most of the design was through him and my efforts. And through trial and error we got the thing operating right. But I designed the pool—it was called an Olympic-size pool, seventy-five yards long—so that it fitted all different kinds of meets. But the secret was to create it shallow enough at one end to be used by the youngsters. We designed a wading pool for the tiny tots and that was safe enough, but we couldn't design the lower end

of this any deeper than three feet. But that tapered off and down into over six feet deep at the far end, but then to the side I rolled the bottom of that down for the diving pool, which was twelve feet deep. The ideal thing, of course, is to have a separate diving pool and a swimming pool, but that's costing more money because you have to have two plants. So circulating the water was the trick under one plant. And there were two diving boards, the one the high diving board, and the low diving board, two lifeguard stations (these were required by law). Then I put a little tile insert along the rim of the pool, just below the gutter line, and used a code system, five-nine-seven. Five-nine-seven was the lodge's chapter number. So it had five dots, blank; nine dots, blank; seven dots, blank. And I don't, think very many people caught that, but I'd like to explain that's what that is. And did those in blue and gold, the colors of the Elks of Reno.

That's about all I can say about the Elks Club. It was a very interesting—oh, yes and, of course, the dressing rooms and the locker rooms and all of that for the men and the women and the boys. And it became a problem, it wasn't too abused. There was some abuse, but not like you get in high schools or grammar schools.

Did you get heat from your fellow architects in the Elks for having taken on that job after—?

Oh, no! They kept their mouths shut! I'd invited them all. Later on, let's see, there's Monk Ferris—. Monk Ferris, you know, went through the chairs. And Russell Mills was an Elk. But somehow these guys were too busy, or just weren't too—they didn't realize that it was something big, you know. It was an interesting job for me.

Later on they built an exercise room or a badminton room back of that. But I never

played badminton so I never knew how that worked.

Job 455, H. B. Jones, July, 1957. (These dates make me think that I did the Elks Club in one month [laughs].) I don't know what Jones—that stands for. Of course, the only Jones that comes to mind is Clarence Jones and it wasn't for him.

Job 456 was the Mineral County courthouse. Well, this didn't get much past the preliminary stage. I had a nice design for it. Mineral County, Hawthorne, was always in hot water; never had enough money. So it ran hot and cold, hot and cold. So it never got off the ground.

457, Valley Finance Company. That must have been just a little store front design for that.

458, A. W. Ray, Zephyr Cove. I did a couple of jobs at Zephyr Cove but I don't recall what that Ray is, so it doesn't matter.

459, Les Ackerman, August, 1957. Ackerman—do you recall any Ackerman? I think I do, but it doesn't conjure any startling work.

460, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Giroux. That doesn't ring a bell.

461, Len Harris, market, October, 1957. I remember that well because Len Harris was mayor and he bought this terrible, junky quonset-hut-type building on Fourth Street on the road to Sparks. There were two quonset huts, sort of linked together and supported by columns down the middle. And he wanted to do something—I thought he was gonna put on a new front and new sides, and all. All he wanted to do was—what color paint to paint this piece of tin? And I said, "Len, you've got the wrong guy, that's all."

[462], Gordon McMillan, residence.

[463], Gordon McMillan utility building. Both in October, 1957, and I have no idea what that is.

464, William Harrah, remodel residence. Well, this is the building that he bought out in the country. Frank Green, an architect, who did quite well in Reno, An fact, we were classmates at USC—he had taken this building after a fire and made it primarily into a one-story building with dormer windows, and this had a very country atmosphere. But Bill Harrah wanted to do more with it. So I enlarged the living room, the dining room, and the kitchen, created a new entry hall, a new stairway, and did some remodeling upstairs in the bedrooms, then added a suite for their bedrooms on the first floor level. When you said good-night to one another, why, Mrs. Harrah went into her bedroom and Bill went into his from the common hallway, and then never the twain should meet, I guess, until morning.

Each had their own grandiose dressing room and bathroom. I remember for Mrs. Harrah, we designed an oval sunken tub. And I'm always so practical, I think, "We built it of tile— who in the hell cleans that?" [Laughs] You know, tile is awfully hard stuff to wash, but I knew it wouldn't be Mrs. Harrah, so somebody had to get down and clean that once in a while! But the bathroom was lavish, with two sinks, and gold faucets, and swans to turn off and on, and, you know, anything that you could find in the catalog, was the latest thing, where you could spend money.

Bill Harrah had more of an inside bathroom, all in wood, and concentrating with the light, but the rest of the room had a sort of a dingy, dark character. But he liked it, he liked dark wood.

But I got in trouble with Bill. He came out inspecting the house and he said, "What is this," and he pecked at it.

And I said, "Well, that is Flexwood." It was a material that was pasted on canvas and was very thin. Well, this was ideal for creating an

atmosphere of wood without having to tear out the plaster.

So he said, "I want real wood; I don't want an imitation."

Well I said, "The reason I've done that, Mr. Harrah, is to save having to tear off the base, and especially redesigning casings around the windows, because you had threequarters of an inch plank all the way around, why, you're in trouble."

He said, "I don't care. You solve it. I want real wood."

Well, this was a real challenge.

He was an interesting fellow to work with, a perfectionist, and—. Came to the garage, he wanted to rebuild that. So he took both his Ferraris and set them side by side, and he swung the doors both out like this [full wide], and so that the doors did not touch when they were fully out at ninety degrees. He said, "Now, I want enough room on the outside and the other side. And how much is that?" Well, we measured it. I guess it was almost forty feet across, and that's how big we had to build the garage for two cars.

The other thing was to get a floor that was easily cleaned 'cause he didn't want to see any grease spots. If there was grease or oil that dripped, why, somebody wiped that up very quickly. I knew it couldn't be tile, and I'd had experience with paint and vinyl tile—or vinyl asbestos— that was a problem with cracks. I was really beside myself. But I found a paint that would withstand oil and would not chip, an epoxy of some kind. So I think that managed to satisfy. I knew if he went in there with tire chains he would [laughs] take it all off. But all in all it was a successful job.

I want to tell you a little incident. As we were going across his field, he pointed out a power line that was crossing the field, and this happened to be Fitzgerald's power feeding—going from the transformer to Fitzgerald's

house, or someplace. And he said, "Get rid of that power line. I don't want Fitzgerald crossing my property."

Well, I called the power company and they said, "We can't move that pole unless he wants to pay for it. There's an easement for it."

He says, "I'm not gonna pay for it!"

[Laughs] Somebody did pay for it, of course. We got the power lines to go alongside the back of his property, then down at right angles, you see, to get to the adjoining property. That's the way these people are. They wouldn't give the time of day to one another.

But one day I was walking through the field with him and I pulled out a cigarette and tapped it, and he said, "Why do you smoke?"

I said, "I'd love to quit but I don't know how."

He says, "I'll give you a book."

Well, he did. He gave me a little pamphlet about three-eighths of an inch thick and pocket-sized, "How to Stop Smoking." Well, of course, I read it and thought, "This is good stuff." But I really didn't stop smoking then. I tried. But it was only when, two years later, I was on a trip, was sick from driving this distance. This was during the time of the Seattle World's Fair, 1962, I believe. It was in October, I was doing the—from 1957, you see, this is five years later. But I still had the little book. The fact was, I came home that Saturday morning, worn out, and went to bed. I stayed in bed Sunday. And I didn't realize that for two days I didn't have a cigarette. Monday morning I said, "Well now's my chance."

So I remembered Bill, and I said to myself, "If Bill Harrah can do it, I can do it 'cause he's no better than I am." That's how I got the strength to do it. He had told me that he had stopped smoking and stopped drinking because he found that it was interfering with his business and his brain, and he wasn't gonna be outdone by this kind of a bad habit.

This is why I admired him, again. A lot of people thought he was a nut because of his marriages, but his wives didn't bother me. I admired him for his youthful appearance, he kept himself slim and trim. He didn't have too much to say; if you got in a conversation with him, why, it was all business, never exchanging jokes or anything.

Scherry Harrah was a very sweet person and I got along fine with her. It was only Bill—at the end of the job, when Rodney Boudwin, the contractor, and he quarreled over the cost. Boudwin had estimated the cost of the house at \$110,000. When we were through, the total bills were \$137,000. Well, that didn't bother me too much, he had added all these things, you know. But he said, "I thought you said the cost of my house was gonna be \$110,000."

Well I said, "The original one was, it was an estimate. But look at the things that have been added."

Well, he had all these bills that Boudwin gave him and he said, "Who ordered this?"

I said, "You did, Mr. Harrah."

"Who ordered this?"

I said, "Scherry."

"Who ordered this?"

Well, I said, "I had to order to accommodate something-or-other." And he had his henchman, I've forgotten his name, put a cross by that item.

Well, it amounted to several thousand dollars, you see. And Boudwin was gonna go to court with Harrah because he was not gonna pay Boudwin. And I had a heck of a time. I said, "Look, Bill. Actually, you're the owner, you wanted these things. We had to do it. We didn't add them in there just because we thought it was fun."

So that was the only touchy place in the whole dealing.

465, Nevada State Prison. Of course, added to the original prison. I think that was

Job 71, back in 1940. So this was an addition on top of the old sandstone block, twostory prison, and we had to add a lot of things needed. For instance, a women's cell, a place for a hospital area, a gas chamber, death row, and several other gruesome things like that. But it was all unrelated stuff stuck on top of the original building. Well, of course, you couldn't take the concrete roof off, so you had to cut a stairway through and then build a new floor level on top the slightly sloping concrete roof. And then to keep the weight down, I used stucco and steel -frame, and it was one awful-looking pile of junk on top of there! There was nothing I could do about it. Still, to this day, I don't like the appearance of it.

[I was wondering what kind of research you had to do now, more than fifteen years having gone by and changes in prison construction, changes in the approach to the gas chamber—there'd been a gas chamber there before, now you have a new one].

Well, yes the gas chamber before was a crude affair, but all I had to do was find a manufacturer of a gas-tight door. The design of a chair, where you strapped the prisoner in and then let the cyanide pellets drop into this acid, which—whoom!—took the man just like—in an instant. There were two chairs. They were awkward looking things, massive, and with straps on the forearm, one at the wrist and one at the elbow, so that if the man jerked, he couldn't jerk himself out. Most of that was a reaction because I don't think that a man, when he takes that cyanide, is feeling any pain. He's gone too quickly. But it's a natural reflex.

And, of course, you have to build windows in, and have a two series windows, one that surrounded the two chairs, the chamber, and then another about two feet away, and this was the forerunner of the thermopane glass. But in case anybody broke anything, the other piece

of glass would keep that gas from escaping. The whole thing is gruesome. But I think they used it for several years until the state law was—well, the national law—was changed. Now, I don't know what they use, but it's the same principle.

I did go to Folsom and the prison in Sacramento, I believe, to study their gas chamber because they copied from Nevada. The first gas chamber in the whole nation was in Nevada, and then next was California. But California improved on Nevada's crudeness, then I was supposed to borrow and improve upon California's. Right now, if we were to do it, why, there'd be an awful lot of research, much more than I did. I had my nerve in doing a lot of things. You had no background. And we didn't have the checking that we have now for state Public Works jobs. Nobody checked me.

I recall on the first prison cell block, Job Number 71, I designed a guard's tower at the end of the cell block. There were two of them and they projected out over the roof so the guard could look down and shoot right straight down, as well as out, in case there was a break anyplace. And the original guard's tower, the windows were vertical. I said, "Well, how does a man shoot down?"

"Simple," they'd say, "break the window and shoot."

"Well," I thought, "that's sort of a waste." So I designed this window where it was an awning-type; you pushed a bar with a counterweight on it, and instantly you could throw the sash open and shoot without going through the glass. And it's a weird-looking thing. I think that's the only time it was ever used in any design. But I think it worked. I don't think there was that many breaks in that cell block because the prisoners realized that, where are they gonna go? This is inside the yard, now there's still a wall or a fence some

distance away they'd climb, so they didn't try too much to break out within the cell block itself.

Straightening out the dates of when I did the different Prison jobs may come at a later time. But let me just review the order in which I did the prisons. There were additions, of course.

But the first was started in 1940, preliminaries, just before the outbreak of World War II. I got the plans all designed and then everything was curtailed and I put them on the shelf. And I was paid my fee up to that point. And they said, "Well, it's a nice thing to come back to after the War."

And I said, "I agree." So I put that money in the bank.

Then after things began to take shape again, the cell block was added. And I think in the contract was the renovation of the second floor level, which housed the kitchen, or, two kitchens and two dining rooms, the cell block, which was four stories, and the two guards' towers, and I believe I spoke of those.

Well, to accomplish the cell block addition, we had to go through the original cell block that was designed by Fred DeLongchamps, built by Walker Boudwin, under Governor Boyle's administration in 1921, I believe. So now the problem was to get—well, let me dispose of the cell block, because there were several requirements. A cell system on one floor, possibly two floors, of single cells, I believe; that's right, single cells. Overcrowding was the problem when you put two men in a cell. There's bound to be Quarrelling or abuses that seem to flourish in prisons. So they were single-man cells on the two floors, then the third floor were four-men cells. These are larger and they're for men who are normally structured. What I'm trying to say is that there's no real problems in sexual abuses or—I'm trying to find a better word for it,

but—. Then the fourth floor was a dormitory in which sixty or more prisoners could be kept in, like cooks, and so on, and they had more freedom.

The system is always the same. You had a guard's patrol corridor right next to the windows. That was about five feet wide. There was a system of bars that separated that corridor from the inner corridor, where the prisoners had to go into, and from there they went into their cells. The system was controlled by gates at the end of the cell block from where you entered. The trick, in this case, was to get the prisoners past the old cell block into the new cell block and not have any contact, of course, with the prisoners in the first cell block. It was almost like switching railroad cars in a switch yard, with a system of gates that you had to maneuver to get the prisoners from cell block "A" to cell block "B." You let the prisoner march in the outer line, and no guard was in that line, but then he controlled a gate at "B" section and switched him back into his line where his cell would be. Then, of course, the guards could patrol the outer line—the outer line next to the window system. It worked well. And, as I say, you never had anyone escape from that cell block.

There were always companies that helped you design these prisons in the locking systems, because they furnish toolproof locks and steel-resisting steel. You couldn't file through these bars the way they were constructed, like a cable of a bridge; it's strung with inner threads of hardened steel encased in a softer steel that annealed around the core of rods that they couldn't touch with a file.

There were no other special problems, except I remember we got up on the fourth floor—in one section they had the squat-type toilets (this is the European system). They were more sanitary and, of course, much more foolproof. One thing that got by me

at the end was the toilets themselves. They were supposed to be a porcelain enamel, and when they came they were a steel with enamel coating. Well, the plumber had discovered it, and fortunately before they were installed, I said, "Well, of course, we won't accept them." We sent them back to the company and said, "Furnish us the right kind of material."

So the job was delayed, oh, a good month waiting for this. When they came again I was confident that everything was all right. By golly, we found they were sprayed. After they'd been in water for a month this coating began to peel off. Now they were embedded in concrete. And I was sick, I didn't know how to handle this, except I told the Planning Board, the director then was George Bissell, I said, "This company has got us again." I said, "It's got to be hard on the contractor, the general contractor" (forgotten who he was).

By golly, Bissell turned around and said, "Well, let's accept them." And he turned to the members of the Board, touring, and he said, "Don't you think it's all right, Hank?" ([Henry] Hank Isbell)

Hank and George Bissell were buddies. You know why? They were both self-made men and were proud of it. They didn't like the so-called educated man. I remember hearing them (just getting into gossip) at a banquet. They had just come from a Board of Regents meeting, I sat between them, and one—I guess it was George—leaned across me and he said, "Well, we sure took them today, didn't we Hank?" referring to the Board of Regents.

And I thought, "What a sorry statement to make." But that's just a reflection on Bissell, because I detested him; he was not trustworthy, and insincere, all for himself. Thank goodness they got rid of him.

Tell me how you felt about designing these prisons, the cell blocks, and so forth.

This was a fact of life. To illustrate, way back in my early career, when I was doing this before the War—I had a young draftsman and he was just so slow, and I would come back from Carson after being there all day measuring up the old cell block, and finding no progress. This man, we called him Connie for short—Konvinski, something like that, a Russian name. I said, "What's the matter, Connie? You're not producing."

He said, "I came from Russia to escape persecution. Now I come to this country, the land of the free, and I find you people locking up people."

Well I said, "Don't you understand? There are good people and bad people in all nationalities, in all countries."

But I gave him a little hospital job I was doing here at the University, a little addition to the one-story building; it's now since gone. And he brightened up and took that job and had no problem because he was relating to it, he was doing good to people.

But getting back to my problem, if there was any, yes, I tried to help the prisoners, to improve their life. But I wasn't empathizing with them or to feel sorry for them, because I disliked a raper or a murderer.. I was amused by the forger and the embezzler, and his stupidity. Because I remember Mr. Sheehy showing me pictures of a certain man who had been in and out of prison all of his life, and these pictures of when he was a young man, and when he was middleaged, and over the prime—still back in prison, but doing the same old thing!

Well, it showed me that the prison is probably not the place that you're gonna correct these things. But I wasn't a philosopher about it. As I probably illustrated before, when I was supervising the cutting of the stone for this first prison, this first cell block, this big burly fellow said, "Well, what do you think,

Mr. Parsons?" He was addressing me very formally.

I said, "You've done a beautiful job." Here they were, all cutting stone, just like cutting stone for the Sistine Chapel, or something (some fine church, you see), each one true and square. And they'd put the square on just as a mason does, on the four sides, and the three sides, and I said, "Beautiful, beautiful!"

He says, "Well, they're good, but they're not half as good as we used to do at Folsom."

Well, that told me a whole story about this fellow. Some people just enjoyed being in that life, being supported. It was easier; they got their three squares, and at that time the extra pay was extra sugar in their coffee. This was how tight things were. And so to induce a man to go out and get extra money and a chance to get a little extra sugar, why you'll work in the prison yard.

I remember Walker Boudwin telling me the story about a man of a similar nature, big, burly fellow, and he had another little fellow that was sort of his helper. And this man would say, "Now, Honey, be careful! Don't lift that! Don't strain yourself now, Honey, let me take care of that!" Well, this was his buddy, or wife, or whatever you might call it

There were problems, see, way back then. I didn't encounter any. But then there was the "bullpen" at that time. (They got rid of that a few years later.) But the bullpen was off-limits to guards but it was within the cell compound, and it was just a run-down stone building that had been used for storage. And it was given to the prisoners for their gambling joint. I never even went in that, I had sense enough to—one of the guards told me, "Don't go near it. It's off-limits to you." Because I could get my head bashed in, you know.

The decision to remove the bullpen hadn't been made then, but it was to be built around because they needed the space as they were developing the yard.

Getting into, then, the design of the two dining room systems, the one was called the "short line," for the forgertype, the embezzler, the robber (I can't use the terms that an attorney or a judge might use), then the "long line" or "hard line" was for the hardened criminal that never would straighten out. And they had to have special guards for them. You didn't just patrol the outside cage, you stationed a guard within a cell, a cage, with another cage about three feet away from it, so that the prisoner could not get directly to the guard; that was how they had to protect the guards. And he was up on a platform; we had to design a little step so that he could see above the tops of the tables. A prisoner could pass things along, you know, underneath the table, and the guard could detect him.

So with the kitchen you didn't have—the two kitchens didn't have any connection with them. If you had boiled potatoes for the night, why, you boil your potatoes for the short line and you boil your potatoes for the hard line.

The cooks who worked in there were different in temperamerit. I remember, years ago, visiting the warden's house for dinner when Emmet Boyle was governor. And this was before I was out of high school. But he sat down to a formal dinner served by a Chinese or Japanese houseboy, properly—there was linen, you see, on the tables, and the silverware was proper (there was no question of that silver being used as a weapon in the warden's house, so these were the trusties).

Okay, you had all kinds of people in prison, and you had it in every state prison. Separation is the key. And the other thing is, what do you do to try to help? In some cases you can't help, they're just beyond help, they don't want to be helped. I think we've learned that in our recent history of hijackers; we're not gonna get rid of hijackers, no matter what precautions we take. [We can] set all kinds of laws.

Well, the same philosophy of building a fence around a prison. You have an inner fence and an outer fence. In this case, the Nevada State Prison, it was built in a sort of a depression, where they quarried the rock, so that you had a twenty-foot high rock wall that was impossible to scale. You simply put a fence up around that, and the guard patrolled that fence and he could look down into the yard. But, of course, they ran out of stone after a while. They couldn't quarry the stone, and it was impractical because it cost too much money. And the prison I designed in between 1940 and 1947 was the last one ever to use stone. In fact, to get enough stone to finish it they had to tear down an old stone fence that was across the road.

I don't think I was ever thrilled by doing a prison. But I thought of it as a job. See, you relate, somehow, to your work. Churches—I've designed a number of churches, and I've always enjoyed them. No money in it—[laughs] churches are as poor as church mice, as they say, but you're dealing with nice people. And it's especially nice to be able to design a church for different denominations because you've got—. I'm an Episcopalian, you understand the ritual of Episcopalian, then you go to a Methodist and you see some of the things done as the Episcopal church did, but somehow you think they had more fun. And then Catholics, I don't think they have any fun at all; they just toed the mark, you see, until recently when the Pope has changed things around. And the Catholics are very upset now with having to give up certain things that they thought was doctrine.

I did one Catholic church and that was only because there was no other Catholic architect at the time, until Cazazza came along and then he said, "Move over Ed," in so many words.

Well, I think that's enough for prisons. Except, I might as well add that in O'Callaghan's administration, Bill Hancock asked me to study the value of keeping the old original prison or simply abandoning it, and what was the relative value. So I hired a prison expert. He was a retired warden. The problem I had was the warden at that time, he was an expert himself, so I recognized the jealousy of the present warden making recommendations, and the one that I hired as an expert making recommendations. Well, that was the very thing that, of course, the administration wanted.

But O'Callaghan was bent on tearing the whole thing, old dirty system, down. He didn't want any—he didn't think it was necessary to try to add to it.

But this consultant from Seattle, that I brought into the picture, he and I saw alike in many things because not only was there the prison, but there was the machine shop, there was the license plate factory, there were so many other good things about the prison—the little chapel, the areas that could be turned into craft shops and craft areas. This is what I liked about being able to help—. I had a draftsman over in prison and he wanted to know what books he could read to study architecture. Well, boy, I went out to find and recommend to the warden what books to buy, and I gave him some. You do get satisfaction, where you're helping people, in that respect. So I did relate to this report and put an awful lot of time in on it. My total fee I quoted on that job was \$24,000. He said, "At what point can you give us a preliminary report?"

"Well, let's say \$12,000." So at that point I'd gotten enough material whereby, after measuring up all the buildings, and getting all the plans together, and making preliminaries in which we could make these adjustments, knowing that they were gonna build a

new prison, here was still the possibility of using this as a hard line prison because I'd recognized you're never gonna help some people. If they wanted to build a new prison down in Las Vegas for political reasons, or further out an Carson, that was fine. Just build it with all the refinements that the sociologists demanded. But I was never gonna be tricked into thinking that every person would turn out to be a beautiful person; they're just not made that way.

So the study was cut off at that point. And I was disappointed because I wanted to be able to show to Governor O'Callaghan how it could be done. We had crude sketches, but they were not for publication. All it needed was just a little more money spent on the drafting. And so was my consultant, he was disappointed. But this is the way with politics. So that ended my career, you might say, with prison design.

Except, oh, I'll touch on the addition, and that came years later. And that was sort of a catch-all; it was to be a hospital, the women's quarters, and a new gas chamber, and the "death row." Instead of having just one or two cells delegated as death row we had to have eight or nine-or ten cells. Stack 'em up like cord wood. That was depressing, because they sit there for year after year waiting for something to happen. As a piece of architecture it was a disappointment. I made this drawing, hoping that it would help in some way. But it was, I think, more for politics than anything else.

The reason I asked that question was that you did seem to get so involved with the home designs and the other things. I just wondered if you got into that in the same kind of emotional way.

Well, I guess in any design, primarily, an architect is creative. So you can be

creative in prison design, too. The trick of admitting a prisoner or allowing visitors, instead of being inhumane by putting two rows of bars in front of your wife or your child and you sitting three feet away from 'em, and a guard watching all the time to see that you didn't pass a fruitcake through [laughs] with a couple of knives cooked into it, or anything else, you simply built this screen of see-through, bulletproof glass, and passing an object through was simply given to the guard and he could eventually give it to the person. And, of course, you had the speaking microphone, at a low enough key, and the two people are separated by a screen so that your voices wouldn't travel back and forth to the next couple trying to communicate. I think we had three or four of those cells.

That was the first thing you did after you got into the reception area, you went to the visitor's room. Then you had to bypass that, went around the armory, which was kept for all the riot guns. To the left of that was the warden's office, the deputy warden, and other minor officers down the line. The next thing was to take the prisoner, not through the prison, but around to be classified. And there he was issued his uniform, was given his classification, and stayed overnight in this type of cell that was guarded, until they decided which block they were going to put him into, you see.

But to tie it in with the old system, which simply went around the armory, and the guards there had control of the guns. Every prisoner knew where those guns were kept but they never could get to them. I think they plotted many times on how they could get to the rack of guns that were there in clear sight. I think that was done purposely because if you've got a riot, you blow the whistle or sound the alarm in such a way, the guards

come in one way, get the guns, and you've quelled your riot right there.

Then they went directly from that into the yard. I think it was a splendid system. It was much different than they have in other states because of our climate. It allowed the man to be taken under guard through the yard, in the open, then over to the cell block, or where he was going. Or if he was going to be taken to the hospital, they could take him up the stairs, outside stairs.

The system also was that as a man was called for breakfast, he would go from his cell block, after getting dressed, and at the sound of the bell, all march into the dining room, have breakfast, then outdoors to the yard, even in wintertime. It seemed cruel but it was the best health thing. You hardly ever let a man get back into his cell, only in the case of being locked up in such cases as the underground isolation cell. Have you ever seen one of those? They're put down in this dungeon for punishment. They pass the food through a slit underneath the door, and the same way you took out the waste of the prisoner. It came under the door through a slot. I guess that's the only place that I just— that I didn't want any more to do with because—. It was being given up as inhumane.

Of course, I'm weaving things that have happened over the past twenty, thirty years in prison design. Other architects might talk about how they've designed prisons in the present tense. But I was coming out of the archaic, trying to get some daylight and sunshine into this old system. And it was a transitional system.

I even had a project in the University of Pennsylvania to design a prison. Of course, what you did there was just use reference books in the library, of prisons that had been built in the past. And they were all a dismal sameness. Big cell blocks and radiating—.

Quite often, modern prisons were built from like the hub of a wheel with the cells as spokes, so that here's the central core and the guard could look right down 360 degrees for each cell block. Well, what good is that? He couldn't patrol; he had to still walk up and down the—. So it got to be a complicated jumble right at the hub and I think this made for congestion and danger points because that's where you could—if you got to that point in a riot then you controlled the whole system. If you were in different points, parallel cell blocks off a corridor, then you could close one down if you had a riot.

I might say that my first assignment was to find out what was in the existing building. There were no plans kept. The cell block was there, I could find that. But remember the first prison was from the old Hot Springs Hotel, and they did heat the building with the hot water that came from this. So they simply excavated through this rock, made a tunnel, piped some hot water, and had a nice comfortable hotel. Then they used this system as they made it into a prison. So everything was beginning to rot and disintegrate by the time I got into that. But I had to know what was there.

I had a draftsman who was picked up and sent to prison because he was implicated in a rape charge. It was unfair and too bad. This young girl pinned it on him. He thought he was doing the honorable thing by taking the rap, so to speak, instead of letting the judge appoint an attorney, and he could have gotten off. So when I learned about it, Dick Sheehy said, "I've got Jim in there" (and it won't be necessary to mention his name). And I was shocked!

He says, "Is there something you can have him do?"

And I said, "By all means! And I can pay him for it." I paid him a hundred dollars a

month to trace all the piping in this tunnel and find out where it went. That's the first time anybody knew where the pipes were starting from or where they were going. Of course, they all started from the boiler room, but there were so many leaks in the whole system. And it's odd that somebody didn't get in there in those tunnels and hide out, but I don't think anybody—anybody who knew it, knew that it would be just slow death to get trapped in one of those holes anyway. All you had to do was have a gun and threaten to shoot the guy that came out the tunnel.

But Jim did a good service there. And later when the parole board met I went to his defense and said, "I need this man. I can put him to work right now." So that got him out of there, and he was very loyal for three or four years. Then he went to work for another architect, then a few years later I learned that he committed suicide. This thing so preyed on him. He married the girl that was loyal to him, even though she knew the charges pinned on him. And it was sort of tragic. I used to go skiing with him; he was a good skier.

So the prison system is not the solution to correction. If somebody had said, "Look, you're not gonna go to prison, I'm gonna get you off."

But when you ask a man, "Can I help you?"

And he says, "No, I don't want to bring embarrassment to my family." But he did bring embarrassment to his family. He created a newsworthy article out of it, you see.

I'm trying to recall anything else about prison life. Except—oh, when we added the women's quarters we didn't dare put the windows exposed on the interior courtyard because that was just a temptation for the women to pass notes, or flutter notes, down to the people in the yard. They did do that on the outside, but that was no thrill because

they were just fluttering notes to people who didn't care.

A woman can be just as vulgar as a man can, in certain circumstances. And there were only a few women—I think we designed ten cells. So now you're putting every kind of conceivable type of woman in—. They had much more freedom; they had their cell, individual cell, but then they opened up into a day room where they could sew or read, or whatever. They were served their meals on trays from the short line kitchen. But they were a dismal lot. Of course, now, I don't know what they do with them.

There was a carpenters shop that was underneath—or, I should say, incorporated into a cave that was on the opposite side of the yard and opposite the tail end of the baseball diamond, just the other side of the gambling casino or den that we spoke of. But this was, as I recall, sort of a natural cave, but there was no place to build a carpenters shop so it just sort of grew in there. And was heated by the natural steam that was nearby, you see, from hot springs. Of course, they couldn't—there was a lot of steam in there, the wood would have been all warped. But it was sort of a pleasant place for the trusties to work, and they did their handicrafts, and other repairs. Oh, I guess, it must have been there for thirty or forty years and finally gave it up with all the rest of the modernization. But I just wanted to mention that. And they did some awfully nice work, making the repairs and furniture, and that sort of thing.

Well, I was proud of that [job] because I had never heard of anybody committing suicide in that prison, nor was there a break from the prison cells themselves. There were breaks from the trusties going over the wall or leaving in a wagon under a pile of garbage, or something of that sort. But I think it's a tribute to the fact that you can design

something and, as grim as the place may be, that it's still home.

As I recall going through there, there weren't too many obscene pictures, pornographic, or that sort of thing. There were a few of the type, the Betty Grable—am I using the right word?—the Petty drawings, I'm trying to say, Petty. (That was a popular artist and cartoonist in that time that drew voluptuous little cuties.) And they pinned these on the wall. But I suppose if *Playboy* had been in vogue then, there would have been some *Playboy* pictures, centerfolds, plastered on the wall. But, all in all, there was a good atmosphere about it, I thought.

Well, let's see, that's 1957. I took all of these Prison jobs together because I don't remember which ones, in what order.

But now we're down to Tom Wilson, 466, Wilson residence. I always try to stop and think what's the address, but it's in the southwest part of Reno, and it had a nice site on a slope and hill that looked southeast, more to the south than the east. But anyway, we were able to turn (as I always try to do), get the view in, you know, and the kitchen on the inside near the front door, so that as you entered the house, why, you came into a nice living area, and then flowed into the dining area and the kitchen. Nothing very spectacular, but it was a nice house. And I liked the Tom Wilsons; they were, and always have been, wonderful people.

Job 467, Mr. and Mrs. Vein Ire, January, 1958. I have no recollection of what that is.

468, Trinity Church. There were a lot of jobs I did for Trinity Church. This, then must have been just a venture into trying to improve the lighting, as well as the heating. But always, as they get the cost estimate, why, it peters out. Because I see another Trinity Church here in 1977, and that could have been a paint job, or trying to get, again, the

air conditioning. We did remodel some of the chapel lighting.

But Trinity Church was always an on-going thing. Never did come to a head. One thing that I was able to do when I was on the vestry was to save them from some disaster proposed by a bunch of nuts from Los Angeles. They wanted to take the church and "modernize" it, you see (with big quotes around the—). Fortunately, it didn't happen. Unfortunately, that sort of thing happened with the Catholic church up in Virginia City, when these so-called monks took it over and just destroyed the beautiful woodwork in it.

Well, anyway, I took a dim view. Maybe it was jealousy, but I don't think so. I think it was just that I knew the difference between conservatism and, you know, what would be a worshipful-type of architecture.

They wanted to rip out the altar, bring it forward, and create a big, white marble cube for the altar. And other things that I don't think most of the people understood or wanted. But you get some people on the committees, you know, they'll go for anything. I take credit in dragging my feet on that one! It never happened.

But ever since Walker Boudwin built the first church from the half completed plans of Mr. Tilton, the architect from Chicago, I've more or less been identified with Trinity Church. And, through Gordon Sampson, who was a bigwig at the time, and he was able to raise funds for Trinity from time to time.

I remember serving on a committee to pick out the pews, a certain design. And choosing colors for the painting, approving gift windows. Mrs. Orvis gave the north window, and the design was made by, let's say, Rouch. And he was the son of the stained-glass-window man from San Francisco in the early part of the church. And he never had quite the capabilities that the father had.

Maybe it was the sign of the times, just like all things become less—with less finesse, details that were lost simply because of two things: the cost, and, then, the lack of real ability.

In designing cut stone, one goes in a Trinity Church and studies the details, particularly in the little chapel. Beautiful little windows, carved in such—I wouldn't say carved because they were cast stone—but, even so, I don't know whether it can be still done, if there's the artisans. I know there are back East because Washington Cathedral is still going on, as a Gothic. But Gothic architecture, *per se*, is lost now.

I'd just like to dispense with Trinity all in one subject because it was just a lot of little jobs. Some of it paid for, and some wasn't.

The last one, though, we did was—well, must be—yes, 1977 was the front steps. The steps had always been a treacherous, poorly executed, set of stairs because [of] the proximity of the street—or the sidewalk—to the church itself. And I think this was because there weren't adequate surveys taken to figure out the ratio of rise and tread—the ratio of the height and the tread, and that's always important in a stair design, especially for exterior. So it was steep and hard to climb. And as they were getting older, why, they realized something had to be done, so I was asked to redesign the front stairway. And I chose a split stair. It came out with a landing level with the door so that the—. The first step was right on the threshold of the exterior, so that, unless a person knew that step, he could lurch forward and jolt himself or fall. So that made one extra riser that I had to contend with to get down to the sidewalk level. So I conceived of a split stairway, coming out on a level platform, and then starting down to a certain level, and then going east and west with the stairs that would eventually hit the sidewalk, keeping in mind pall-bearers for

funerals, so that the stairs had to be wide enough whether you took the east or the west set. But this way I was able to get more stairs in, you see, and confine it within the space between the front of the church and the sidewalk. It worked out very nicely and went very well.

The only trouble we had was, it was a miserable winter. Every time we built the forms, why, it would snow and fill with ice. These poor guys always tried to work in the rottenest kind, of weather.

So I'll go on now to 469, Red Cross remodeling. Well, I was on the Red Cross and we took in a little old residence down on South Virginia Street. Oh, the interesting part was I was on the board and they were looking for a new site. They had \$30,000 from the sale of the old Red Cross building that used to be on Center Street, sort of a little hole-in-the-wall brick building, getting too small. So they sold that for, I think, \$30,000, just a paltry stain, and now asked me to find a new site and build this building. I said, "Ever stop to think about using this building?"

"What, this old thing?"

I said, "Take out a few partitions and you'll have a good building."

So it was a "show me" attitude. I took out some partitions and that made a nice meeting room, a couple of secretaries rooms, a reception room, and a work room. And, by golly, it's still there! It's no handsome building, but I took a—and since I was donating my services anyway [laughs]! Now, my idea was that it could be done, instead of going out and spending money for something and trying to raise a huge sum.

Job 470 was a Dr. Tom Mullis. Right next to him is Dr. Broadbent. And next is Dr. Smernoff. Three of 'em in a row. But doctors are interesting clients, to say the least, because they all have definite ideas. And, of course,

they all have money but they don't want to spend it too.

Dr. Tom Mullis—I had three different projects with him, but each one sort of half-baked. And finally he bought a piece of property on California Avenue. And he had an artistic sense about him because he must have made a lot of money without my knowing it [laughs]! And I read about him later on. [He was accused of income-tax evasion.]

Dr. Broadbent, he was a heck of a nice guy. I built an office building for him on Mill Street. This was interesting because it was, instead of hashing over some old piece of junk, why, it was brand-new. So I was proud of it for that. It wasn't anything spectacular, concrete block. But I used a material—some glass block, which, interestingly, was manufactured by Owens-Corning for special use by architects. They wouldn't sell it to contractors, so this gave it a prestigious kind of use. So I used these as colored units to make the building have a little color besides the painted, gray cement block.

Dr. Noah Smernoff had a residence on North Virginia Street, and we remodeled that into a suite of offices. I think it lasted for about ten years, then it went the way of all flesh, or buildings on North Virginia Street.

473, Sam Ginsburg, May, 1958. This is the one on—it's still in the southwest. This was a cleaner house and corrected some of the things that were a little bit disturbing in the original house, as far as the plan was concerned. The good thing about the Ginsburgs, they were very appreciative people. In fact, the whole Ginsburg family, to me, are wonderful people, Sam and—I didn't know the father too well—but Sam Ginsburg, then Leo Ginsburg, and, of course, Eddie Ginsburg. I don't think I ever did—they were never clients of mine, except for Sam Ginsburg. Nonetheless, I liked them very much.

I can't think of anything distinguishing about the Ginsburg house, except that I used this same sort of technique of thinking in terms of how this house would sell (if it had to be sold), making the kitchen and dining room relate well (keeping it small because there was no fatly), sitting it on the property so it had a nice driveway approach, and so on.

474, our old friend Beemer again. Of course, I say that with love and respect. I've got Beemer [counting in book entries] once, twice, three, four, five, six, seven. Seven projects on his one piece of property, besides two attempts for a drugstore. So there's nine times that Bill Beemer came to me as architect; and over a period of, must be twenty years or so. But every time Bill had an idea, why, he'd come to me. We built the little house, and we put an addition to it, built a garage, extended that shelter to a barn, built a patio, remodeled a kitchen. All in these seven jobs. The last time, just before his retirement, he acquired the weathervane to a house that was demolished after it had been set fire to on Sierra Street, not far from California. It was a big, old three-story, old home, turned into a rooming house. And there were two weathervanes, and he wanted to know if he could put one of those weathervanes on his garage. Well, I never did get around to it. Whether he's done it or not, I don't know. But if he's done it, it's a heck of a big weathervane for that little barn. (I think I spoke of the Beemer residence in the beginning so I won't go any further about that.)

475, James Lathrop. I think this was an addition or refinement to his patio. The first was an addition of a dining room or something. Anyway, both of them are very nice people. If I can't say any more, I can say that.

In 1958, Job 476 was the Orvis School of Nursing. Well then, we've already talked about the jobs before that the University had me—.

The Orvis School of Nursing was an interesting job because it was a challenge. I felt two won out over the planners who were a little bit starry-eyed, looking for an expansion to the campus and said, "Well, we'll go across and buy some property up on Evans Avenue."

I said, "Let's build across the abandoned ditch," what'd they call that—it meandered all around in here (the lower portion of the campus)—the Orr Ditch.

I can't recall who was then appointed dean. But Madge Tillim has been associated with that program ever since it started.

But getting back to the Orvis School of Nursing, the job came to me because of my friendship with the Orvises. And I guess they had to accept me as architect because he was putting up the money! And Mr. Orvis was always a very interesting fellow. He'd put up the first half of the money and now, "Scramble for some more, and then I'll put on the last half." Well, he donated the first half of the hundred thousand from an estimated \$200,000 gift, and I guess, with a lot of faith, they signed a contract to go ahead and build the building. And then Mr. Orvis came up with the next half. In fact, he died just prior to completion. But to me, it was a triumph because—oh, I shouldn't say triumph—but at least it was nice to know that your judgment had been conceded.

I felt that if the Orvis School of Nursing went up into some ethereal place, talking about the med school in the distant future, that it would be isolated from the all rest of the campus, that it should be associated with the school of home economics and the school of agriculture. I felt that it belonged more to that class than some mythical class of doctors that were never funded; it was just a dream.

So in the school of nursing were some other things that were shoved into the building afterwards, such as some pre-med type of operations, also studying children's

behavior. This was also in conjunction with the—in the school of home economics they had a nursery in that and they studied children through these one-way mirrors. Did the same thing, it was the same idea, in the nursing school but it didn't work out too well. I mean, I guess it wasn't properly funded, so it ended up as a studio for TV studies, which eventually went into the med school. So they took this nice nursing room, scattered wires all over the place, and used that as a broadcasting studio, and used the area of the observation, which had soundproof glass—this was great for them to put their equipment in, you know, the TV equipment.

Otherwise, the building stayed pretty much as it was designed. One of the major things were the reception area, and I put that down in a sort of a hole—come in off the campus, step down into the reception, so that I could also enter the floor below at a reasonable level from the grades that were in the hollow that was created by the school of agriculture and the school of home economics—that sort of created a bowl in there.

I was also cautious of the fact that this building was very close to the Life Science wing that I built, that paralleled the Orvis School of Nursing. I've forgotten which came first. But I knew they were both gonna come and there was only seventy-five feet that separated them and I didn't want the feeling of people looking into the nursing. So I created slit windows, in which you could easily put blinds on, you see. I must have been prudish, or something—the idea that these students would be looking across the way, just seventy-five feet away, looking at disrobing people while they practiced their nursing. And probably it is an inept concept! But it made an absolute contrast between the two buildings. I always had fun with creating

contrasts and new thoughts. And it was an energy-saver, but I didn't think of it at that time that way.

Sharing, to the south, both floors, was the auditorium. And it was a nice little auditorium, acoustically wellbalanced, the colors were good. The first floor, I mentioned the reception area, and then the secretarial pool from which radiated—I think there were sixteen private offices, and each one a little professor's nook, you see. They could share the secretaries' pool.

There was a VIP room, which the Orvises contributed to later on—furnishings, and carpeting—and it faced south. I created a little balcony on it because I needed another way of getting out of the building. And, because it was up on this very sloping ground, I created this porch. And this was simply a southerly escape, but it made it a nice little balcony affair, and then met the code requirements.

Another interesting thing, I learned about colors fading. For instance, I wanted to use a blue aluminum, anodized aluminum. Well, in about five years, that blue turned absolutely white, just like ordinary aluminum. So no one has attempted to paint that blue again! It's now faded aluminum.

Oh, the other interesting thing about that building, we were running out of space—therefore, design the building to take a third floor. And I designed it, the steels are stubbed up through the roof, and it's capped so that it doesn't leak. It's a flat roof. But every time I see Madge Tillim, "We're gonna get that third floor some of these days." Well, it's gone on and on and on, and no third floor.

So I always quote that when people say to me, "Design something that we'll be able to put another story on." It's a fallacy. If you can't create the building to do what it's supposed to do originally, it's gonna be a waste of funds later on. I may be wrong, but

if they put a third story on that building, I'll miss my guess.

I'm very proud of that building. It has a nice feeling about it. And everybody that's been in it likes it. One of the tributes to your building is, if it hasn't been all hacked up over the years, it's a good building. If it has to be remodeled and redecorated a hundred times, it's not good.

Oh yes, 477 was Acme Supply Company. Think that was a little warehouse on the tracks. That was in November, 1958.

478 was Louis Dickens. I think he was the manager of the Acme warehouse, so I probably did a residence for him.

470, DeLuxe motel in Carson City, 1959. I'll have to look and see where that whole thing started because—there was a DeLuxe motel in 1956, and then the Suk motel, DeLuxe, 1959. This was probably just some more units put onto this little motel. They were just nice people. Nothing spectacular about that.

480, Breckenridge shopping center, January, 1959. [Karl] Breckenridge was a very fine person. Tragically, his death was a little bit scandalous, but I'm not gonna go into that. And he was a developer in a small sort of way, but he had good ideas. He kept adding to this group of buildings we started, and then he'd come to me on different occasions —yeah, I see one way back, down here [in job book], 1968. I think we can treat it as one job.

It was down on Vassar Street—first we started with a grocery store. This was the anchor building. Then there were some shops strung out from that to the east. And then, later on, came a laundry-mat [1959]. He also had a car wash. Anything that came to him, from his travels around, he would say, "Well, this is what I need in my shopping center," and we'd throw it in. And pretty soon it got

to be almost a hodge-podge because it was like an unmade bed, unplanned!

I did an insurance building in that neighborhood for Karl Breckenridge. Oh yes, 1961. I think it was Hartford Insurance that started there. Nothing very spectacular about it. I did something with the windows that a buyer, later on, didn't appreciate. But I enlarged them or took them out. I think what I was trying to do was to kill the glare from the south, because it was distracting to have the southern sunshine, so we put a porch on to cut the glare.

481, Kappa Alpha Theta, 1959. That was a nice little job. I think it was my first sorority house. Well, anyway, like all sororities or fraternity houses, they start as single-family residences, bought up, you see. And this was on Sierra Street. It was two stories with a basement, just a heating plant, but then it had to grow. And we added a wing and a back, went to the alley as far as we could go. They needed some off-street parking because the city of Reno was just now getting parking conscious. So I stuck the rear bedrooms over the parking indenture, where I could park six or seven cars in off the alley, and the rest of it hung over and made a shelter. It was nice parking, free of snow and rain.

But the interesting part was remodeling the living room and remodeling the dining room, building a new kitchen. And then they had a woman decorator who was—I was a little suspicious of decorators, but I worked very well with this young lady—who chose a wallpaper, sort of a Japanese scenic print, for the credenza in the dining room.

Unfortunately, like in all fraternity houses, the doggone bathroom was over the dining room [laughs]! So you can guess what happened—whatever it is about fraternity people, men or women, they manage to clog up something, whether it's the toilet or the

shower, or what. That's where you get leaks. There's only one way to do it, is build the bathroom as one big bathtub and seal the doors! There's no other way! The SAE house was the same thing.

And that's the only fault. But then, of course, when those things happen they say, "Now look, Mr. Architect, what are you gonna do about it?" Well, you stand there with your foot in your mouth—what can you do about it? You don't know what has really happened until you begin tearing things out and find that this is the simple thing that happened. Oh boy, you live and learn!

But the rest of the house was a paint job. We put the concrete block against the brick building, and then by painting the brick and the block, it tied in quite nicely. And what I did like about the job was the decorator had chosen a very soft gray, and I would never have thought of that, you know, for an exterior. But trimmed with whatever complementary color, blue, or whatever it was. It was very nice.

Job 482 was the Washoe County schools safety measure, 1959, March. The school district came to me and asked that I upgrade all the schools built prior to the code of, say, 1958, something like that, because the high school had been built and that was a well-equipped building. But there were other buildings that were beginning to fall by the wayside as far as their safety was concerned. And this entailed reroofing for fireproofing, opening up doorways, unclogging exits, repairing steps and stairs, just a general maintenance program. And I think there were about ten schools, schools like Orvis Ring, McKinley Park, Mount Rose, Mary S. Doten. They all had one common problem, that their roofs were beginning to fail, so we simply put new roofs on.

The biggest single project—there were two of them— was the old Reno high school

on Fifth Street and the Billinghamurst [junior] high school on Plumas. Their problems were a matter of circulation and creating fire zones or fire exits. Now, of course, the code is so much more strict that, as you know, they 've torn down the—well, both schools [Doten and Billinghamurst] are gone. But some patch-up measures took place in trying to improve the circulation, as well as put in fire systems; that is, smoke detectors. That's about as far as it went, except, as I say, to create zones where doors would automatically close in case of fire.

It wasn't an exciting job. But the one way I handled the high school, because it was such a big, ungainly building, was to simply take photographs and mount the photographs on paper, had those photographed with the notes, you see, "Repair this, do that, and do this," and such. Much better than trying to describe something on the east side, the west side, and so on. So simply labeling made what might have been volumes of specifications a very short specification. And I found that was a trick that is now used in historic preservation. You can buy a camera that (I've forgotten just what it's called), but you take it from the ground and it'll correct the distortion. You've had the experience of taking something and the building looks fat at the base and goes to infinity at the top. This type of camera now puts everything in scale and the horizontal and vertical lines are square with one another. (Well, that's beside the point.)

I guess this lasted for about ten to fifteen years, and then, of course, the code began to overtake these repairs, and little by little they were becoming obsolete.

Job 483, April, 1959, Breckenridge second project. This—I think I described everything, yes, before, the Breckenridge shopping center, and I might reiterate that in that shopping center later came the launderette—. Well, all

together it was the main grocery store, a little restaurant, the launderette, the drugstore, and a little snack bar of some kind. It was sort of a piecemeal operation, it went on for several years. Oh yes, there was a car wash thing, and a gas station. The gas station was for the Standard Oil, I believe, and, of course, they had their stock plans but Karl insisted that they follow his system of architecture, and he went over and got tile roofs, and so on, that resembled shakes. It wasn't much of a piece of architecture.

Job 488, Beemer drugstore. Oh, I believe I mentioned Beemer before as having a lot of projects. This drugstore was a schematic but never built, in Sparks.

489, Moss store. I don't know what that was all about.

490, Mrs. William B. Johnston, September, 1959. There were several jobs for Mrs. Johnston. This is Mrs. Johnston of the Palace Hotel in San Francisco and, of course, she owned the Nixon house, and she was always having me do the darnedest things there. I think the first one (and it was interesting) was to cut an elevator in because her husband—incidentally, he was an artist, but he was beginning to get a little senile. So we found a spot, a servant's passage behind the kitchen and off the main dining room, which led to the second floor—at least, to the second floor. We got the least-expensive type of elevator; Mrs. Johnston was a very frugal person, extremely so.

But the interesting thing was that we had to cut in a doorway from the dining room into this service passage, and disturb the silk wallpaper in the dining room and patch another door in the dining room that went to the kitchen. So, by carefully taking one from another, like skin grafting, they did a beautiful job of patching the new opening—or, patching the old opening (we were using

the wallpaper from the new opening). I was amazed—just like everything else, if you buy something good, it'll last forever. And this silk wallpaper was of excellent quality, you see, so it showed no fading, no wear for the worse. So it was worthwhile.

There were other things that came along there in that house—widening a piece of pavement, and also, she had me repair a balcony on the stone house that she owned (this was down the hill, on California Avenue). Years ago, as a youngster, I had worked on that house, carrying a chimney pot up on my shoulders. And I shudder every time I think of this, going up the equivalent of three or four stories, you know, on ladders and with this clay pot over my head. And I couldn't see down, like a blinder on a falcon, I couldn't see anything, so I guess I wasn't afraid.

But she was a very interesting person and told us much of her life and former years.

Let me ask you about Mrs. Johnston. This is the Newlands daughter, isn't it, the one who lived in the Nixon house?]

Yes. Well, maybe I spoke a little bit too soon there because I don't know too much about it, except that she was a very dominant, strong person, and I guess that's why she married this very weak-sister artist. Her first husband died.

But she was getting on in years at that time when I met her. But I could see that she had a lot of strength of character to take on these challenges. I knew that when she owned the Palace Hotel in San Francisco, they condemned the iron railing that went around the perimeter of the top floor. Generally, these balconies were one story below the top, just as an architectural feature. But since they were rusting and were a hazard, she had to take them off. And it really bothered her, but she did it. No, I wish I could tell you more about her life, personally.

491, Magic Cleaners. I remember that so well. Martha Irvine lived next door to me on Marsh Avenue and she wanted to know what she could do with that building of hers on California—at the foot of California and South Virginia. And it was sort of a monster. Well, we fixed it up and enlarged it.

The interesting thing about Mrs. Irvine, she was a workhorse and her husband was just a drunken sot. It just was too bad because he'd come home staggering drunk, and Mrs. Irvine would be down at that cleaner at seven o'clock in the morning until seven at night, breathing those fumes, then getting dinner for her husband. I thought, "What a person!"

Incidentally, the Magic Cleaners is still there but, of course, it's been sold. And now I've noticed they're remodeling it into a lot of little boutiques. There's a small portion reserved as a cleaners but it's sort of a cash-and-carry thing.

492, the Colony Club, November, 1959. How well I remember that one! The Colony Club was an old—or, there was an old two-story building, frame construction, at the corner of North Virginia and Commercial Row, on the southeast corner. It was torn down and we found that the—I was drawing the plans for the new building at the same time—but found that the basement only went about five feet below grade. These people wanted a basement where they could have their gambling, card games. There were also card games on the second floor but the main floor was just to be slot machines and a wheel, and some other gaming equipment.

Jack Richards and Jim Powers were the names of the two owners, Richards, I think, was sort of a gruff, rough character. Powers was more genteel. I'm only speaking of this now because of what came later.

We got the building built, but in the process we had to, of course, excavate deeper

in the buildings'—this one and the one next to it (an old hotel building)—their foundations were built of just rubble stone, put together with lime cement. And just by the grace of God, it held together. So the code said that if you wanted to go—the normal depth of a basement should be at least seven feet, I believe, from floor to ceiling—that if you couldn't achieve this, and the neighbor's foundation would not permit it, then the neighbor would have to pay for taking care of his work, I'm trying to say. In other words, to reinforce the wall next door.

So I quoted the code and Mervin Gardner was the contractor. He proceeded to go according to code. Francis Smith, Tank Smith, was then mayor. We had done everything that was normal, but I told the building inspector, who was then Lefty Coleman, that we had to get this building propped up. So he put a plaster (slang term for condemning the building), there were so many things electrical, and foundation, fireproofing, and plumbing. So he condemned the building. Well, Tank Smith came back from his convention in Chicago. He immediately reversed the situation and said that the owners of the new building would have to build a reinforcing wall to protect the one next door. The mayor lifted the plaster and the building inspector was stripped of his authority, in that respect. So, it left Mervin Gardner and me with our tongues hangin' out, not knowing what to do, except if we had to have it, we'd have to reinforce the other one.

Fred Clayton was my structural engineer. So he devised a system that [laughs] was hell for stout! He built the neighboring wall of reinforced concrete with a cantilevered footing that went clear the underside of the new basement to Virginia Street, a span of fifty feet. Well, I thought this was a little bit

ridiculous to have to go that far for a retaining wall, but that's the way he designed it. It meant an awful lot of extra concrete. So it was built.

Then it came time to settle up the bills, here was this extra \$2,000 for concrete and extra excavation, that Jim Powers and Richards weren't gonna pay. Mervin Gardner was a hothead and so was Richards, and they began to get into a quarrel in the basement of the just-completed building. And it developed into a fist fight! Well all I could think of was the headlines in the paper, "Parsons caught in a brawl in the basement of this gambling joint." [Laughs]

Well, finally Powers and myself, we were more cool, and separated these fellas from mutilating each other.

Finally, of course, the mayor's edict won out and they had to pay for that extra work. It seems so silly because gamblers now, \$2,000, wouldn't bother them!

One other thing I did, though, of interest was I had to have a men's and women's toilets. We couldn't put 'em in the basement, they couldn't be upstairs, they had to be on the ground floor. So I put it as a passage between two elements of the building. One was the bar and the other one was the gaming casino. I don't know just why the difference, but anyway this was the separation. And I thought, "What a wonderful chance to make something historic," so I thought of etching a sheet of glass, depicting the scene of the old original Union Pacific depot of 1880—out of 1870.

So I drew the picture, it was a cartoon, more or less, and sent the cartoon and photograph to a glassworks in San Francisco. And they did a beautiful job of this etched glass, just as the picture showed, with the Indians in the foreground, and the old three-story depot hotel. But something failed in

my backlighting. I couldn't get that thing to, finally to work.

I had panels that you entered from the toilet rooms in order to change the lights. But the light intensity wasn't enough to counteract the brilliant lights of the streets, so the thing was a wash-out, both in daylight and at night. And finally, in desperation, they simply painted the thing out. It stayed there for about ten years that way, and then finally was remodeled to some other way. There was my work of art, lost!

Job 493, Ross-Burke, 1959. There were several Ross-Burkes, I'll have to look that one up [looking through book]. Okay, here it is, 1959. What I had done for Ross-Burke before were just little things, but this one was to remodel the funeral home, enlarge it, because competition was beginning to cut in on Silas [Ross], and he never liked to spend money if he didn't have to. (I guess it's that way with all of us.)

I drew some pretty elaborate plans for a new chapel, new—well, new everything, embalming room, and what-all. It was quite interesting to learn about funeral parlors, and how you do everything with a beautiful smile and then have to go back in another room and begin to do this grim thing of preparing a body.

One thing I'll have to say for Si Ross was that he was a wonderful person, and to all of his people (although he may have exploited some of them because they were University people). Let them sleep in the third-floor rooms of the mortuary and help him with the embalming, that part of it. Hamer Halloway became one of his partners, I think, later on.

[Silas] Ross loved SAE, he was very dedicated that way. Of course, he loved his University of Nevada, Board of Regents, and so on. But there's no use talking about

something that wasn't done, so it was just a free picture.

494, Saviers building, Mrs. Stampfli, 1960. I think that was just simply a tile entry. My office was in the Stampfli building. Nothing more there, except the Saviers building, Mrs. Stampfli. I think what I did, as I say, was spruce up the entrance with a tile side, and closed off one show window. This was at the request of the city of Reno for fire reasons. But the flattering thing was that some other gambler wanted to copy that pattern, and he went to the tile man in town and he said, "No, that's an exclusive design by Parsons." Well, he didn't have nerve enough to come to me to design him another one, you see. But you liked to be flattered by that kind of shindiggery. (That's the proper word.)

493, Mrs. Creek, 1960. Mrs. Creek was the mother of Ellen Creek, who married Bruce Thompson, and that's how I got to know Mrs. Creek. She was a very sweet, demure little lady. And she had a piece of property; I guess the Thompsons deeded a portion of their ranch to her. And I built this little house, it was in a sort of an oriental, Japanese style—I mean, it was inspired by that. - And I used influences of the railings of a Japanese nature, and a little ridge beam that kicked up on the two ends and projected out beyond the gable ends. Then I used that as a system for ventilating the roof, it was hidden all in that, and so it had an air current that came in from the eaves to the ridge of the roof. A lot of ridges, if you ever get in the attic of a shingled roof building, you can see daylight through them. And this is what gave me the idea—well, if all that daylight is up there, there must be air escaping. And this is a way to ventilate. Instead of putting ventilators up there, have a continual ridge. I've never used that since, but it's always fun to do something different. And she liked her house very much.

496, the Brown school addition. Oh yes, that was—the Brown school was designed originally by Russell Mills and it became necessary, since the district was growing, to put an addition on. So I used my favorite means of lighting the school with north light and clerestory windows. I think there were three classrooms on the first floor, and then, because it sloped down to the yard, we had a partial basement of classrooms. Not much fun doing something on somebody else's work.

497 and 498 were both for Washoe County schools. One was painting and the other was roofing, so I think we just gathered up a bunch of schools and reroofed and repainted. These were, of course, the secondary schools.

499, Ginocchio. I think that was a little residence building. The Italians are very frugal people. He had this piece of property and wanted to build on the back side of it to the alley, so he built a two-car garage and put an apartment over it, a stairway up to it. That was the way it was done. It's no piece of architecture.

Job 500, the Life Science wing, part of the agricultural building. Well, I'm not using their proper term—it was the wing to the Max C. Fleischmann College of Agriculture. This was interesting because recently the Getchell Library had been built and it was, what I thought was just a vulgar display of galloping architecture. Where before architects had been told, "You've got to hold down the budget," this time I said, "Look, I'm gonna spend some money for the architecture, for design. It's gonna cost you \$10,000 more than if I just put bricks up there." So I didn't get a murmur. In other words, I was straightforward and said, "Look, it's about time we did something."

So this wing was to face the Orvis School of Nursing, which I mentioned about the proximity between the two buildings, and their windows, and the see-through portion

of it. But I created this polished-granite and scrap-iron screen, took two diametrically opposed pieces of material to make an architectural front. I thought to myself, "I've been in iron shops and they've got all kinds of scrap metal laying around and they can be made into interesting designs by simply laying one piece across the other, welding them, and that's it. With a little direction, why, you'd have a design or a pattern."

Well then, to complement that, I used a red granite, polished granite. And I could see the two going together, and I had this rhythm of openings. The rest of the school, of the school of agriculture, was horizontal, horizontal window treatment and horizontal brick spandrels between windows. This screen was brought out from that conventional method about three feet, so it hid the real structure. But now, this was vertical, as opposed to the long, horizontal lines. And then, to gain space, I cantilevered it about ten feet out, and then had the sidewalk right under that, and put in a few planting boxes, and that made a pleasing facade.

But the interesting thing was, about a month after the building was completed—the Life Sciences had all kinds of laboratories (I've forgotten what went into it), but one was for biology and had the deep sink with an overflow spout. This was for washing utensils, and whatnot. But one morning I was called, frantically, "Ed, the building's leaking! The plaster's all wet and it's about to fall on the sidewalk!"

And my heart was in my mouth. Now, what could be leaking? Gee, it wasn't that cold, it wasn't frozen. I knew I'd insulated all the pipes.

Got up there, and what had happened, over the weekend some biology students had captured a frog, put the frog in this tank, and ran the water, fresh water, through, and

it would just go down over the spout. But nobody told the frog he shouldn't lay his eggs in that pond! Well, this slimy bunch of eggs went in and clogged up the drain, you see, and nobody caught that until Monday morning. [Laughs] Here, it had just sopped the floor and all the asphalt tile came up in that location, and dripped through, and wet the plaster and let it come down. For a while, they were gonna blame me for this situation!

I think Poolman was the building inspector then. He said, "What are you gonna do about it?"

I said, "I don't know, but unplug that plug [laughs], if that's the worst thing you're gonna do!"

We got it settled. But it was just an amusing incident. I don't think anybody ever put frogs again—

Well, then I said, "Look, be sensible. Put a screen in each overflow, and if they want to plant frogs in that, why, let 'em do it."

An architect always gets the darnedest problems! It's mostly ones that are, you know, they're real bone crunchers. I forget; the tendency is to overlook that bad and remember the good. If it was something funny, I can remember that the rest of my life!

Job 501, Bill Beemer and his horse barn. I believe I gathered up all of Beemer's different projects, didn't I?

502, Washoe County schools administration building, 1960. Let's see if I've got anything on that. Well, it had to be some remodeling or paint up because I don't think I designed an administration building. If I did, it was a trial thing because I see I had done one, two, three buildings for the Washoe County School District before that time. I won't try to talk about something I can't remember. I think I've confused some of these former buildings under the safety measure because I see the job—let me skip

over a couple and I'll come back to them. The Orvis Ring school building was a reroofing and the Washoe County Central (junior) high school was painting and remodeling, which I've already spoken of.

Job 503 was for Mrs. E. C. Powdrell. That was for Carson City—it didn't get off the ground. It was a nice idea for an apartment building for young people. The reason I remember it was young people because we had storage space for skis. It was built off the ground with parking underneath, but I guess it just got too costly.

Job 508 was Robert Stampfli remodeling his store; at that time he sold appliances and washing machines, radios and TV. There wasn't much to it.

509 was the Elks Club swimming pool. I'm a little confused there because I thought I build the swimming pool along with the original building, but evidently not. I did describe it, so I won't go through it again.

And the same with James Lathrop in Job 510, a dining room addition, May, 1961. I believe I described the whole house, but there were two parts to it.

Job 511, the State of Nevada warehouse. This was a concrete building, a tilt-up (the first tilt-up job I had done, which was interesting), which is simply laying a concrete slab on the ground, that is, you build that and render it smooth and level, and then you pour your concrete walls on that with a parting substance so the concrete won't stick to the slab, form around it and in a few days it's cured, of course, after you've laid your reinforcing steel, woven that in, and then you're ready to, as it says, implies, tilt up, push it up with the braces, set it in place, raise the next panel up. And if you have room you can pour all of your slabs at one time, but most of the time you haven't got that room so you get one system of walls up—or

panels up—and then start over again on the other side and tilt those up, always leaving the braces in until everything's tied in. If you don't, you'll find 'em on the floor the next day with a high wind!

Did you like doing that process?

I liked anything. Yes, it was—well, because here the thing was, you're scared to death—if you don't get the job cured properly, and cracks develop, there you are, you're naked as a jay-bird, nothing else to do but—. You can fill the cracks, but you know they're gonna move, with the constant expansion and contraction. So, you'd better be sure that you've got the right concrete mix and the right kind of a contractor, and somebody who knows what he's doing.

And I think my first tilt-up job was the Trinity Church parish house. And that was much more intricate than this. Oh, I wouldn't say I enjoyed it that much, but if you do something well, and thank goodness you got it done, and you go on to the next. I wouldn't want to be a commercial developer in building tilt-ups. I'd be bored to death. Once you've done one, why, you go on to the next.

But that led to my doing a series of buildings for the Highway Department.

512, in June, 1961, was a project for the Washoe County schools. Reroofing Sparks High School and intermediate—I guess that was a [different] school, but next to it. Anyway, it was just an ordinary job of reroofing it with built-up roofing, as we call it.

513 was Mrs. Caffrey, screen porch, July, 1961. Just an added screen porch to her house! There were a lot of cats around; she was quite a cat lover.

514, St. Albin's Church, Yerington—1962.

515, Mrs. Payne, July, 1961, a fallout shelter. This was in the days of the scare

over (what do you call it?) radioactivity and atmospheric problems.

The unique thing about this was in Mrs. Payne's house, that I had done many years earlier, we found a spot that was a supposedly wine cellar for the playroom, back within the bowels of that house. so I, having learned all about how you create the mass to absorb the radioactive material—the main thing was to surround it with earth or concrete, or whatever. So you had to get the mass above you, too; radioactive material will penetrate wood. So, it being in the basement, we had to put concrete block up between the floor joists, you see, and that's quite a trick, supporting it on steel, and so on. The other thing is, you have to ventilate it. Now then, you don't have any electricity because presumably, if the current is off, they've bombed the very devil out of Reno or San Francisco, and there's no more electricity. You have to have a food supply of nonperishable stuff, like crackers and water—but you have to change your water every three months. Then you have to have a way of ventilating the room without bringing in the contamination, so that's usually a pipe that's stuck up about ten feet above the grade line of the outside, about the size of a rain pipe (three inches). And then attach that to a forge-like air circulator, and it pulls the fresh air through the pipe into the house, so you keep cranking the forge.

The interesting thing was that Mrs. Payne, when we provided all the space, she said, "Well now, what about my maid, where will she go?"

I said, "Well, right here."

"But," she said, "she's black, you know."

I said, "It won't matter! When it's dark you won't see any difference!" [Laughs] That ended that discussion!

People can assume such funny things! I remember the time when we had a power

failure in Reno, and everybody was going to the grocery store to buy things, you know. I met poor Ralph Wittenberg coming out of the grocery store with a stack of stuff. And there were paper plates—I think he had a pack a foot thick! He says, “Paper plates! Don’t forget paper plates! You know you can’t use your dishwasher!” I think he was preparing for a siege [laughs] or a boy scout outing!

Well, that was just a bit of humor, I think, for Mrs. Payne.

[Did you do a lot of fallout shelters or a lot of studies on those? That was the time for these.]

Yes. Well, I was associated with Lockard and Cazazza, and we got the contract for doing this all throughout northern Nevada. I think there was an architectural firm in southern Nevada. But I was lack-luster about the whole thing. I just thought, “What a bunch of baloney!” But it was taken very seriously, and it was a job, but the problem— or the assignment—was to find buildings that would qualify. Trinity Church, for instance. By doing certain things you have a—the building was all underground except on one exposure. Well, the hallway formed a screen so that you could have a complete shield form all of that. There were several buildings throughout downtown Reno.

But we went around the whole state. For instance, we found spaces in the courthouse in Fallon and other municipal buildings throughout—Winnemucca, Elko—well, in every city.

And, of course, there were the so-called experts with us and the government people tagging along, and they came along to get publicity for the whole program. We got into Reno late at night, around five o’clock, we were all tired, but they said, “Hey, we gotta go on TV. We’re gonna have a three-minute spot.” What can you do in three minutes?

But this little man with the government started to blabber, because all he had was a canned speech and it all came out like macaroni! And I can recall so vividly the staff of the—we’ll call it KOLO—but anyway, they were laughing and giggling at this performance. All they could do was pan us, the three architects, and these people. We all had something to say, but it was—. That’s what impressed me as just being just another bureaucratic thing. And I don’t know yet what’s happened to all these cans of stuff!

But I guess it had its psychological effect and maybe it told the Russians we were prepared, and give us what you want to give us. I think it was more out of fear than anything else.

516, Karl Breckenridge, insurance building, September, 1961. That was on Vassar Street, I think. Karl was a pretty good client of mine; he kept coming back. He had a lot of odd things, and he was able to negotiate me pretty well, but I loved him for it just the sane. This was just a little one-story concrete building.

517 is East Fork swimming pool, Minden. Oh, yes, well I’d done the Elks Club swimming pool, so I knew a little bit about swimming pools. This was a little simpler—and very—well, it’s like a Volkswagen-type pool compared to a Cadillac pool. It wasn’t very exciting; it filled the bill, though.

518, Empire, Nevada, teachers housing, teachers housing, I don’t know what that means—Empire, Empire—. Oh, that may have something to do with Washoe County schools, I don’t know.

519, Milton Broadbent, December, 1961. Milton Broadbent was the father to Dr. Broadbent, and he asked me to design a house on a piece of property that was on a small lot at the intersection of two streets. we built just

a simple thing, put in a carport rather than a garage; we were getting into carports then.

520, Highway Department, state of Nevada, 1962, January. [Consults papers] The old Highway Department. Well, I wanted to make sure. Well, I'm quite sure now, that this was the complex for the state of Nevada department of highways' shop building and storage building. It was a tilt-up, and it followed the warehouse building I built for the state of Nevada earlier. The department of highways became very interested in this tilt-up construction, and then I got the job because of this—well, not exactly new—but it was new to the department of highways.

This was quite a complex. It was a repair shop, a storage shop, a sign shop, and it took care of all kinds of different equipments from the big snowplows on down to a pickup. And, of course, there was the motor repair and paint shop and everything that goes with the maintenance of trucks and automobiles. So it was quite a challenge, and I enjoyed it, to try to compose this into a unit. And we didn't have—well, I can't remember of any real problems. Maybe it was a challenge because it was as much fun studying things that I didn't know about, you see, as building a prison. You've got to really get in and dig.

I know I use a lot of skylights. And without taking them as being an energy-saver, that's what it was then. It did a beautiful job lighting the building without having to turn on the lights in case it was a nice, sunny day; on a cloudy day, it wasn't all that good. But the lighting problem was unique because we had to keep the lights high, close to the ceiling, for headroom, so you could run your cranes around and not break the light fixtures. So we used high-powered light, incandescent light, it wasn't fluorescent light. You changed your light bulbs—there are ways now, of using a long extension pole, with a little, like

a baseball glove that grabs the light bulb and unscrews it, so you don't have to get off the ground. But in those days, we had to buy a portable-type—oh gosh, what would you call them—extension ladder on wheels, and it was quite a piece of machinery; you had to move that around. You could lower it down somewhat to store it, but usually it was kept over in a corner.

But there was just a few things like grease pits and brake pits, and as I say, it was quite a challenge to have to work all that out.

Do your studies have to go into checking the soil stability and all that sort of thing?

Oh yes, you simply hire a soils-earth engineer. We have lots of them around town now; in those days there was only a couple of them, and it wasn't all that complex. But yes, you did study the compactibility of the soil and the stability, and where it was too mushy, why, you imported soil and then compacted it to a certain degree. Footings for bearing walls were compacted to ninety-five percent. Slabs, where loads were distributed very even, were compacted to eighty-five percent—sidewalks and basement floors. But in this building, we designed a floor slab six inches thick and with lots of steel in it, and I was very happy we didn't have any cracks. We poured the concrete floor in checkered-board fashion, twenty-foot squares—we poured one here [gesture, alternate sections], and then one here, and one here. Each time removing the forms and let that slab cure and then go on to the next one about a week later. And then you, of course, laid expansion material between the joints and also had interconnecting steel, stubbed-out steel so it was interlaced with the next slab. The main thing was to have movement occur in the cracks; nothing's more exasperating to an engineer or an

architect to design all this and then have the crack come right across the middle someplace [laughing]. That often happens, but I like to go around and see that it doesn't happen too often in my buildings.

521, January, 1962, Fred and Ed Black. Again, these two gentlemen were good clients, and this is a Home Savings building. Oh, yes, it was a cute little building, down on the—what's that shopping area? South Virginia Street, it's been added to so much now. It's a little building on the end of a series of the shops, just half a block down from the old Washoe Market. Well, it was a little bank; it was Home Savings. I remember now, this fellow came to me and he was a young man, just looked like he was in his teens and I thought for president of a bank he's a cute little fellow. He says, "I want a bank that's like nothing else, I don't want any of this formality and I want it with a lot of pizzazz!" And he wasn't sure what he wanted. So I designed a lot of pizzazz, and gee, how I hated it. But he thought that was wonderful.

Then later it came, the darn thing was turned into a fish market or some darn thing. And then I added—before that I added the second floor mezzanine floor adjacent, and had another reentrance. So the thing began to get chopped up; I wasn't really very happy with it.

522, Veterans Memorial school, roofing. Well, I was always getting these little jobs with the Washoe County School District.

Why do they hire an architect instead of just calling up the roofing company and saying, "Come and roof our school"?

Because, well, that's a good testimonial for the architect. In other words, the roofing company—there's more problems than just the roof, more things to consider. There may

be a cracked chimney along with it; well, who's gonna hire the mason, and who's gonna analyze whether that chimney has to be taken down or can be rebuilt, or just regROUTED or what? So the architect is there to take care of all those things. You got plumbing vents to take care of—the flashing—who takes care of the flashing? You leave that up to the roofer and he's gonna say, "Well, all my job is just to roof." So it's just a wise thing. The cost of the architect is negligible; when you're talking about a \$30,000 roofing job in those days, why then, two or three hundred dollars, the architect's specification was just good insurance.

Then we could write a new partial specification too. See, roofing companies are partial to their own product, and I was partial, of course, to JM products because I thought their specifications were broader, and there were so many more options than others. Generally it was a builtup roof. I never did like Owens-Corning Fiberglass. It was rather silly but the principles are the same; you lay built-up roofing which is tarred paper, between layers of asphalt. The object is to flood the roof with asphalt, but the paper is to keep the asphalt in a fairly pliable condition over the years. When you peel off a roof that's been there for twenty years, the first piece of paper is just almost dust. Then the first layer of asphalt you come to is pretty brown from disintegration. But as you get down to the bottom layer, the paper is still identifiable as roofing felt; you can feel the fibers in there, same with the asphalt. So, it's designed to take, we call it, either ten, fifteen, or twenty, or twenty-five-year roof, according to the number of plies you lay down. And then, there are several ways of protecting the top of a roof with more asphalt and then gravel or cinders, anything to reflect the sunlight.

Pea gravel is commonly used. It also has a certain kind of ability to add weight to the roof. So, over the years, if you do get any flaking—or, of course, you could have flaking—then the wind catches the flakes and peel it back like leaves on a lawn. There's so many different ways of roofing, but just the old-fashioned way of laying layers upon layers. They're designed—different types of felts, different weights, specifications for asphalt—according to the pitch, or slope in the roof.

And there was a period in which we designed roofs dead flat. Well, that was a disaster, because there's no such thing as a dead flat roof. If it's flat, why then, the roof is sagging by its own weight; this is not failure, but it's just a natural thing. So you have basins of water, and you try to put your roof drains in the middle of that thing, or this thing is going to drain someplace else, and still puddle. Well, the water's sitting there, drying and thawing, and doing everything, especially in the winter—days like this—you get the water there and it's drying out, and then it rains some more. And especially in the summertime, a roof is moist and nice and then this steaming, drying process comes along, and then another rain. So, this is adding to the disintegration.

We tried ponding the roof. This is another way of saying, "Well, if you keep it wet all of the time it's all right," but then your algae builds up on it and you've got a real problem. So, they've given that up.

The best way to take care of a roof is just let it drain, and they've learned now, don't have a roof with less than a quarter of an inch—I'd rather have a half an inch—to the foot, slope. Even now, in these days of insulation as a requirement, a necessity for environmental energy saving, we put more insulation on top of the roof than we used to. So, now if it's

a dead flat roof, you build up the insulation from some zero point, where the drain is, and then let it slope back to the parapet wall or the end wall, whatever. So your insulation will be seven or eight inches thick at one end, and two and a half inches thick in the minimum, where the drain is.

Where did I get off on roofing?

523, Brown school, two classrooms, March, 1962. well, I think I had already added a couple of classrooms to that building, or three, but this was two more. It's almost the same. Why did they need an architect to add two more classrooms when you already had all the specifications, drawings of the first one? But this was a different condition. The soil conditions were different, and so on, so you're starting all over again. There wasn't anything different about that school.

524, Breckenridge, Social Security building, March, 1962. I think that was just an addition to one of his other buildings in the shopping center on Vassar Street, and I think it was called the Social Security building.

525, Elmcrest school addition, March, 1962. Oh, I didn't design the first Elmcrest school. Now I remember that this was another unusual problem. Funny, I always got the unusual things like—. They ran out of room. The first architect had used up all of the choice land. Now the school district wanted an auditorium and some more classrooms, and it went down a sloping area to the corner of the lot. So, then the architect [chuckles] is brought in to do this sticky problem.

I used Jack Means as the engineer for the structural. I had some retaining walls to build, and I always get upset with engineers who design the retaining wall like it was a fortification for the—I want to say the Maginot Line of France; that's what I thought of it, but I guess it was necessary. All these countermeasures to retain the soil, you see,

tipping the whole thing over. It lacked all the graces that I wanted to see in this thing, with these buttresses sticking out that people could trip over, school kids, or women driving, or automobile hit one of these things protruding in the driving portion of the—. Well this is not to criticize, but [laughing] unless you're an engineer, you're at the mercy of the engineer, that's all.

Nothing unusual about it, just a two-story building. Except I do remember the roofing was a problem and somebody sold me on a new idea for venting a roof. And that's one of the problems of taking care of a roof, so it doesn't blister. So, you punch little holes in it to let it breathe. Now you have these little galvanized metal vents about the size of a thimble with a flange on the bottom side. Those are placed on top of the slab before you start pouring the roof. So that lets whatever air or moisture released—lets the moisture that gets trapped in there from condensation, escape. Otherwise, why, you got a roof that's full of bubbles. It apparently worked, but it was a different theme.

526, Breckenridge, Federal Aviation Agency. Well, that was another addition to his shopping center.

527, Elks Club, buildings and terraces and swimming pool, July, 1962. I thought I'd done [laughs] the swimming pool before. Well, then, this here under the Elks, that job is just the Elks Club building and terrace. Well, I think it was just adding to the pool and more terraces and enclosures for the dressing rooms.

[Chuckles] Now we're down to 528, Beemer, residence addition and alterations. [Laughs] I think we counted out that I had done seven, so I'll just skip that.

529, home management residence, University of Nevada, July, 1962. Home management residence. That was interesting

because I had already built the school of home economics in the U-shaped formation and had this nice terrace. It was sort of nice—all sheltered and enclosed—and they never seemed to use it very often, it just was extra space. So when they asked me to consider this home management, the thought was to go and buy a house on Sierra Street, or someplace nearby. The idea was that students taking the home management course would actually live in the house, do their marketing, and make the beds, and do the ordinary things that a housewife would do, only in a more scientific way I guess [laughs].

So I finally convinced them that, here was a space that nobody was using on the terrace portion of the Home Ec building. Why not use that? I mean, enclose it to leave enough space to let light and air into the classrooms, and then we could use part of the very spacious living room of the original Home Economics building as a living room for this new thought. So that is what happened, what they agreed upon. So the rest of it was a lot of fancy rhubarb of building movable partitions. So they'd make a bedroom any size they wanted to. And having a movable kitchen, and "let's make it round," and I would say, "Wait a minute you gals, you're way ahead of me" [laughs].

"Well, we wanted to have something unusual."

I said, "You can't move the range, you can't move the sink; you can move the refrigerator, I can put that on wheels, and we could move other units, but—"

"But we need a round kitchen."

And that kitchen I knew just in itself (the cabinetry alone) would cost \$6,000. So it was built and these movable partitions in which we'd—. To anchor them, they would pump up a little tube at the floor line and the ceiling line, "whish, whish, whish," [gestures squeezing

bulb] with a hand pump or something, and just enough air pressure to make the partition stable against the ceiling and the floor. Same way with the walls. And we designed the windows on a twofoot module so you can put your partition anywhere.

Well, that was fine. The rooms were designed for two students per room, but if you had three, what are you to do? You could move the partition, but where are you gonna put the extra bed? So nothing was really gained by all this stuff. The only good thing about it was, when they stopped playing house, you could take down these partitions and make a nice classroom of it. That's probably [laughs] what happened. If I'm a little bit facetious here, you'll understand, because the women—the teachers—were just young students, only three or four years out of college themselves with all these fancy degrees, you see [laughs].

I enjoy working with women because you can't get around them. Most amazing. And the professors couldn't get around them either. They always win out. (Maybe that should not appear [laughs] in the final thing—I don't know.)

We had a few little problems with leaks around the building when we attached to the original Home Ec building. And this is always a problem, how you keep the roof intersecting with the walls watertight, and interior angles, how you get the water out of there. We had a few problems, but nothing too serious.

530, St. Philip's in the Desert, October, 1962. Sounds like I did something for the Episcopal church; maybe it was an Indian tribe, I don't know.

531, Washoe County schools, Wadsworth. [Laughs] It's just a reroofing job at Wadsworth school. I guess I was all right with all these reroofing jobs [laughs].

532, Hatcher apartments. Hatcher was a pool engineer at first. He helped me with

the Elks Club pool, and again with a pool at Virginia City.

So he came to me for these apartments. I've always had a desire to do apartments and hotels, but never have built it. Only one apartment I did was for Fred Black on Hatch Street. Anyway, this apartment house was, I thought, was going to be very unique, and then it got to a certain point and Mr. Hatcher died. So that ended that.

533, Voss, December, 1962. I can't remember what—I know who Mr. Voss was, he's died in the meantime, but his partner, his insurance company, partner was Louis Capurro. I can't recall what the job was.

534, Episcopal church, and I have Bishop Wright, in 1963. It may have had something to do with Lake Tahoe, but we'll just skip that.

535, Breckenridge, Western Auto. Well again, this was tied in with that shopping center.

536, Munn, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Munn, a residence, 1963. The Munns were very interesting people. Both played the organ and so they had to have two organs in the house. She liked large rooms, which is fine, but to get these two organs so they could play in duet and concert was quite a trick because they had to be far enough spaced so that they weren't drowning each other out. But they played, I guess, in duet fashion just like you play violins. So it was quite interesting to work out the acoustics with it and to place the speakers—. I had, of course, outside help with that, because I don't know anything about an organ.

I did do a job for Mrs. Orvis and the organ is not much bigger than that desk, the console. But then it electronically goes up into the attic, you see, and then you have the grille to let the sound come out of the sounding box. And that's what gives it the resonance, I guess.

So I had little experience with organs. Clyde Munn was a very devoted Masonic member, devoted to Rodney Boudwin; he was Potentate at the time. I didn't know anything much about the Masonic order, but at any rate, I remember seeing his picture on the wall in Clyde Munn's house, and I thought, "Boy, this is deep admiration, to have Rodney Boudwin's picture with his Potentate cap on."

537, Nevada State Hospital, 1963. What is that for? [Consults book] I want to put these in proper order. Yes, there were three hospital jobs. One in 1946, which we've already talked about, I guess. And then again in 1963 (the one we're talking about now), and then finally in 1971.

All right, 1963, almost twenty years apart. That was then remodeling of the original hospital I built in 1946. I don't know whether I spoke of the roofing problem there. Fred Clayton was the engineer and he had this new system of designing a building with half the required steel. So this roof sagged like a blanket, a wet blanket between sticks. The roof never drained properly. The drains were too close to the columns and so there were constant basins.

We had to reroof. We went inside and put in some air conditioning and also repainted by this time, also rebuilt the shower rooms. It's terrible how fast—twenty years seems like a short time, but twenty years can be a long time when bathrooms are abused, and you never get that icky soap and water off the tile walls. It's never been washed; it's wet, but it's never been really scrubbed, and so how do you get off built-up scum?

Oh, I decided the best thing to do was steam it off, and steam pressure. I specified that, and it went—did a pretty good job, but still had the residue of dirt on there —[laughs] at least I knew it was sanitary.

You know, it's not very exciting to work for a prison or institution where the people themselves, as one of the employees said to me, "You know, the only difference between us and the nuts, is we wear the uniforms and they don't." [Laughs] And pretty soon they all look and talk alike, you know. (And again being facetious.)

But then the uses change. This time the male quarters were taken out of there, and they were divided up into categories, psychiatric buildings and so on. But when I did the original building, it was all men were in one building and all women in another. So now, they wanted to revamp that (under different administration) in which some of the areas were made into children's wards, an entirely new concept, you see.

And so the dining rooms had to be reorganized, the kitchen had to be reorganized, and, well, it's just making over in the best way you could with the limited funds. And the state never has enough funds. So we got through it all right.

536 was Gordon Thompson, residence, remodeling. I thought I spoke of that before. I thought tins was the one I had been speaking about. Anyway, it was enlarging their dining room so they could entertain the family in better fashion. But I didn't do the original house.

539, Home Savings addition, Fred Black. This is the— well, some kind of a butterfly roof over the addition, and kind of cute, but it's now been torn down.

Now we've come to 540, Valley Bank, November, 1963. And 1963, we all remember, is that time when President Jack Kennedy was shot. And on several different occasions, I'd been talking with these people, and they had wanted me to do a small—try to go into a building that was too tight, I think I said it was too small. And with that, they said,

“Hear that? It’s just too small, we’ll have to find someplace else.” But after the shooting of Jack Kennedy, they never came back. They went to another fashion after I advised them how not to go into there. And Then they went off and built another building someplace else.

Well, that’s what was interesting about that building and the recollection of the Kennedy assassination, and the unpleasant experience with the banks. It’s, just a bad association.

Job 541 was the Methodist church in Lovelock, December, 1963. I don’t think I completed that; it was more studies than anything else, and I think they let it die on the vine.

Job 542, swimming pool, Virginia City, January, 1964. The board was, I think, three people; they’re all very— Virginia City people are very independent, very opinionated, and strong-willed, and it’s always interesting to get [laughs] three people to agree on anything up there.

But I had a lot of fun with this swimming pool because I think they got a—they had to get a loan to make the Max C. Fleischmann people give them the start. It was a regulation pool, nothing very spectacular about it, but I tried to design the bath house and dressing rooms in a sort of Victorian manner to match the architecture in Virginia City.

And the pool was dug in the flat (I don’t know which flat up there, American Flat is one), of the tailings dumps, of the mines nearby. And boy, my heart went in my mouth when we were excavating and found all this scrap stuff, you see, that was not on solid ground. So we just threw in some more extra steel and compacted the earth around it. This contractor (I think his name was Pagni) was, oh, I think conscientious enough, but it was all right, just devil-may-care. Just fortunately, we never had any trouble with that pool

breaking out and going down into Six Mile Canyon [laughs]!

I remember taking pictures of the steel made in Japan. It was the first time I’d seen that Japanese steel. Now you see by the date, we were still kind of touchy about dealing with Japan, but Japan was now underselling us. And I resented the fact that we were using Japanese steel for reinforcement. As I say, the pool has developed very, very nicely.

543, Gamma Phi Beta sorority house, February, 1964. I had done two houses before for sororities, and this was a brand new house. So it was fun designing a new concept, not have to make over some old residence. And it turned out to be very nice and the people were very cooperative and easy to work with.

What did you do in working with them?

You know, it’s interesting, because, with all your clients, there’s a friend someplace. And this was—what was her name? Oh yes, Inez Johnson, a sister of [E. F.] Bud Loomis; she married Harlan. She was a high school friend.

So I had an in and a rapport there. The other women were not—they were easy to get along with. Later on, I had a little trouble, but I’ve forgotten just what that was all about.

One of the problems of the building was the fact that we got caught in the middle of a tremendous rain storm when the floor sheathing was down. The contractor used interior, five-ply three-quarter-inch material. When I say interior, it was specified exterior grade; there’s a great difference.

But this storm came and it wetted down all laminations and they peeled up just like onion leaves. So the Gamma Phi said, “What are you gonna do?”

And I said, “We’re gonna take it out, that’s for sure.”

The lumber company had to replace it because they had slipped this thing over. That's part of the job of supervising, but you can't always catch that stuff at the right time. Anyway, the rain storm revealed the problem.

Later on, oh, I guess about five years ago, they had a fire, a kitchen fire. That started because of carelessness; they didn't clean the hood, the range hood, you see.

I remember another problem was showers. The showers leaked. Anyway, the wainscoting of the tile shower leaked and this—I had enough experience with gang showers to know that you have to waterproof the floor and the side-wall. Well, here was water coming into the kitchen ceiling and dripping into the fluorescent light fixture, and so it was a basin full of water. Well, I discovered what was going on.

So here was this innocent-looking shower, I'd fill it with water then nothing would happen. Finally, I said, "Let me know what happens when somebody is taking a shower."

And they called me and said, "Hey, it's leaking again! It's leaking again!" I rushed up and they said, "Well, so-and-so just took a shower." The water had splashed from their bodies, from the shoulders, over to the escutcheon on the shower valves, got behind that escutcheon, leaked behind the wall, you see, ran down there, and was just coming right into the kitchen.

The most amazing thing about water. You have to really seal it up to keep it out of just the tiniest crack. Well, of course, [laughing] all those things you get blamed for! The only time I'll ever build another sorority house or fraternity house is when I can do it of iron and spray-craft the whole thing. [Laughs] Something's gonna happen. Usually it's hair clogging a sink, or some darn thing.

Job 544, Mel Hancock apartments, March, 1964. If that's the job I'm thinking of,

it's what he called Mackay House, up here on North Virginia Street.

I said, "Why Mackay?"

"Because I like the name Mackay."

I says, "It's an insult to John Mackay." [Laughs]

I would just take it as a matter of pride, you know. I said, "This is not Mackay," but he insisted on calling it Mackay House. It was an interesting project. He wanted to build it for students. It was on one of those misshaped pieces of property, it always ends up at the last of the grab-bag. Those misshapen things are a challenge sometimes to make something interesting.

So it had a sort of staggered front. I don't want to go into every detail on that because there's so many. If people want to go look at it, and it's still up fifty years from now why, fine. If it were a piece of architecture, I'd go into detail.

545, James Lathrop addition. Well, I think I've spoken of James Lathrop and threw that in at the time.

546, A. J. Caton, Home Savings, April, 1964. Well, this had to be a building of clay products, naturally, brick and hollow tile. So we used a combination of two kinds of brick, what he called a face brick, and another was a tile—I chose the two elements of brick for their texture, and interest and contrast, rather than whether it was meant to be a face brick or not. So he wildly resented the idea that I used a common brick on the front and this Norman or Roman brick, as they call it, on the side.

I said, "I did that for contrast. To me, it's architecture."

Well, he couldn't see it that way. The bank building was not anything that significant, the bank and some stores.

547, Bob Shields. Well, that was a residence. Bob wanted me because he did a

lot of my mechanical and heating work. So, it was an interesting little house, open, and so on.

548, Spiegelman, Carson City store, 1964. Spiegelman was a bagman, he made—he was in the paper bag business. learned something about San Francisco merchants [laughs].

With this experience, he simply wanted a rental unit in Carson City. A store on the first floor—oh, this was a catalog store for Ward's, I think—and then a little adjacent building, or portion of the building on its first floor, was for a little restaurant.

Then on the second floor were office rental units. We had an elevator in it. It's, again, not too much of a piece of architecture. But I had to deal to collect my money, believe me, I was—it was awfully shaky.

549, Peter Kravchonok (I can never pronounce that). Residence, Crystal Bay. He bought this property on the sloping ground. The foundation was still in, a burned-out restaurant—Eugene's, I recall. It was very famous at the time for serving fine foods. And then they opened up down in Reno.

Oh, well, anyway, the project was interesting because they had this sloping lot, and somebody had built a, what they call a funicular trolley or car, that went down from the highway down to the beach, to the rocks at his little beach. And it was a crude affair, but it worked. It saved a lot of energy of climbing up and down.

But he wanted a two-story—actually it was a threestory house, because we dug into the hillside, used some of the foundation, scratched out and into the ashes of the old restaurant, and set some footings and piers.

The house was an upside-down house. You entered the top floor, the living quarters, the kitchen, the dining room, and the living room, and off the entry, this open stairway [gestures spiral] went down to three bedrooms. There

was a bedroom on the top floor, too. There were porches on both levels, cantilevered out; it was dramatic because it was clear of all boulders and trees, and you had this wonderful view of the Lake, but you were high up of f the Lake's surface.

I used the back-end as a storeroom for this old—some of the concrete walls were still in there; I didn't use them to support the new house, but I tried tying it in, the new with the old. And about a year and a half later, Pete Kravchonok called me, he said, "Ed, my house is pulling away!" [Laughs]

I—"Oh, I'll be right up."

Well, it wasn't pulling away, but naturally, two bodies that are independently set, whether they're level or not, will tend to part. And it was silly to tie them together anyway. So I simply poured a concrete wall, one against the other. And what happened, they were tilted out about half an inch at the top, zero at the bottom. It had nothing to do with the structure, but it gave me a start for a while.

You have to, when you explain these things, I guess it's just like explaining a flat tire to a person with a [laughs] new automobile, "Don't worry, it'll pump up again!"

550, gymnasium, state Planning Board [consulting book]; there's got to be more than that, let me see. I guess this must be the gymnasium I built for the Nevada State Prison, the—I want to call it the short line, but—the minimum security.

Another architect had done most of the prison work for that minimum security, but they asked if I wouldn't do the gymnasium for them. So I chose a tilt-up construction with rock, little pebbles impregnated into the wet concrete; you spread this stuff in the forms (I shouldn't say stuff), this pea-gravel-size units, and then pour your concrete into it very carefully because you don't want it to get soupy. And it gives it texture and

color, a nice, reddish, maroon red; it was very pretty. And the secret, of course, is to get every panel to match the adjoining one, so it doesn't have blotches. So it was one of the most successful, cast in place, portions. There's only one area, I recall, so we had pretty good control over it.

The interesting thing was that the gymnasium was built, the same finish and requirements that you would do a nice high school gymnasium. Tile showers, hardwood floor, basketball court. I had skylights that made an abundance of beautiful light, and of course, fluorescent lights for supplemental lighting, but you didn't have to have the lights on for daytime practice.

The engineer was Sharp, Milton Sharp; he did a nice job. But everything, as I say, was finished nicely, and people said, "That's too good for the prisoners." Well, the interesting thing about it was—I saw it a year later—there wasn't a bit of mutilation anyplace. Of course, it was a different class of prisoners than the maximum security. Those "maxi" guys are just animals, but these people were in there for the minor offences. So they were more appreciative.

Job 551 was Churchill County high school addition; oh, Fallon [laughs]. This whole high school had been designed in 1915 by Fred DeLongchamps. It was done in the customary way (in those days) of getting up high of the ground with a partial basement—or a basement, but partially into the ground. Well, you had to do it because of the water table in Fallon.

It was built of brick and stuccoed, the customary classic columns and cornices around it. Very simple, but sturdy-looking. So they'd said, "We'd like to have an addition that resembles that."

I said, "It is impossible. It's impossible with, trying to duplicate, because we don't

have the science, the workmen. The best thing to do is to put something that complements."

So I used a very contemporary style on it. Low, it came down onto the ground. After coming out of the north end of the building, they come down steps, enclosed, then into the central hall. One side was to be the library, the other side were three science rooms.

So both of them turned out very nicely. And the windows were placed high on the science rooms so I could get cases and benches all the way around the perimeter wall. Some slit windows on the ends of each classroom.

Repeated the same architectural style on the library side. That was easy because then I wanted to keep out the strong sunlight and I opened up the north end to full glass for the library, and that gave us a feeling of openness.

When it was all done, it preserved the identity of the original building; that's what I wanted to do. I linked the two with this passage, butted against the old building. It gave dignity to the, as I say, the original building and my building stood out as an independent identity.

That's really a challenge, when the people say they want to do one thing and then you have to convince them to do something that's really more appropriate.

It's not hard to convince people if they've got a mind and they see what you're doing. That's why they hire an architect. And I don't see anything unusual about that. But when people get a contractor to do something, who can't use his imagination, all he knows is what he's done before, then you end up with a piece of junk, set against the building. And it's just like a woman has a smart suit; she can wear accessories with it and make it look like a new dress all the time, can't she? She knows how to do it.

Job 552, Teddlie, residence, July, 1964. I don't know what that is.

553, St. Stephen's Church, July, 1964. Well, that was an interesting project there on Seventh Street, east. They had a nice piece of property overlooking Reno, sort of on a bench. So we started the little church for Episcopal. And like all parishes, they don't have much money to start with. So, its challenge was to do something a very simple way. And we build it right on the ground, using a forced air system through the large ducts that fed under the floor. From there, the foundation, threw up some laminated trusses, which are shaped in the Gothic style, from the ground to the floor, on up the ceiling.

They had an old organ that came out of the one that was on, down there on Center Street. What else did we use on that?

Did you use some of the windows on that?

The windows, yes. That's true, we used the windows.

The most difficult part was getting this old organ in there because I didn't know anything about organs. But you had to provide a pit for the bellows and whatever, and a place for the organist to sit. And each time I would be designing the thing, they were stealing inches from the nave. The chancel was nothing more than just a place for the choir to sit or stand. The priest had just enough room in front of the altar to participate, the choir was over to the side. So it was just a trick of getting the organ, the choir, and the priest in one bay, that's what I was trying to say. [Laughs] But it developed to be a very successful little church.

I put the entrance to the side, and this was a stroke of luck because in a year—let me find it here [consults papers]. Oh, I might as well speak of it now—a year [later] Bishop Wright wanted an office.

So he said, "Can't you stick up an office on the side of the entry?"

And I said, "Yes."

So now it was another challenge to add something that was compatible with the little low entry. Well, it worked out very nicely and added, really, to the architecture. We stepped down a few steps. Then we had to add a parish hall on the rear, and that worked out all right. So the whole thing developed into sort of a cute little community church.

554, Washoe County schools, Gerlach. I think This was a repair job. There were problems with the gymnasium and the roof. And for a while, you see, I was the repairman for Washoe County schools!

555, Orvis School of Nursing. That was a very interesting project, and I think I spoke of the Orvises before.

It's always interesting, they bait the client! "We want a design and have Ed Parsons be the architect, but we want to give you a nursing school."

Orvis had been in the hospital and had been a little cantankerous and bitching about the— [laughs] (don't use that word) complaining about the nurses; all sick men do, of course, so by golly, he was going to build a school for nursing. And the University couldn't do anything about it but accept it.

But the bait was a hundred thousand dollars now, and next year I'll give you another hundred thousand, and make it two thousand. Apparently, that was gonna be enough.

But the University had planned to go further across the hill for a medical school and thought that the nursing should wait until we got a medical school. They wanted to go across and up on—adjacent to Evans Avenue—across the gully.

And I said, "Why?" By this time, the ditch had been abandoned, and I said, "I can build a nursing school in where the ditch is."

It then should relate to the Sarah Hamilton Fleischmann School of Home Economics. Also, that'd be near the library, it'd be nearer to everything else on campus. If you go across the road, you're just isolated with this little \$200,000 building.

So I convinced them and we built the thing on this sloping piece of ground. Again, you enter the top floor to get to the other floors, and the lower floors were not any less important.

And what we did was to put sixteen offices, I think, along the court side, facing this quad I had created (I call it a quad) for the Max C. Fleischmann College of Agriculture. By this time, there were three wings, and I wanted to complete that.

As a matter of fact, I remember now, I had it in mind that what the next building would be, so we could look into the other, the wing, the Life Science wing of the Fleischmann building. So I designed slit windows, so that they could see the nursing end of this thing. And it complemented the two, there was only seventy-five feet between the two buildings.

We built an auditorium, the lecture hall, which had good acoustical qualities, on the ground floor. I needed an exterior exit on the top floor. So as I wrapped it around, and as you come up in front again, and made that into a porch that exited out onto this veranda. So it made an interesting porch for the "VIP" room. (It's simply a nice meeting room. They like to have their teas and whatnot.)

Again, necessity sometimes makes you do things that gives you ideas. "Let's tie it into something." Rather than build a stairway and have it up there, I just wrapped it around.

It's always interesting to go back into the buildings on campus and see how they've been kept up. And Orvis School of Nursing is one that has been well kept. Somehow, they don't mistreat it.

Go back into the college of agriculture and you wouldn't think it was the same building as it started out to be, mainly because it's just big and uninteresting. They let the walls go for three or four years before they get them painted, when they should have been painted three years ago. But Orvis School of Nursing never let it get that far. The women have a way of needling the powers that be.

556, Wagon Train motel, Smith. Well, I don't know what the Wagon Train motel was. Maybe it was just a study.

557, Dr. and Mrs. Arthur E. Orvis. Well, that could be a number of many things, kitchen, addition, greenhouse— no, I guess this was after the greenhouse. Let's see, just for the fun of it. There are one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine Orvis jobs, not counting the Orvis School of Nursing. So I guess I've got a right to be confused. Ten, Mrs. Orvis, 1970. Maybe sometime, I'll just gather these all up and speak of them as one, because it goes back a number of years. Anyway, that was a bedroom addition.

558, Randall Capurro. Next to it is 559, Louis Capurro. Father and son, Louis, of course, the father and Randy the son. Randy acquired the old ranch house out on Longley Lane. I guess Louis had built a house before. But Randy had come to me first and said, "I would like to do something with this old ranch house." His father had moved down—.

And it was the first time that anybody had really appreciated old houses. They wanted to modernize it, fix it up, because they were struck with the simplicity of it. So it was simply cutting in a new stairway, I believe, and insulating the attic rooms and putting in new rooms and bathrooms and so on, and doing something with the kitchen. But just taking this old farmhouse and doing something with it was a nice challenge.

There Louis took this previously built brick house, rather nondescript with a medium slope, pitched roof, his problem was to add a family room. Again, fix up bedrooms. But it wasn't half as much fun as the old house, you see. They were both happy with what they received.

Did you do some historical research on that old house?

No, not really. We didn't destroy any of the original lines on the house or cut into it other than do some of the partition work upstairs. But it was easy to follow a casing, of course, and if there's a need for duplication, well, then, you could do it. But it wasn't all that historic or architecturally startling, except there was this gabled front with a jigsaw-lace eaves bargeboard. It comes down like you would cut out the frills for a valentine and hang it on the eaves of your roof. It was quite common, you see, in the Victorian style. Yes, it's historical as a family house.

560, was the Elks Club terrace room acoustics. Well, I developed the Elks Club, and over the years, the noise was a little bit unacceptable. So I used acoustical panels that hang like pictures on a wall. They were about an inch and a half, or two inches thick, hung out on little clips about an inch from the wall. So the sound is absorbed all around; it's like a sponge, eats up the noise.

They worked out fine. The only trouble was that anytime anybody would decorate the hall, they'd always hang streamers from those and get them cockeyed. Well, in time they would break and fall down. Finally, I went back a few years later and they had taken them all down and the noise was back [laughs]. So I kind of thought, "Oh, well."

The trouble with being an architect for the club, the members get a little jealous and say, "Hey, why do you let Parsons do all of this?" So

somebody else comes in, and undoes certain work.

Job 561, Fred and Ed Black, 1964. I think I know what that was; it was an addition to the rear of a bank building in the shopping center that he built.

I designed a bank building for—I can't think of that client's name; guess it won't come. Sometimes when things don't turn out too well, you blank them out. I think I've done that.

562, James Halley, December, 1964. This was a kitchen remodeling for the 1954 house.

563, Hartford Insurance building, Karl Breckenridge. This was February, 1965. Breckenridge liked to be, sort of, what we'd call a developer now. He had this property in the back of the shopping center. So it was specifically designed for the Hartford people, according to their specifications. Just a one-story building. Nothing very spectacular.

564, Fred Herz. I think that was an enlargement, or expansion of the living room window. I think Mrs. Herz wanted a bow window. That was about all there was to that.

565 was the Elks Club meeting rooms. We added a couple of meeting rooms to the rear of the Elks Club. That wasn't anything very startling.

566, St. Paul's Methodist Church, March, 1965. St. Paul's—that's the one on [Grandview Avenue]. This was interesting because, I think that the social hall had been designed by Graham Erskine. It was a little bit austere, not much imagination into it.

My job was to add the church building itself to the east of the building (social hall), and keep within the property line. It came pretty close to the property line, so I didn't want any windows on that side, except some very high windows. I didn't want the people to be looking in or conversely, church people bothering the residents right next door. So it

presented the property owners next door with a blank wall except for these high windows.

It worked out very nicely because it kept out the strong sun rays from the west. The principal light, besides fluorescent lighting, was behind the altar. I brought in light from the two sides of the sanctuary in line with the altar. So I had a strong band of light on each side, lighting this very slender cross over the altar. It was just so simple that it was—gracious. I didn't have any encumbrances like you sometimes do with the Episcopal or Catholic church, you know; I guess all the falderol in the Methodist was much simpler.

There was a communion rail; I kept that simple. A choir to one side. But the chief thing was the altar. That was the thing that made the church so—what I call charming.

567 was a storage room for the Elks Club. How come these all came together anyway? That was added to the pool's operation shed.

568 was a Brown school addition. Well, that was a building that was designed by Russell Mills, and I think there were three classrooms built to that. It had some other remodeling, and just general enlargement. Again, I used that sloping roof, clerestory idea. I think it was the last school of that type that I did.

569, First Methodist Church, -April, 1965. First Methodist Church. Oh, a hotel was built to the north of the building, right on the property line, and the Methodist church is right on the property line. But there was this indentation in the church plans, so that light would come in. But the problem was that the rector wanted more room for his offices and a Sunday school on the second floor. Essential little rooms.

That's the Arlington Plaza on West Street.

Yes, it was West Street. These people gave them the opportunity to construct from

their property before they got started. So I hastily got the plans together and got bids, and—Allan Galloway was the contractor, I remember.

So it was just a unique way of enclosing—of using the last remnants of property for the Methodist church. As I say, there were two to three classrooms upstairs, and some offices on the ground floor, and that was about it. Later on, I was to do some other work at the First Methodist Church.

That's a very interesting building there; it's been added onto so many different times, its character had changed over the years.

It has. I've got a watercolor painting that I made when I was a student. In the early morning, I was working then for Fred DeLongchamps, and I was just out of school. I got up at five-thirty in the morning and went down with my watercolors and painted the First Methodist Church. And that was before the meeting room had been added. The exterior, steel stairway leading up to the second floor.

It was a very simple church and it got very, very complicated later on. it's amazing how it functions.

Well, I may be a little ahead of time, but it's just as easy to mention now. Later on, when they wanted to remodel the whole church, upgrade it, the heating plant was just on its last legs. The radiator system, the piping system was getting all rotted out. But they needed more room. Well, we changed the sexton from the front of this former recreation room, moved him upstairs, and opened up a view to the south, and put a deck across the southern entrance to comply with fire regulations, and proper exiting. Added or changed a few things, well, a classroom or two. Then did the first and second floor of this addition. It

was done, oh, sometime in the early thirties, I believe. And this sort of tied everything all together.

Oh, I had to then create a ramp in the interior to take care of the handicapped. The last thing they did was to put an organ in, and I did not design the organ, I just acted as a consultant on the placement of the organ, and how to relate—. A lot of people were very upset that this organ was going to dominate the forward part of the sanctuary. But it worked out nicely; I don't think anybody objects to it now.

The main worry, there was a cast plaster behind the altar that depicted children's faces. And I didn't know all the children, but only one. The Clarence Jones family, his little child's cherub-type face was in there, and he was afraid this organ, these pipes, would hide his child's face. So, we carefully arranged the pipes to go up around [gestures].

The pipes were first expressed as a prayerful-type [gestures] of peak. But I suggested the pipes go up around the sides in a hallelujah-type expression, but with both hands raised. Now this cleared up the faces, you see. As it worked out, it was great. It didn't make any difference to the organ people because the pipes were fairly decorative, anyway.

570 was April, 1965 for the Washoe County School District. Just some physical stuff like painting the Sparks junior high school, Billingshurst high school, and Vaughn school, and putting a little storage addition to Vaughn. This is one of those, when you're asked to do it, you do it, that's all.

571, Skyline fire sub-station, in Reno, 1965. Now, this was my fun fire station. I went to the Reno council when I learned that they needed a new fire station, and I said, "I'd like to build you a fire station, but I want to do it in such a way that you'll be proud. This

thought of just a box for a fire engine; I want to open it up, let the public see it. There's just enough kid in me to want to have a little jewel box and put the fire trucks in it."

So, I guess they were captured by this imaginative type of approach. Anyway, after selling the job to the council, I made cost estimates, and said, "Well, it will cost a little bit more than just an ordinary concrete building."

They said, "Well, this is in a substantial neighborhood, so we owe it to them."

They agreed to let me exercise my imagination. So the whole thing was open on three sides, to be able to walk around it, you see. And I put the mundane things to the rear and side, like dormitories and the kitchen and dining area—firemen love to cook, and that's one of the things they pride themselves on, because they have to cook for themselves.

In every fire station I've done, are two ranges, side by side. I don't know why, but maybe that's a form of jealousy. Maybe they've got to cook an apple pie in one and roast a turkey in the other. [Laughs] So you have all these ovens and plenty of hot plates, you see, and spread all over.

Men always like to utilize the whole kitchen, anyway. Two ranges, lots of counter space, refrigerator, and so on, and lots of cupboard space. Cupboards have to have locks, so they could lock up their own food, and not let the other crew—they always rotate their crews every two weeks—poach their food.

Each bed had to have a locker. Instead of having a dormitory, I created partitions, so that an area about eight feet—ten, nine feet wide accommodated two beds, side by side with an end-table between and a window over, and foot lockers at the end. So it created individual cells, but open to the front. It didn't give an enclosed feeling, but for privacy.

Then I proceeded, of course, to just light the fire engines with all kinds of spotlights and whatnot. We had more lights than they ever used. They turned it on like the Boulder Dam [laughs] the first night. It looked like a Christmas tree! Outside lights and inside lights.

I also had a fountain. And fountains just don't work in this country. I had one single jet go up, and about four o'clock in the afternoon, when the wind would come up, why, you would spray the whole courtyard with water [laughs]. So they finally had to turn the fountain down to a trickle. And I had the pools emptying one into the other. Finally, the pump sort of gave up, clogged up with stuff, and there's nothing worse than having something not work, you see. Instead of dribbling in the right place, it dribbled in the wrong places. Then, finally, they had to shut the thing down after a couple of years.

But it was a nice station. It had only—one trouble was, it was such a windy area that one night, just a gale came up and blew out the windows. So we had to go back and reinforce them with muntins. This didn't hurt the design, but it hurt my pride [laughs], to have this happen.

Some nice people identified with it, and they would tell me, "Oh, did you do that fire station? My wife and I walk up there every night or so and say, 'Let's go to our fire station'".

And that's what I love about doing architecture, when you can please the public, especially one client. But make it something that is enjoyed by all.

How about the firemen; do you visit with them?

Oh, yes. The only thing the firemen didn't like was having to wash the windows [laughs]. They would rather be—yet, I heard no one complain about the assignment, because they all liked the atmosphere. So what was a few

windows to wash? Everybody got the chance to wash the windows, anyway. It was a chance to get away from the other stations to get to this one. That made it interesting.

I had a rear platform, patio-type of thing, where you hose the trucks down in summertime and not have to wash them in the station and splatter water all over the windows. so there were compensations all the way around.

572 was Brooks Park, Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, Gardnerville, remodeling, in August, 1965. I can't recall what that is.

573, Thorobred Photo Service, Gardnerville, 1965. Here's an interesting client. They were in the business of building machines that would photograph horse racing at an oblique angle. So, you could tell across the field just where their horses were, on this, sighting obliquely. In other words, you could generally tell where the horses were, relatively, but neck and neck, it was hard to tell. But this kind of camera corrected that angle, and it was especially good for a photo finish. Whether the system is still in use or not, I don't know.

The building was sort of odd architecturally. We had a huge office and entry all of a dark stone, but the shop was nothing but concrete block. The landscaping was fairly well executed. I wouldn't say that was one of my most successful jobs, but it was an interesting job. They were happy with it.

Well, 574, North Lake Tahoe fire station, 1965. I don't know whether the North Lake Tahoe people are the north—I call it Incline Fire Station. Technically, it was the North Lake Tahoe fire station, but it gave it a name across the top, "Incline Fire Station;" it was built at Incline. I think the problem was that hit them at the site of the state line.

It was very risky coming in and out on the highway. It was sort of back off the highway

and they had to really watch themselves coming onto the main highway.

I used this, well, it was sort of a half-timber idea. It kept the building very simple. It was a gable roof, with glue-lam beams, on a concrete block frame. It had to be built on the side of a hill, so there was a lot of fill.

I remember, my engineer and I went up there in an afternoon just to casually inspect the fire station, and here was this man filling, compacting the fill with water, against this fresh concrete wall, and he went into a fit because with the pressure of this water against that green wall, it could've just burst any moment.

So he said, "Barricade that, and turn off the water, and don't let anybody over in the next twenty-four hours, until that water sort of settles down!"

Was that as successful as the Skyline station?

Oh, it was accepted, I don't think it was any—because it blended in with the architecture of the area. It wasn't trying to prove anything, but just to be a part of the community.

The impulse was just the opposite from the other, then?

Well, there was no challenge there. The only thing I can recall that was of any incident was, Kissinger was the fire chief. Anyway, we had it all built, and he had moved in, and I had had trouble with the lighting fixture people. (What's the name of that company?) Anyway, everything was all in, and Chief Kissinger was sitting on his desk one day, and suddenly the lens of this 2 by 4 fluorescent lighting fell out and clipped him right on the nose. And, boy, if it had gone one inch further, just like the incident of the President [Reagan], it would

have whacked him on the head. Hitting him on the nose was bad enough, because he was boiling mad, and I had to get the lighting fixture people to put clips on all the light fixtures to keep these lenses from falling out. Lightolier! And I swore at that I would never specify another Lightolier fixture. They were supposed to be the Cadillac of the line. They thought they were just too good to be criticized.

I never allowed anyone, when they specified—my light engineers— specified Lightolier, and said, "Change those to anything else, but not Lightolier." Because they were so nasty about replacing that fixture.

575, Wittenberg residence, October, 1965. After that is a name in parentheses and the quotes, "Kalwall." Kalwall was a product name for a translucent plastic that could be used in skylights or in walls, to admit the daylight, but gives some insulation similar to glass block. Oh, this was an addition to the, or treatment of their rear porch to their existing house. I was simply enclosing it, and used this material. Otherwise, I wouldn't have remembered what it was.

576, in November, 1965, was sketches for the Ormsby County fire station. I think I got into the working-drawing stage, and it would have been a nice fire station, but they couldn't agree on the cost. So, I think it ended there.

577, Pozzi Ford agency, Carson City, Nevada. I've got the same date, November, 1965. That turned out to be a dud, too. Archie Pozzi wasn't—I made the sketches, the rendering, but somehow he couldn't sell it to Ford. Or Ford wouldn't give him enough money, or whatever it was. It fell by the wayside.

578, December, 1965, was for Roy Chanslor, a residence. Roy Chanslor was my cousin. I had designed a motel for his father and mother in Tonopah some years back. But

this was just a simple residence, no particular significance.

579, apartments for Randy Capurro. It was on Mill Street, it was sketches, and never got off the ground.

580, December, 1965, Churchill County courthouse and jail. I had been working with Churchill County for years? for that building to be replaced. Later I suggested building to the north of the existing courthouse. By this time they wanted to preserve it. I think it was right, as a historic monument. It was, I think, on the corner of Williams and Maine Street. Somehow, politics came into it; the Republicans were replaced by the Democrats, and I was out. But I had worked for ten years with this. Finally, after three or four more years, why, I think Ray Bellman was commissioned to it. He designed the buildings there now.

Job 581, the Churchill County Library, April, 1966. This was an interesting job because it was my first library job, and built under the specifications of the Friends of the Library association, and a government agency that set forth the guidelines for what the building should encompass. I think it was a building around seven thousand square feet. It was to have the principal reading room with stacks adjoining, and the children's room was free and adjacent.

It was governed by the librarian, who had to command a workroom behind her, a meeting room; she didn't have to look into it, but she also had to supervise the entrance and toilet rooms (boys and girls). So it's a one-man operation; she was at the command post, so to speak.

And there was a receiving room for books, and also repair, workroom. The lot was a corner lot on Williams Street, the principal street; I've forgotten the other street. Had to accommodate so many cars in parking—f

orgotten the number—but it was able to qualify.

So we backed the building right smack up against the property line because it was in a business zone. On the other hand, it adjoined private homes. I didn't want to destroy the homes, so I built an atrium (we called it) right against the north side of the property. Then, a wall right along the property line.

But the main object was to create a domestic atmosphere. I used a pitched roof, low, pitched roof. So it appeared to be draining into the atrium. I was careful, of course, not to drain it on the neighbor's property; it was self-drained. But this way, it didn't look like a building just jammed up against the next piece of property. The exterior was brick, and there was a long porch-like affair, covered over by the main roof, which extended down this porch. It started, the end of it began at Williams Street, went east to the entrance. Along that south wall, I put an expanse of windows, and let—of course, the overhang eaves shaded the windows. I wanted some direct sunlight for certain times of the day, so I created an opening in the sloping of the roof that allowed sunlight to come into the upper portion, but not hit the library reading room. Thus there was a very gracious spirit of open sunlight, without the sun coming in. The building was heated with forced air, air conditioning. What else can I say about it?

How did you get along with the library trustees?

Beautifully. That was the joy of that whole building. They were all nice people. The trustees, as well as Mrs. (the librarian) Dora Witt. She is an awfully nice person. We met in the old box-like store building on Williams Street, which was just as makeshift as they come.

She was very patient in the design stage. I remember, I took my camera on opening day, and sent some flowers, of course—a plant—and took pictures, which were more fun than taking a picture of just people, here were pictures of them enjoying this new library. And they were oh-ing and ah-ing and really enjoying it. And I took a picture of Dora Witt. You'd think she was just getting married with that benign expression on her face [laughs]. She wrote me a letter later on, at the finish of the library, of the job, which I placed alongside of this picture in my album, alongside of her photograph.

There were a couple of little problems with the heating, but they became straightened out in a year, and I haven't heard anything more since. Incidentally, her sister was the librarian for the addition to the Churchill County high school, that we spoke about earlier. So there was a good rapport there.

582 was the Incline junior-senior high school. And that's just the way it was supposed to be set. But as the preliminary sketches progressed and became accepted, and with the exterior design, I placed a more or less monolithic piece of concrete shaped in the shape of an incline, sloping. And I lettered "Incline High School." I didn't see the sense in putting on "junior," because this was the naming it for life.

But, anyway, it was a sketch, and few days later, Glen Hare said to me, "You know, you just named the high school because of that sketch." It all just sort of fit. So that made me happy that we didn't have to fool around with the in this sort of sense, because the classrooms and laboratories were all to serve seniors. And it was brandnew. I think they call themselves the Highlanders. That seemed to fit. I watched their progress, incidentally, from there on, and always rooted for the Highlanders. The first couple of years they

didn't do very well, but then they began taking events.

Well, this school, of course, was on a site that nobody wanted in Incline. And it was full of trees, just little second-growth trees that just gradually went up this incline.

I brought along some photographs to help me recall what took place. [Consulting scrapbook]*

Now, this is a photograph, composite, of the football field as it was cleared. You can see the string of trees all around. It was just full of that growth. And coming down the center of it was a creekbed that looked innocent enough, but it came down through these trees, a dry creek; crossed the road and under it, through a culvert into the other side of the highway.

This, incidentally, is the picture of the Lake, and this is the clearing, developing before it was done (September, 1967).

I mentioned this as creekbed because it looked innocent enough, but it was later to cause us all kinds of trouble. As we cleared the land for the high school, and its roadway, I went into that area, incidentally, and marked all the trees that I thought we could save, that would be out of the area of the building itself. The bigger trees, like some Oregon pine. There's one that looked like a redwood tree; I'm not an expert, but anyway, it was a beautiful tree and I was able to put it in the parking lot rather than have it cut down.

Being on the incline, there was to be a three-story building without the appearance of three stories. Every floor had a grade entrance. Beginning with the first floor or ground floor, the intermediate floor, and finally, the top floor. We didn't have the handicapped problem, except, had we been under that jurisdiction of the government

*See Parsons papers, UNR Library

regulations, we would have put in an elevator for the students. Otherwise, it would have worked fine for all three floors.

The ground floor was administration, and it was the floor that allowed the students to disembark by bus and go into the registration area, the principal's office, and so on.

The intermediate floor was some classrooms, but mostly laboratories. Also, the library opened out on the intermediate floor onto a terrace that could be approached from the outside. This faced the south. Lining up with the terrace, was the home economics room, and their department. So I could see the young ladies giving their luncheons and teas out on the terrace, as well as the people enjoying the library coming out on the terrace.

I had a stairway that led up from the ground floor to the terrace, going through the concrete, open concrete slab. And from there, a winding, circular stairway of brick, to the upper floor, which was the gymnasium. So all these three functions were separated, but you could get to them under cover all the way. You see, you didn't have to go through any outdoors sort of thing.

The main thing was to design the building against the now loads. So, it was an easy matter to choose the construction, which was reinforced concrete backed up with brick, or intervening walls of brick.

I was very fortunate to have an engineer that was so practical and so understanding. His name was Pankhurst, I think. He died just shortly after the job was through, but I never met an engineer quite like him. He wasn't "lord and master of everything;" he was very practical, and when I gave him these assignments, he said, "My gosh, you want to make it tough on me, don't you?"

But it was a challenge. This circular stairway was really a challenge because everything had to be cantilevered from the

floor. Just like this tapered water pitcher (in office). The stairs radiated out from the core, free standing. All of this will show up, of course, in the pictures that I will, of course, leave with this.*

The other thing was that I designed for future additions. They didn't have enough money to put on the theater, cafeteria, and kitchen, so that was left for a later date. But that followed within a year or so. I might as well speak of the whole thing as one.

The first contractor, however, was much better to deal with. He was a man from Salt Lake City. Brought in his crew, hired local people, of course, but he was able to move in and move out, and he handled the winter situation very well.

The second man (and this is the trouble with bidding; you never know who you're gonna get) was scary to me from the first because I knew of his reputation. Steve Johnson; hate to mention names because I might be wrong. But he was just a poor manager, and we got caught at the worst of the winter, the second winter. Everything froze up. We had icicles dripping down through the concrete. Nothing went right.

We'd ask him to get things prepared for the next day, and he would sweep the snow, and then it would snow again. I wanted to shut the job down, but the school district wouldn't do it. Consequently, the job ran nine months over the scheduled time and I was having to make change orders to extend the time.

Finally, toward the end of the job, I was brought on the carpet by the committee for allowing this to happen. And I said, "But you people insisted on it not shutting down for winter and picking it up in the spring. Therefore, I don't see where I'm to blame.

*See Parsons papers, UNR Library

You've caused this man to go broke; he hasn't got a dime to finish this job. And I'm making no money running up here and getting stuck in the snow, and all that."

But I overlooked that because, as I say, it was the whole job. The interesting thing about the addition was that we turned things topside over. Instead of the auditorium being on top, we put the auditorium on the bottom, and excavated just a little more ground and changed our grade, so that these came in at the floor level (that is, the auditorium floor was at lower level than the main floor). So, we stepped down into the auditorium. There was, of course, a level on the main floor that reached the so-called balcony end. This way, we were able to get the height, but we only had a nine-foot clearance in the back, and we were able to get an eleven-foot clearance, an eleven- or twelve-foot clearance at the stage end. Over that was the dining room, and beyond that was the kitchen, and storerooms that could be approached from grade on the second-floor level.

The building was not insulated as we do them now because the energy crisis hasn't become mandatory then. The brick-and-cavity walls were sufficient to meet the heatload requirements. We didn't have to have air conditioning because being at the Lake, why, it was rather cool, only certain days would be a little bit warm. Mostly, it was a heating problem.

The unique thing about the building was that you started—the contractor chose to start—at the first-floor level, pour his concrete to that level. Then start the brickwork, the blockwork. Excavate for footings and pour columns for the intermediate floor. And then, as his crew finished up on the first floor, bring them up—the masons— into the second floor, and so on, to the first floor. So the masons were continually at work,

and finished with the gymnasium, which required the most of the brickwork. (These photographs show that, and of course, I'm going to leave these with the documents.)* Nothing unusual about it.

There were steel pans for the concrete floor and the beams, where their reinforcing rods ran through. (I didn't have a very good camera on this, they're terribly out of focus; they're not masterpieces of photography by any means, but they're record photos.)

Well, it is nice inside, and the greatest compliment, every time I meet the principal, he just exuberates his joy over the school.

Of course, I had the usual problems with kids. But we anticipated the problems of vandalism and we chose Plexiglas windows, Plexiglas lights instead of glass, because—well, they'd had so much trouble with glass. The only problem with it is that it is soft and scratches with ordinary rough cloths, and you don't use any abrasives like Dutch cleanser, or Ajax, or whatever. You just have to use a soft cloth and plain water.

There was even a little greenhouse tacked in for the southwest corner. I don't know how long they used it. I noticed it became sort of a classroom ten years later.

The fun was to design this thing over, I think it was just about four acres, including the football field, where most high schools should have ten acres. But we were able to get two tennis courts, a regulation baseball field, as well as the football field.

Well, that's where we got into trouble. When we started to cut for the football field, and also for the road coming across the main entrance, we encountered springs. We cut deeply into the east bank of this slope [shows photo of steel frame, two construction trailers

*See Parsons papers, UNR Library

first] well, it's similar to this, but there it is; you can see water in the base of this cut.*

Well, doggone it, we just couldn't get rid of it. We drained the football field towards a creek to the north, but even then, it didn't stop. It just kept seeping up into the east end of the field. That made it rather mushy.

It took years to finally get that thing drained. Here's another view [shows photos] and there's some more, showing the water that just would come and the spring-like effect.* It's hard to appreciate that that's a twenty-foot bank here, you see, it's touching there.

The thing was so designed that the excavated material from the east end of the field was used as fill and compacted earth at the west end. So we took a median line through this incline, and so this material to the east was shoved over near the bank and compacted on the west end.

Unfortunately, the excavator misread the drawings and he didn't cut enough into the bank. He cut too steep a bank, but he didn't cut enough material for the far end. So they had to import material. Instead of then compacting it, he just threw it over.

Well, uncompacted earth sloughs. It was very embarrassing, because here was the football field drooping over. Fortunately, it wasn't the playing portion, but it was the track end. So, with the circular end, you'd be going downhill, and then back uphill [laughs]. It had to be corrected later on, with more compaction and earth.

Same thing happened with the main driveway. After it was paved, why, years later, you'd find these springs bubbling up through the pavement. So that had to be cut out and compacted with gravel, and repaved.

Well, [shows photos] there's that creek, that dry creek taken before any work was started. You can get lost in those multitudes of

trees, but that's where we encountered water deep down underneath that thing.

Some years later, I was just being interviewed for a library at Incline, and these young people who had taken over Incline said, "Why didn't you build that school of wood? Why did you build it with brick?"

And I didn't say it, but I thought to myself, "You stupid lunks! You're the future taxpayers of Incline. Do you want to build another school in another ten years?" Because that's just what wood would do.

Anyway, they didn't appreciate the red-brick building. They thought it was a little bit old-fashioned. They like to see everything with eaves and shingles and whatnot. Well, that, I think, pretty well summarizes the Incline high school.

*See Parsons papers, UNR Library

MY JOB BOOK, PART III: A MATURING CAREER WITH WORK IN HISTORIC RESTORATION

I think I had the next job, was the Bowers Mansion restoration, Job 583. This was a real challenge, and I never knew what I was getting into until I really got into it. But it was nice working with the [Washoe] County. I guess the main client was the women, the board. Let me get my photo album, look at that. [Shows album on Bowers Mansion]*

The job looked innocent enough. We knew what the building looked like from previous photographs. It was a twostory, Italianate-type designed with a flat roof, and a cupola on the center.

The outside was flat with chimneys, brick chimneys, and a porch extended around on three sides. Over the years the porch was taken out, and the Italianate roof was stripped, and the roof was taken off, and the ceiling joists were used as floor joists, over which they built a mansardtype roof. This, then, permitted Mrs. Bowers to add eight or nine rooms on the third floor. Then over the years, the porches began to disintegrate, fall off. The roof leaked, and it was just one mess.

The only thing that really stood up was the front wall, which was built of cut granite, backed up with rubble rock. Then, the sides, the three sides and the wings were built of rubble rock (and I'm showing you this, these here are the pictures), and stuccoed or plastered [numbers 17 and 183].

Well, it shows in a series of pictures. But the one that really shows the differences is number 30 here, where the corner of the plaster has come off, and there's the front cut stone and the granite. And you can't see any mortar between these. It was laid by Scottish stone masons. And I didn't try to inject my knife in there to see how far I could go without—but I know I couldn't get very far. I don't think there was any mortar used to lay those stones. If there were, it was just simply a token, of butter.

It was soon found that the two wings, as shown here, here, and here [photos 15-17], were built over a spring. The whole area was sort of soppy. Over the years, the foundation

*See Parsons papers, UNR Library

settled and the walls cracked, and as we stripped the plaster off, why, we were just fearful that the whole thing was going to fall down.

But we found a solution. The question was, too, whether those wings were built before or after the mansion. I heard stories that these two buildings, like outhouses, were joined together by the main block of the central portion. (This building [number 9].) The reason that I can say that is—I don't believe it, but—what substantiated is, they don't, line up end to end. The wing on this side—I don't have the plan here—was further back, the wing on the north side was further back by six inches, than the wing on the south end.

It posed no problem, except, why, if it was built the same time, would they be of f that much because the thing was so carefully laid out in other ways?

The original foundation was contrary—or the joist system was contrary—because of the foundation, to the eventual way it was built. In other words, they built foundations across the width of the building, and that was intended to carry joists in the short span in the same direction as the long axis of the building.

But, for some reason, they ignored that, and built the floor joists in the direction of the short axis, which made the spans longer. And in so doing, they created sagging floors. These had to be taken care of by jacking up the ground floor very easily. The second floor, though, it was just a case of letting those things rest on partitions that bore on the floor joist below, without any foundation under them.

So the second floor sagged a bit, and the attic floor was just one holy mess, because the floor joists, as I say, had been stripped off, and the ceiling joists used as floor joists. Someplace I have a interior shot of the carpenters working up—here they are.

Here's a series of pictures, beginning with 115 through 122, that shows the condition of the attic floor.*

They stripped out all of the partitions that formed this third floor room. You'll notice that the attic, the dormer windows where the sill was about five feet higher than the floor itself. So, you couldn't look out those windows, all you'd see is stars, I suppose. But that was their way of doing it.

This west wall had a bow in it, three inches. We didn't dare try and pull that back, because that's just like a humped person, you just can't straighten it up again, but you can reinforce it.

But, coming back to this series of pictures, you'll notice that purposely, a floor joist was laid on top, across the supports. I'm showing the sag between floors between supports, you see. Now that was all corrected.

We built the new roof underneath the existing roof (here in picture 121, shows what's taking place). Here the carpenter's working inside, underneath this shell of the mansard roof, and building the new deck for the roof to restore it to the original position.

That summer, in 1967, was it? Well, it was a very rainy summer, and one would never know when it would start to rain again, so it was a very wise choice and decision to build everything underneath this room, get it all ready, sheath the area, and then cut away in sections, the old roof.

Well, the last, the end of the book, which should be picture 131 through the next series of pictures, shows the roof being taken off in sections. And there's the flat roof of the new Italianate structure. So, the sections were taken, lifted off, set down on the ground,

*See Parsons papers, UNR Library

and just fell apart by their own [laughs] weakness.

Here again, some more pictures, showing them coming off the ends of the two wings. Now, they were able to put the brackets back; we saved all the brackets. Notice they're here on the existing—but they were the original brackets, so we just—I think we had to duplicate about three or four with a band saw, and otherwise, use them over.

Now, the next thing we encountered, of course, was the, well, we encountered that before, but the weakness of these walls I mentioned, and how we were gonna save those. My structural engineer, Mr. Lamberti, said, "Well, let's gunite them." (Guniting is a process of using concrete to develop from seven thousand to ten thousand pounds per square inch, and you spray that over what's commonly known as chicken wire, or heavy reinforced wire mesh. That is nailed to the rock with furring nails so it's out from the old brick.)

Picture 17 shows the deplorable condition that was in. I'm trying to find a picture of the guniting process. Here it is. Pictures 59 through 67 show the reinforcing wire being put on, the old plaster being stripped off, and then the guniting being shot on under pressure.

Oh, the reason we could do that, because it was a practice in those days to score the plaster to imitate stone. So, all we had to do is see that the plaster had been scored, so we just followed the sane stone joints and scored that, and we got the sane appearance. In other words, using modern methods, we recreated a process that was used a hundred years back. And, that saved that wall. This was the dining room wall that was—they put a fence around that so that anybody wouldn't go up there- and touch it until it was finished.

In the planning process, I couldn't make the columns work. I couldn't figure out why the spacing wasn't coming out correctly. Then I suspected that the porch had been added onto. Well, I found I was right later on. Instead of the porch being twelve feet wide as the porch was when the Ritters took it over (it was a saloon at the time), they added, extended the porch to twelve feet.

I thought, "Well, this is where the porch belongs," until I began checking. And I asked that they excavate— since this porch was gonna be rebuilt anyway—break out the corner. I've forgotten which corner I took, I think it was the northeast corner. And sure enough, here we found the old wall back four feet, which was the end of the eight-foot porch, the boundary of the eight-foot porch.

So, of course, this was a restoration, so we just moved that back. Now my columns would be spaced correctly. They resemble, of course, the original building. Everything looks like this old picture here. These pictures, as I say, are progress pictures. Well, here's the finished results.* So it appears that way.

Another interesting thing we found was the fact that one window on the north end of the building didn't appear to line up with the same window on the south end of the building. It's shown with an "X" on picture 78. There should have been a window there. That was hidden by the plaster.

So sure enough, when we stripped the plaster off, we found that it was blocked off with stone; it was intended to be a window. I had looked and looked for maybe some sign of a partition being moved, but there was none. The partition separating Sandy Bowers's office and bedroom from his front room was right down the middle of that window.

*See Parsons papers, UNR Library

The plaster ceiling with all the beautiful cornices were mitred around. So it was simply a change, as so many people do in a building, and say, "This room's too big, this room's too small, steal from another," and they just blocked out the window.

There was another interesting thing. We found a pipe in the basement, and that was apparently to go up to his bar. It was a galvanized iron pipe. It was dangling, and it did not go through the floor. So I decided that I was not going to take it upon myself to put in a bar that I didn't know what it looked like. So I simply took out the pipe, and threw it in the junk heap.

I mentioned this, because research will say that Sandy Bowers had a bar. It didn't say anything about running water, but it no doubt had running water because he was right over a spring. But, in my work, I never assume that something was there because it was mentioned.

The other thing I had to assume, however, taking that back, that—. There was no way to get up to that tower, none, to the cupola that was shown right in the middle of the roof, as in this picture.

Picture number three shows the cupola, an octagon built center by both dimensions. And, it's centered right over the second floor hall. Climbing up into that area, there was no place where a stairway had been plugged. In other words, to get up into that cupola, you would have found some kind of a crawl-hole or something up there. But nothing.

We did have to remove the stairway, however, that was created, to get to the third floor. And to be sure that I was right in removing that stairway, I found where the original joist had been cut to put this new stairway up, perpendicular to the central hall. To make sure that this cut was made after the mansion was built, and not before, I

was elated to find a nail that had been sawed through. This proved to me that things—no carpenter's going to cut through nails [laughs] knowing that the nail is there. or, if he sees, it, he'd remove the nail.

There are some pictures in here that show an ice chest that was built later on, but not part of the mansion. That was built at the time that, no doubt, Henry Ritter had it because he had [to] store his goods in there. It was rather an ingenious type of ice house. You loaded the top with ice, then you could pull it out through the bottom.

Another unique and interesting feature was the doorbell system. (I have slides that I made from these pictures, and so it must be in my slide series.) However, pictures 34 and 35, viewed closely, shows the doorbell encrusted with paint. That was before we started to restore the mansion, and I was curious about it. It had to be pushed.

So we took off the casing from the inside. It went up between the sidelights of the windows and the door itself,, went up to the portion where the transom is, over the front entry, and then there was a wire that came up from this push-button. It had a little mechanism that pulled the wire or pushed the wire (let's say it pulled the wire) over a rocker-arm and that brought it over to the corner of the hall, and then up to another rocker-arm, and it disappeared. So that ought to be easy: just go upstairs and just find the wire. But we couldn't find the wire, we couldn't find any, what had happened to it.

Well, there wasn't anything in the contract to say, "Mr. Leonard, you have to repair that doorbell." But, I mentioned this because anybody that wants to research it, they can take off the casing and find rocker-arms in there, and the wire that goes up to the floor, and then disappears, and that's the end of it. [Laughs] It was a Rube Goldberg installation

anyway, so it probably didn't work very well. But it was a nice idea.

Incidentally, we had to replace the door—the front entry door—that's showed in picture 35. We simply duplicated the moldings on a solid-core slab door. It so resembles the original that I would challenge anybody except a cabinet maker to see the difference, if it makes that much difference.

The paint was so well done on the original building that it was beginning to flake off, but we couldn't peel it off, we couldn't get it off, we couldn't scrape it off, we couldn't burn it off. Solari was the painting contractor. (And picture 36 shows the condition of the paint.)

We scraped and puttied, and did all kinds of things, but finally left this sanded mixture on there, and just painted over, keeping it the same color, which is—the original color was a light brown, fawn brown, I'd say.

One interesting story, sidelight, is when we started to decorate the interior. And the whole committee was out on a beautiful day, headed by Mrs. Napes, the chairman of the group; I think they were seven. "What color should we paint the rooms and the woodwork?"

I said, "Well, if you want to duplicate, why it's easy enough to try.

You can see it because I took my pen-knife and scraped a rounded portion of the painted moldings and carefully revealed this mustard yellow.

I said, "Well, here's the color."

Mrs. Napes looked at that with one glance and said, "That's tenement yellow! I'll have no tenement yellow in this building!" [Laughs]

So the discussion centered around, "Well, what shall we paint it?"

Now, mind you, we weren't getting funds from any national historic, national trust; we didn't have to prove anything. The county put their trust in the hands of this committee.

So we began mixing up different colored cans of white, each with a little green, a little blue, a little yellow, and we had all these various cans of— seven of them, in tints of white [laughs]. And the poor painter had them all lined up—I'll never forget—in the room, and as they left to go on their business, they thought they had chosen the right color.

so, the painter said, "What am I gonna do?"

I said, "Throw them all in one pot, and that's the color."

I was just reviewing the files that I've accumulated, which include correspondence, cost estimates and bids, and various and sundry things.

One interesting thing was the article that appeared in the Preservation News, long before I became really associated with the National Trust, and everything else. Let's see, it's Preservation News, March, 1969, volume 9, number 3, in which Bowers Mansion is given quite a spread.

It's called "The Saga of Bowers Mansion and the Comstock Lode." Subtitled, "Ivy from a Queen and her Crystal Ball." [Laughs] So, they picked up the spirit of Eilley Orrum. In this article are three pictures; the top was the famous photograph, was taken in 1865, showing three horse-and-carriages with a cluster of people on the first porch, and then one person standing on the upper porch, and three people on the roof in front of the cupola, and surrounded by the railing.

Of course, the flag is draped over that balcony, I already counted the stripes [laughs], but it was, of course it was Civil War period. But the interesting thing has always been a puzzle, how these people got up to that roof, because I could never find any evidence of how a stairway was cut. But I just presumed there was a ladder in the back. Let somebody else discover that. We didn't change the plastering in that sense.

Below that, are smaller photographs of the removal of the old mansard roof that Eilley Orrum built, when she turned it into a boarding house, rooming house, and then the final picture is as we restored it in 1967. But the story is taken from part of the data that I submitted, some from Tom Cooke. And rather than trying to describe every detail which I more or less went over [in Parsons papers, UNR Library].

Now, another interesting thing I found in the file, on the lighter side, was a letter from a youngster. Now, he was giving a report on the history of Bowers Mansion—I'll find it—but the substance was, "Dear Mr. Parsons, thank you very much for the material. I wrote a story about it and I got an 'A'" [Laughs]

(Reminds me of the little boy recently sent the President a—did the job.) [Consults papers] When you want something, why, you can't find it. Oh, well, a nice comment.

Now, I happen to see a letter from Mrs. [Ella] Gottschalk, and here's one from Walter Baring, it's short, I'll read it:

Dear Ed:

(On February 12, 1970.) Just a short note to thank you for sending me the nice calendar I found the drawings lovely, and naturally, I'm particularly partial to the drawing of Bowers Mansion.

Also, I was interested in learning that the restored Bowers Mansion had twelve thousand visitors last summer. People are getting more and more interested in our country's own history. And, I'm indeed pleased that the mansion was restored in such a fine manner.

I'm sure your involvement in the restoration had much to do with

the fine product. You should be commended.

With every good wish, and many thanks, I am

Sincerely,
Walter Baring

That was the result of a calendar that Samuel Cabot put out. They asked my permission to use the Bowers Mansion as one of the months, you see, the banner on the page of the calendar. And, I have framed that picture with the—hanging in my office.

Dear Mr. Parsons:

Thank you for your letter of February 6, as we are delighted to learn that you have sent the Cabot calendar to Governor Paul Laxalt, Senator Howard Cannon, and Alan Bible, and Congressman Walter Baring.

As per your request, we are sending four additional calendars for you today.

Yours truly,
William A. Montgomery, Jr.
Advertising Manager

Samuel Cabot, of course, is the famous paint and stain manufacturer. So we managed to use some stain—deck and porch of course.

Another letter from the same gentleman, previously, about permission to use the picture.

Oh, here is the letter. Dated May 20, 1969, 606 Apple Street, Reno, Nevada 89502.

Dear Mr. Parsons:

Thank you for the very helpful information and pictures of the mansion. It was so good that I will get an "A" on the report card. Thank you.

Sincerely yours,
Julie Laursen

Oh, I thought it was a boy [laughs]; it's a girl. Oh, fourth grade.

It wasn't always peaches and cream. I want to read a letter from Mrs. Gottschalk. You asked me earlier how I got along with the group. Well, I think I got along fine, because I can always remember the good things, but I had to find this to recall that I got jacked up.

Mrs. Gottschalk was the secretary, and it was her duty to record some of the displeasures they found in the mansion. I had to defend myself, and I came back with the letter, answering point by point.

Let's see if I can find it here. I know it's here [consults papers].

From Bowers Mansion Furnishing Committee, signed by Ella Gottschalk, corresponding secretary, addressed to Mr. Edward Parsons, 1 East First Street, Reno, Nevada.

Dear Ed:

At a recent meeting of the Bowers Mansion Restoration Group, held in the mansion, one of our members was very unhappy with the porcelain doorknobs, and as a result, a motion was passed that I write to you suggesting that you replace these doorknobs with metal ones, of a material that is close in appearance to silver as possible, inasmuch as Eilley Orrum had silver knobs originally.

Thanking you, I am
Sincerely yours,

I had to respond with a long two-page-and-a-half letter [laughs]:

May 16, 1968, Mrs. Carl Gottschalk, Corresponding Secretary (and so on).

Dear Mrs. Gottschalk:

I can understand the Committee's disappointment in finding the porcelain knobs instead of imitation silver, on the doors. Please allow me to explain my decision.

Throughout this entire restoration of the mansion, I have tried to be objective—doing only that which is based on historical or known facts, or which appears to have resulted from preceding conditions.

In the case of the stairway to the cupola, I found nothing that indicated a spiral stair, or an ordinary stair that was cut into the original ceiling joists which were there. Hence, I provided only a trap-door as an expedient method of getting to the cupola. In the case of the driveway, I could only assume from the pictures that a circular drive was in the making, because sapling trees appeared in the early photos; later a driveway was in evidence, going between the round circle of poplar trees. Hence, the drive was replaced in a smaller fashion, to be practical.

Now, to the doorknobs: histories have suggested that Eilley Orrum “wanted solid silver” but they were never installed, for practical reasons. Porcelain knobs were fashionable and entirely acceptable in the mid-Nineteenth Century. If I sound a bit “hard-nosed,” I need proof and a picture of a silver knob of the day, or an authentic document stating that the doorknobs were silver, or silver-plated.

If you want me to put on a modern knob that is, stainless steel, aluminum,

nickel, pewter, or any other fake finish, so that you can tell the tourists that “these are like the silver knobs that Eilley Orrum had,” you may be satisfying the tourists’ gullibility, but I think you will be doing a disservice to the authenticity of the mansion.

There is one exception to authenticity: for security reasons, I replaced the old worn-out hardware on outside doors, with modern hardware that resembles Nineteenth Century hardware; but (and I repeat but) it is not meant to be authentic.

Please note that in other items of architectural treatment, replacements or restoration were based on fact:

The rock walls were stuccoed and marked off to imitate stone: fact.

The paint color of the outside wood was not glamorous white, but ecru: fact.

The porch was not practical concrete but wood T&G: fact.

The ceiling of the porch was wood T&G: fact.

The blue paint of the ceiling: probable (but based on the fad of painting porch ceilings blue, over 100 years ago).

It is not likely that the flat roof deck was a built-up roof (tar paper and asphalt) but was metal. To use metal now would have been impractical. Likewise, the porch deck was more likely metal, but I chose to use a material that would withstand the shock of winter weather.

As for interior treatment, paint colors (we know by having scraped the paint) of the walls were not too pleasant a color—a dirty yellow—so we assumed that white would be

more attractive. This is a moot point, because if historians disagree with us it would be ecru paint; but little harm is done.

The same is true with the wallpaper or carpeting that you pick out. At best, they would be based on your personal ideas of what might have been in the mansion, rather than fact.

All I am trying to explain in this long dissertation, is that I would like to do everything in accordance with fact or authenticity. It will be easy, if you produce the evidence that the doorknobs were silver, to change them to something that resembles silver.

(I guess I couldn’t get over that)—Sincerely yours. So that spiked that. I’ll leave that in the file. You can take this copy of mine.* (Well, I think all the rest of this is mechanics. Here’s an architectural sketch you can put in, rather than my reading it.) It’s called a foreword, and I think it appears in the specification. I’ll give it to you anyway, so you can save it.*

Well, anyway, I very briefly told how the Bowers got together, Sandy and Elley Orrum, and then got this money, and it was built in the style of the 1850s, in an Italianate, pre-Victorian style.

I hope somebody can prove me wrong about the ladder. I keep going over on that again [laughs]. Well, I know that no stairway can be put in that hall, because to come up into the cupola, you’d bump your head going through, unless you went right, straight up at a seventy-five-degree angle to go between; in the hallway, get through the ceiling joist, and up to the roof joist, the space, I think at that time, was about five feet. To get through

*See Parsons papers, UNR Library

there and land within that small diameter of the cupola!

I projected it, and I just couldn't make it work out, unless it was a ladder, then where would the ladder be? It could be against the side wall.

Anyway, I think every age has its own ways of producing things. Architects did things that we didn't understand, and maybe I didn't understand how that was done. Perhaps if I were an easterner, I could research—there were many cupolas in the days of the seamen going to sea, the Cape Cod, and so on.

There was a problem. Prior to the dedication, about a week (not much earlier than that), it was discovered that the plaque on the front did not make any reference to the building committee of women. It duly noted the county commissioners, and the male members of board, they mentioned me as the architect, and Leonard Smith as the contractor.

Well, that was just a neat little thing to the right of the steps, going in. When we discovered that, much to the embarrassment of Tom Cooke and myself, he wove in his speech that here was this plaque put on, dedicating the mansion, and the physical aspects of it, in which the commissioners and builders, and so forth were mentioned. However, the important group of people were left out, and their names would be too many to put on the front marker, so, they're going to be placed on the marker, on a bronze tablet, in the rear porch, on the wall right next to the original committee, in the 1946 era. Therefore, they'll be side-by-side. And I thought that was pretty slick. It was a reasonable excuse, and I think it was accepted. Of course, it was done later, and so the two plaques are side-by-side, and they do tell the whole history of the dedication of the women. So it was making something good out of an error and omission.

That was really what got you excited about historic preservation, wasn't it?

Yes, it was. And the fact that people had faith in me, thought I could do the job, and chose me to do it, it wasn't the competition. They said, "We'd like you to arrange a cost, tell what your fee is," and I've got that in here [papers] someplace. A very formal letter that Mr. Brown wrote, almost Spencerian in the composition.

Well, we stopped with Bowers Mansion, Job 583. Going on to 584, a convalescent hospital in Fallon, April, 1966. That was put together by a group of doctors, that never was built, and I don't know whether I ever even got paid for it. I made sketches and aerial perspective, I remember that. But no use talking over spilled milk.

585, was Dr. Sinai residence. All I can say about that is that it wasn't built either. Dr. Sinai, that was the brother of John Sinai, who came out here from some other locality. He bought a lot in Hidden Valley. And, we made a lot of sketches, a lot of walking around, but never had got past sketch drawings. It was an interesting job, because recognizing the wind, he wasn't going to do much outdoor living. So I designed an atrium type of thing, so that all your living looked out towards the valley, but if you wanted to really enjoy it, you'd have to be inside to keep out of the winds.

586, Walker residence, remodel, May, 1966. Walker residence, oh, it's Gloria Mapes. It was just a little interior remodeling. They needed a dining room, as I recall. Some slight modernization.

587, Clear Creek Job Corps, September 1966. I think that was simply some siting of some Job Corps buildings, type of things, based on the army engineer's type of construction.

588, Wells Cargo development, November, 1966. [Joe Wells] had an odd piece of property on East Sixth Street that was in the Urban Renewal section, and the residue of cutting this Sixth Street through to Fifth, and it went up that way. So, what to do with it? Well, we designed a new restaurant because a lot of industrial people were in that area, but they never got past the sketch stage.

589, convalescent hospital, Ely, March, 1967. That was just a will o' the wisp. I went up to Ely, talked to these people that—strangely, Ely people don't cotton much to Reno people; they work with the Salt Lake City people. And I think there's a strong Mormon influence there that, although, you don't dare mention that in the letter that more or less says, "Well, thanks for coming, but we don't need you."

590 was an addition to the North Lake Tahoe fire station, April, 1967. It's always nice, as you say, to have repeat jobs, and this was part of the plan stage of adding some dormitories and kitchen and dining room area in the back of this station. It was just sort of tucked in behind; it didn't have to follow a particular architecture, was the basic concrete block.

591, multipurpose building, state of Nevada. Multipurpose building, I wish I had been more explicit, 1967. Don't recall what multipurpose building that is, for the state of Nevada.

Job 592, Houghton, addition to residence. Well, that's Samuel Houghton, May, 1967. It was just an enlargement, toward the rear overlooking—looking toward the river. They had a nice country location, very rural. It was just a simple job of extending the living room, beams, and windows, and so on.

593, Mrs. Arthur Orvis, kitchen, June, 1967. Hmm. The reason I say "hummm" is, Mrs. Orvis called me just the other day, and

she said, "I want you to look at my counter, I burned it. I scorched the top."

This is Formica, and it was a nice champagne-type of color, and a formed countertop in which there's, a backsplash and then the cove; where the splash meets the countertop, that was coved. Then, made it come out to the edge of the counter as a slight coved lip. People did that in those days through the mill, and now they don't bother with it because it's too expensive. It's a very special job. So, here's this, she burned this beautiful top, and wanted to know what we could do.

Well, immediately, I said, "Let's patch it." Because what I designed in this kitchen was a complete reinstallation, except—we left the sink in its place, but the rest of the kitchen was respaced, refrigerator, range and so on. And the drop-in type of stove, the ovens are placed on the sides—that's not a proper term, the drop-in range top. So in the design of this kitchen, I'd used a pumpkin color of inlays for two or three drawers. This pumpkin against this light-green gave it a snap, and I think the floor was light green, and light something else, but it had a nice appearance to it.

She said, "Now what we gonna do?"

[Laughs] I said, "Well, let's patch that with the pumpkin; I'm sure we can get that."

so we called the Walker Boudwin people, and they said, "Sure, we'll—" in fact, he built that kitchen originally. "Sure, we'll fix it."

It's awfully nice when you can call on people. And as busy, as big as they are now, they're not in the business of making kitchens, but they would do it for Mrs. Orvis.

I don't imagine that there are a lot of people who call an architect when they have scorched their kitchen countertop, either.

Well, that's true because—well, this Mrs. Orvis, you understand, myself, and Helen

have been friends for all these years. The Orvises were godparents to Alice and Ed. That responsibility is long gone now, you understand [laughs].

594, Mrs. Hugh Long, residence addition, November, 1967. Oh, that was interesting because Mrs. Long bought the Landers house. I must have spoken about the Landers house on—I'm trying to think of the name of the street. I know it went back at least twenty years. Job Number 73; that house was built in 1941.

So, here Mrs. Long comes and buys it from Mrs. Landers, who's got to get rid of the upkeep of that big house. Twentysix years. Mrs. Long loved the house, but in those days they built things on a smaller scale than they do now. Thus, the master bedroom had its own bath, but it was rather tiny, and very limited closet space. The maid's quarters were stuck over in the corner on the second floor. But what Mrs. Long wanted was to reverse the whole thing, and give the master bedroom to her son. And, then, take the maid's quarters and enlarge that, put in a new bath, and a back stairway, and then, lots of closet space. She took me down her basement and showed me, "Now here's where I've got these clothes, I've got these clothes, got these clothes." All hung in there like a dry goods store in makeshift closets. I had to get thirty lineal feet of closet space to take care of her dresses.

Another thing was to add a two-car garage. So over the garage, we were able to stick this long dressing room/closet extension with dormer windows in it. It just made an ideal thing for storing her dresses off the revised bedroom. It's just odd that you take a project and turn it around, put the son in the master bedroom, and then, put the master (she's a widow, of course) in the maid's quarters.

Then we found space, we developed space on the first floor, off the garage, in the kitchen, and that had its own heating plant.

The architecture was faithfully copied as far as details are concerned, and tied in with the details of the original house. We also put a spiral stairway from the porch room, that was originally built off the living room. That spiral stairway was just a way to get down to the garden. [Laughs] It's sort of a cute idea.

The most drastic change was to stick in a false fireplace in her library, which was a small room for Dr. Landers, and we took out a window, it was a corner room, so it only needed one front window. Blocked that up, put new siding on. Put this dummy fireplace that was gas; it sent out heat.

Then, she treated the walls with silken wallpaper, very elaborate. It was all done in good taste, you see, so it made the house acceptable. Sometimes you can do these things, and they so mutilate the house, that the new owner makes a mess out of it. But she was sympathetic with the style; that's why she bought it. Oh, we also added a—she got a landscape architect to lay out some brick terrace in, out of the trees that were pretty well established by now. And she found a monkey cage, the top to a monkey cage. And, I said, "Oh, I know where that came from." She found it in a junk pile up in Verdi. I said, "That came out of Ludovica Graham's house on Ralston Street."

When I was working for Fred DeLongchamps, Ludovica Graham called Fred and said, "I want to make an addition to my house, will you come out?"

And Fred was too busy, and he said, "Will you go out, Ed, and see what this lady wants?"

So, I went out in the morning, around eleven o'clock. Ludovica Graham was quite a character. And she had this tiny little house that she bought, and she said, "I want to take out the partition between the kitchen and

living room, I want to make that into the dining room, then I want a living room. I want sixty feet this way, and about thirty feet deep. Then I want the conservatory to come up here on an L-shape.”

And my mouth fell open, of course, and I went back to the office at one o'clock and told Fred, “You better go out there yourself. Don't send a boy out there; this is a job.”

Now, anyway, we built that house, it turned out to be a lovely—it's the Sigma Nu house now, isn't it? Yeah, Sigma Nu.

So, in the course of time, why Ludovica Graham and Helen and I became friends, and were socially acquainted. And after the house was built, several years later, she had this studio, all right. In it was a menagerie of parrots and animals, and this big monkey cage that stood seven feet tall, and about five feet in diameter.

So, here, Mrs. Long had bought this thing, and it had a sweep of the roof [gestures], and it was an octagonal shape, suggested Chinese. She said, “What'll I do with it?”

Well, immediately, I said, “Mrs. Long, I'd like to make a gazebo. Can I do it?”

“Well, sure. What does a gazebo do?” [Laughs]

Anyway, it's just a garden piece, of course. But, to get people in it, I recalled sort of a Chinese Chippendale motif, which the grace of this curve can be followed out and let the post extend from it. Therefore, I got a larger diameter around which I could put a railing, a couple of steps up to this octagonal thing, the base of which was brick.

When it was all done, she had several parties out there. And she would get a band. I remember going out there, the German band going oom-pah, oom-pah [laughs]. It was delightful!

But she was quite artistic and being a lover of music and opera, she leaves everything, you

know. You watched her giving the fur coats, when she's tired of them, to a opera group. She also gave quite a sum of money to the Lake Mansion restoration. It got us on our feet. I think it was \$50,000.

Now, that house is sold. She got too nervous with the attempted break-ins, and so on. She bought herself a condominium, and she's moved from there, and then to another house, and I kind of lost track of her. I see her at the opera, and all that.

Well, I can't think of anything more to add on Mrs. Long. But, she's just one of these people—you know, you have so many friends that have been delightful clients that way. That's what makes it so interesting.

595, Gerlach school reroofing. Well, once in a while you have to come down to earth, so I reroofed the Gerlach school, 1967. [Laughs]

596, David D. Drew residence, November, 1967. It never got past some preliminary talk. I must have made sketches, but they didn't click, I guess.

597, Fernley swimming pool, Fernley, Nevada, 1968. Yeah, that died aborning, I'm almost sure we built it because they went through so many stages of siting the pool, preliminary sketches, costs estimates, and so on, but then, what happened is they couldn't—they were relying on the Max C. Fleischmann Estate [Foundation] to help them, but they turned it down. So, I was out \$2,000. They had no money to pay me.

598, Mrs. William Forman, February, 1968. It was Bill Forman's mother, the present judge now, isn't he? Yeah, Judge Forman's mother. This house was built for Clarence Kind when I was still with Russell Mills, and was house that they clipped out of a magazine, and said, “Can you duplicate this, but reverse it?” to fit their lot.

And this was up on Marsh Avenue; it comes down from Newlands Circle. And it

was sort of a French Provincial, farmhouse character.

Mrs. Forman wanted to enlarge the dining room, which was built very tiny. And then we added another room for her husband who—he loved his books, and he loved his goldfish, and we had to provide for that. She was a very pleasant woman. Of course, she's gone now.

599, Curtis Fitch, March, 1968. An over-exuberant small time developer with no substance. His project fizzled.

Job 600, FNB operations center, First National Bank, March, 1968. This was an interesting project, for the bank, which was like all banks, going to the computer systems of keeping their records. So, we made a couple of trips to computer facilities, one in particular was in Arizona. I'm trying to think where the town was, or city. Probably it was Tucson. It was near a university.

Anyway, for some unknown reason, computer facilities are designed or operated by the very young. So, therefore, aside from the mechanical aspects of it, the decoration was weird. [Laughs] So, you entered into this, like a "fun house," with dark halls, all of a sudden I to] be quite illuminated with fantastic colors of purple and green and black, just anything to attract attention. When you got inside, of course, things were pretty normal, had to be.

An operations center or a computer facility is an area divided into three or four parts. One important part, of course, is the room in which the computers are set. The next is an area for programmers, and then a general area of administration. An area for snacks or lunch, and the usual facilities for rest.

Computer facilities, too, were built during a time in the sixties when there was a lot of student unrest, and somehow, this was linked in with the Vietnam war. There were a lot of kooks going around destroying

computers. somehow, this was linked to building munitions. And, if a bank was involved, it was lending money to the wrong people, and so on. So, they were targets for vandalism. You had to enter in an area that was under security.

We had to design our new building on that basis of entering into a lobby, then met by a guard behind a bulletproof glass. He'd ask your business, and you stated it, and then he admitted you into a little cell. You still had to be, then, classified and name-tagged, and whatnot, before you went into the general office.

It was sort of diametrically opposed to the novelty of the computer. Why is it that you have to first enclose it, and then, try to make it inviting? Anyway, after: coming back from this sojourn, I just quickly drew up my preliminary plans, and designed it as a box.

One of the authorities on design for the bank said, "That's just a square box."

Well, this was all I wanted, was just to say, "I want to do something."

So, aside from the fact that there's a lot of air conditioning in there, we had to design a high ceiling, and also a floor under the computer section, which is removable squares, sixteen inches by sixteen inches, so you can get down into the cable system underneath the computer to move a computer to any location, and be able to pull the wires up into the computer, rather than across the floor.

But, getting back to my original thought, the challenge to design this building as something attractive, and then put sort of a grand entry that towered above the box, so to speak, and let daylight in on all three sides of this entry—that was really a windbreak, because you just didn't want anything blowing into that area. Originally, I wanted to have the thing opened, visually, to the person who

came into the lobby, but we had to close that and use this other secure route.

Well, this entry was, as I say, all exposed glass on three sides, so it made quite a nice display other than just “the box.” It became its own problem for air conditioning, because you had to get rid of the heat that was generated by the sun in there, but that didn’t matter. The duct work was sized accordingly.

The First National Bank was happy with the design. At least they didn’t criticize it because they had made the original challenge! [Laughs]

The only thing that did cause some trouble was I used some tile inserts in panels, every twenty feet, or every bay on the outside. They were not secured as well as they should have been by the tile man. Gradually, these things, over a period of several years, began to fall off. So, finally, they had to take them all off, and paint these vertical stripes. I wanted a tone, generally cream color, with a medium brown. My whole purpose in using the tile was to be decorative as well as to have permanent color. Well, it didn’t work that way, but it was a good venture.

Outside of that, there was lots of parking because there’s a twenty-four hour service and the staff have to be able to park. They have to have adequate parking.

The programmer is sort of a wizard in mathematics, and he has to have a little room, about ten feet by ten feet square, a work counter, about thirty inches deep on all three sides, something like a kitchen. And he works from the center section to the other sides, so, he’s swiveling at a table, picking up any document he may want.

Again, we colored the rooms in various pleasing colors, but once in a while, I got a wild color on the back side of it so it doesn’t—the programmers didn’t have to look at that. But it was a relief. I don’t know whether they allowed personal pictures; I never saw one.

But these people, I guess, work pretty hard, and it’s an austere kind of program.

The building had to be treated, of course, acoustically, and we carpeted the hallways. Outside of that, there was nothing very, very special. But, interesting enough, they added to that thing three times now, in the last fourteen years.

Oh, landscaping was one of the things, because it was an industrial section. They had to allow adequate spacing for landscaping and had John Benson do the planning. And it was a nice job, but, of course, some of it was overdone, and in ten years, there became a forest in front of the building, you see. But it has a very nice appearance.

Well, let’s see. Job 582-A. That’s an insert here. It was February, 1968. It was the Incline high school landscaping. We ran out of money in the first operation, and they came back for us. Additional landscaping, which really made things much more attractive. (I guess that slipped in there sort of, when I put the plans in with the original, 582.)

Job 601, was the Pershing County library, April, 1968. This was an interesting job, too. I think about the same time, I put a little library in a school for Fallon. So I think I was studying both at the same time.

This piece of property was right next door, or east of the courthouse. Rather a large piece of ground, and I reserved part of it for a later swimming pool, which I didn’t do. It was smaller than the Churchill County library, but it was based on a—not an absolute square—with a gently sloping roof to the confluence of the four sides, into a cupola. The cupola was plastic. I didn’t intend it to be the shape of a W, but it developed into a W, if you want to read it that way. And, people said, “This is Pershing County, not Winnemucca!” [Laughs]

The purpose of the cupola was to bring light into the center of the core. So all the rest

of the subordinate areas, such as the meeting room, the toilets, and book repair, and so on were subordinate and around that perimeter.

I only had corner windows, so I'd have as much stack area as possible. And, these were just to let a person look out casually to see whether it's a nice day, or whatever.

So, the skylight worked in two ways. It let in the sunlight, the natural daylight, and the natural lighting. And at night, of course, we had lighting that came through. And I always like to do something that is a challenge. Skylights get dirty, so, I deliberately planted a lot of leaves, plastic leaves, up from the bottom of the skylight in different colors. Like an autumn leaf, oranges, browns, greens, and some yellows. Whether people read it that way or not, but at least, it camouflaged the flies I knew would get in there [laughs]!

And, of course, we had to make things accessible to change the fluorescent light once in a while when they burned out. I never heard any complaints in that fashion.

The only complaint I had was some malfunction in the heating for a while. But that was corrected. It's awfully hard to get local people to follow a heating engineer's plans. They always know better than the engineer, of course, and they don't understand how to connect things that bypass important switches—I'm trying to think of another word for switches—thermostats, solenoid valves, or whatever.

The structural engineer was Milton Sharp. I gave him a challenge because I wanted a glue-laminated, inverted arch to carry out this tent-like affair from the four corners. So, it was a challenge to him to tie the whole thing in so it didn't fall apart like striking a tent.

But everybody liked it. Always a trick was to—well, the requirement, not the trick, but—the requirement was that, to be able to add a wing or expand the library to meet the

requirements of the federal government. So, I showed that this was just a little clone building that would go off from one of the sides, like a mother and her chick.

Job 602, Mrs. Leo Lynn, remodel residence, 1968. What that doesn't say is that it was to remodel my old house that I built on Marsh Avenue. And this Leo Lynn, the automobile—I want to call him executive, or owner, but—had purchased the house, and had asked me to remodel the kitchen.

By this time, it had gotten a little bit old-fashioned, and I had a little pantry, a breakfast room, before you got into the kitchen. So we just took that out, and enlarged the kitchen, since there was an adequate dining room.

I also gave her back a fireplace mantel that I had designed and Mrs. Hewitt Wells (Mrs. Worthington, before she was Mrs. Wells), had bought the house previously, yanked out my fireplace design, and put her own cute little thing that she had brought from the East someplace. Made of wrought iron. So then, when she moved out, when the Lynns bought it, and I said, "Well, I've got the mantel if you'd like it." I hauled that out of my basement and gave it to them.

Job 603, Northwest fire sub-station, northwest. Oh, Kings Row, May, 1968. Well, this was an outgrowth of the Skyline fire station, but they said, "We liked your Skyline, but make it cheaper this time." [Laughs]

So, I borrowed a thought from the fact that here we are, facing the mountains of Peavine, and started to climb up in there. So the terrain suggested certain ruggedness, and we were right against that backdrop of the hills. So I designed it with sloping sides, and stuck up the—otherwise it was an all-block building, and there's nothing more deadly than just concrete block. So, we furred it, and I'm glad we did because it was a great—to meet with the energy crisis now—it was a

great barrier for heat and cold, and provided the insulation that I hadn't even planned on.

Sub-stations are fairly simple, you have to provide for storage of the equipment, two engines. You have to come in the back door and exit through the front door. So you have to have enough property to make this turnaround. You're always ready to go.

Next, of course, is to have the crews' quarters right next to the engine room, and generally that's where the kitchen is. And all the firemen are always drinking coffee, as, I suppose, during their relaxing time.

From there, you went into the captain's room; he was the first in command. And, then, back into a dormitory section, and these were semi-private rooms. I felt that every fireman should have semi-privacy. You generally gave them—put two men into an area, like the size of this room. At least ten feet, twelve feet wide, and seven to eight feet long, and you passed that open-ended, U-shaped room.

We provided a locker; each man had to have a locker. They were entering into the three-man shift idea. Instead of twelve hours, there would be eight hours, so each man had to have—for a twenty-four hour day, there had to be three lockers for each bed. So that was all sort of a trick, to provide enough lockers, and all be uniform, and not cheat, not skip anybody. They all had to have a drawer for every person because he had some kind of handiwork to do. Maybe he was knitting, maybe he was studying, whatever.

I don't know why I always want to speak of problems, but I think I like to admit that there were problems. The problem was that the person who supplied the topsoil met the specifications all right, but he didn't have the planting in his requirement. Therefore, the topsoil was nothing but a sandy loam. It needed a lot of fertilizer treatment. Eventually got the grass to grow, though.

Do the people of the Kings Row area like that as well as the people in Skyline like theirs?

I never got any reaction from them because it's a comparatively new neighborhood. And when you passed Kings Row fire station, you were just out in the desert. So it's just the people below the station that would either like it or not. You wouldn't walk up there necessarily to see it; if you did, why [laughs] you'd have to be sort of silly to walk up to see the fire station. There's nothing to see. We didn't make an exhibit of the fire engine. However, I'm sure it fit the neighborhood. No one complained that I knew of.

It fits the area very nicely.

Well, as I say, that's why I did it, just to have it be out there with the huge rocks that do come out of the hillside.

604, Mrs. Arthur E. Orvis, a solarium, August, 1968. A solarium is partially correct. It was also, more to the point, was a therapeutic pool, a jacuzzi. And, I remember Mrs. Orvis coming into my office and said, "I don't need to swim, but I'd like to be able to stretch my—this—[full spiral), and then take a couple of strokes this way."

Well, I've forgotten what that distance was, but it could have been around, say, 8 by 10. well, then, to find a jacuzzi pump and so on that would circulate the water, had to have a heater. I relied too much on the people who sold the jacuzzi business, and I didn't provide enough space to get under and work around this big sunken tub.

But the rest of the problem was—I've already mentioned, it was fun—of course, all tile floor. That pool itself was gunited concrete finished with a white cement. And, of course, the top of the pool was trimmed with a tile. That's so that the water would not run back in the pool, it drained to a separate area. This is,

the reason is, the public health required this, so, I used the same idea, and it cost a little bit more money.

But the enclosure was to accommodate several chairs, a settee, and a bridge table, all of wrought iron. In this case, it was white and yellow, but the crowning thing was a skylight, plastic. They sent east for the thing, made by CalWall, and it was a double cell, well, inch-and-a-half thick—I'm trying to say an airspace, with cells that were about four inches square. Both cells were translucent. We let a lot of light come into the top of the pool, and into the area, but no direct sunlight; that would make a terrible glare. Had one little window that was a recall of the type of treatment for the rest of the house, which was all concrete blocks, so we used a concrete block shell. And facing west, I put a high, circular-wall atrium, and that's where the solarium comes in because periodically, after the bath, why, a person would go out to this circular area and recline in the sun. But since it was right on the public street, it had to be high-walled, I had it six or eight feet high.

Then, I wanted to keep out intruders, so I designed a spiked, picket ring around the thing. It had to be artistic, I didn't want it to look like a darned old prison yard. And I had a plastic gate, or an iron gate soaked with plastic, so a person couldn't see into that area.

The sliding doors, of course, separated the pool from this semi-circular enclosure, open to the sky. The whole thing was a very cute little thing.

Sounds elegant.

It was elegant because it was almost—it was very sexy, I can tell you that [laughs]!

That sounds like the forerunner of what they're now calling hot-tubs.

Yes. Exactly. A hot-tub, is of course, much cheaper than—it's hotter. I know Mrs. Orvis wasn't interested in getting herself all steamed up like a lobster, but just to relax and float in it. I asked her if she ever invited her friends in it.

She said, "No!" [Laughs]

But it had problems in the fact that no one quite understood the condensation problem that would build up from this hot, steamy air, especially in the wintertime. So we had to get the condensation dehumidifier, as well as keeping the temperature of the air [at] body temperature, to be comfortable. So it presented quite a problem, and it was always a source of maintenance. But we finally got things worked over a period of years—everything takes a year to get fixed up, if it's worth anything.

I guess I spoke about the various jobs I've had with Mrs. Orvis on that one house. I can think of every area in (that) house that I've done something.

605, First National Bank of Nevada, South Virginia bank counter—South Virginia bank counter, oh, it was the South Virginia bank. Then they wanted a new counter, that was it. This was more just modernizing the bank counter, and bringing it up to date.

606, Harry McKissick, Jr., residence, December, 1968. Harry McKissick was quite a fellow. He had a lot in the southwest portion of the town that was beginning to get into the terrain of gullies and swales and valleys—that's a wrong expression—swales and mounds, I guess. And he built on a edge of one of these, and wanted to face the house so his living room—orient the house—so his living room looked to the bright lights of Reno, toward the northeast.

We accomplished that all right, but it became a very complicated design, because you had to enter from the southwest, then put the garage in that area, the southwest

corner, the kitchen in the southwest corner, and an open stairway up to the two or three bedrooms there, I've forgotten.

And we designed it as a open-cathedral ceiling, a lot of people like to call it. A little bit weird, but Harry liked to be weird [laughs]. Tragically, of course, he met his death too soon.

Then, same time, Job 607 was a motel for Harry McKissick. And this, he had a piece of property on Stevenson and Second, I think, where the Greyhound bus depot is.

But he began buying up property. I developed these plans which I thought were quite interesting, and he published it in the paper, and he was all gung ho, but nothing happened, he couldn't raise the necessary cash. Talking about what you might have done is no—it's just a dead issue.

608, computer facility, Carson City, May, 1969. Well, this might have been based on my success with the First National Bank computer facility. It's also the time—the beginning of O'Callaghan's administration, and I remember there was a "minority" type who was in charge of this, and he began to pump me up with all his knowledge of my background as an architect. I took that with a grain of salt, and I just said, "Well, let's get down to cases here. Tell me what you want to do. Leave out the politics."

That was done under the direction of the state Planning Board. The requirements were the same as the computer facility in Reno, but I didn't have to follow the security that we had in the former building. Now we're a year past it down the line. So things have subsided. And, since Carson is full of formal buildings, I formalized this one by designing the building in another box, using tilt-up slabs, with impregnated pebbles, colored rock. From a distance it gives a nice, uniform gray.

The rocks could be of any character; these were chosen just like you might take

seasoning from the bin. We took different samples of rock and we developed a nice combination, I believe.

I entered a set of steps. Everything has to be built above the water table in Carson City. So we entered with five, maybe four or five, risers, with a ramp on the two ends, camouflaged by a planter in front.

Somehow, I just don't like ramps that come up and the railings are exposed and it just makes so much of it. You do have to have the ramps for the handicapped, and so on. There's ways of handling that. So it made that a very simple building.

I could look through from the outside right into the computer room, through this large glass entry, behind that, in the hallway, about fifteen feet wide, another glass panel. So the visitor could be mesmerized by this show of computers. I don't think that has any real appeal now, but at the time it was nice. It was like exhibiting the crown jewels. And the rest of the building was surrounded by the usual programmers and officials, and whatnot, technicians.

609, Indian Colony neighborhood facility. This is interesting because that was July, 1969, and now we're May, 1981, twelve years down the line; I'm now doing my fifth Indian Colony job.

But that first one was funny because I didn't understand Indians, at the beginning. I don't say that I do entirely now, but I have a much more casual interchange with them, and I get them to communicate much better. At first it was like pulling teeth to find out really what they wanted, but the job did prove successful.

The trouble was, it was just too small. This led to other jobs because of the— - We put in a rather large allpurpose room, then in the hallway, put in a great big exhibit case. The Indians are always winning trophies. They

got more trophies than Reno High School [laughs]! Basketball games, tennis, and so on.

There's a Head Start room for the tiny tykes, where it was supposed to be a senior citizens room. But you get too much compressed in one building and nothing really functions. The Head Start was too small, the senior citizens were punched out by the constant bedlam, noise, teenagers, and whatnot.

Designed the building just with concrete block, and hip-type roof, in which I sunk the air conditioning into the well. Followed that scheme for all the other buildings so they had the continuity. And the air conditioning is simple to service. I don't climb a ladder, I just climbed a steep stairway. So it makes it easier for the service people to get up and down.

All right. Let's do this one more. It's the job, 610, phase one of the School of Medical Sciences, and it was then called the Health Science Project, the University of Nevada, August, 1969.

And it was to be known as the Anderson school. Dr. Fred Anderson was instrumental in getting the medical school. The dean of the school, first dean, was George Smith, a very fine man, full of enthusiasm and able to raise money.

Sold the project to the legislature. And, of course, the old battle of who gets what in the state, you know, between the north and the south was prevalent.

The very interesting thing was that this job was to cost a million dollars. It was also—the requirements were by the HUD people, to show the future development. So we had quite a large piece of property up here to the north of campus, behind the new playing field, football playing field. And it was in a nice piece of ground that gently sloped from the higher Virginia Street side down to the Evans Avenue side. I've forgotten how many acres of ground, but we were able to show all these different

buildings that would eventually be built. Some of them might have been fictitious, but they were honestly part of the medical program.

So, in order to satisfy the feds, I made this comprehensive, schematic drawing. Took it down to Las Vegas. And I'll never forget that experience as long as I live.

The Board of Regents met in a—I forgot the building's name, but it was just a large room. They set up a U-shape series of tables, like King Arthur's court [laughs]. People all around that, with the chairman at the center. The press at one end, and the Board of Regents, the professors, and so on at the other. And they put me right in the middle. I didn't have an easel, I didn't have a thing to exhibit this, and it was like being tortured, trying to give a speech without any props. They could have had, at least had a podium or something to speak from. But to stand there holding this drawing so that it would not roll up like a scroll, and talk about it, and pointing with your chin to things. I was just one miserable person!

And they said, "Well, why don't we build that as a two-story building? I thought we were going to build all buildings—" this was, oh, who was that little feller from Las Vegas? Well, he just was throwing out challenges. "I thought we were going to build all buildings, because we were running out of room, as two-story buildings."

Well, I explained the budget wouldn't allow this, and we had to have so much space, and besides, there's plenty of room. And then I got out this master plan. Holy smoke! I thought the sky was bursting!

He saw that and he said, "Hey! This is a fifty-million-dollar project if I ever saw one! Who's saying that we're going to put the medical school up there anyway?"

This, you see was a health science project. And this showed all the back-up data that I had to have for the federal government.

Dean Bohmont did come to my rescue. And he grabbed— this little man wanted to see this drawing, but I started to walk over and give it to him, and he grabbed it—Dean Bohmont grabbed it—and realized that to pass this around would be dynamite.

And, then, he turned to President Edd Miller. N. Edd Miller. I started to go down there and Edd Miller said, “I don’t want to see it. I haven’t seen it, I don’t know anything about it.” [Laughs] It was a nice way of getting out of that.

Well, I was a nervous wreck going back on the plane, and as soon as I got into the house, I got a call from Dean Bohmont, and he said, “Burn that!” That plan.

Well, it was silly to burn it because that was a print. There were lots of others, and I wasn’t going to burn something that there was a requirement, but that was N. Edd Miller’s instructions.

So, I said, “All right, I’ll burn it.” I burned a print [laughs]. It went on to be the guidelines for future buildings. I can talk more about that later on, if you wish [laughs].

Politics are funny. Especially for this campus, or any campus, University of Nevada. And I’m not surprised at anything now, over the years of what’s gone on. The petty jealousies, the climbing on one another’s backs, and now we’re in the throes of being cut off in appropriations, and especially the med school now. Well, it’s been—from ’69—it’s thirteen years. Well, that’s too bad. But they’ll eventually get it. It may be set back for a couple of years.

I would like to describe some of the features of the building because, speaking of politics, it had to be designed to—. Dean Bohmont had some funds, and he wanted to put in the project that this was for agricultural use. And he wanted to stretch that building as far as possible, and have simply open laboratories.

The dean [Smith] was interested in only getting a start for the med school. So,

we designed the building very, very simply with counters around the three sides of the room. Put an office and a small experiment laboratory to match the size of the office, again, about 10 by 10.

This was unusual because you go through the laboratory to get to the office. Each laboratory had its own professor or doctor, or whatever, and own little laboratory, and the rest of it was very barn-like with these shelves with no cases, under which we brought the essentials of gas, water, air, and pure water, oh, of course, electricity, to feed up into the counters and with a wash sink at each station.

Bare bones, if ever. So eventually, they began bringing in equipment as they got grants from other government agencies. They were able to equip the laboratory over the years.

The problem was to get over this jealousy between the agricultural department and this newly-formed med society or group. Of course, the med people eventually won out, and Bohmont moved out of the building, which, I think, he was happy to do later on, go after his own money and get what he wanted.

It was to be the forerunner of a large three-unit cluster, designed in a U-shape. The interesting thing was that at the end of phase one, then phase two which was downhill twelve feet vertically below the first one. And then filled in with an administrative-library-and-other-kind-of thing unit at the bottom of the U, linking up the two floors at these levels.

The contractor for the second unit missed the level by one inch, and ooh, what a time I had trying to adjust heights. One inch can—on your floor levels, your window lines—can throw you off. And I did more fakery to do that! I finally got it to work.

Well, we’re up to the beginning of the School of Medical Sciences. Beginning with Job 610. At that time phase one was called

“Health Science Project,” in August, 1969. In November, 1974, Job Number 677, five years later it was known as the Health Science Addition, and later it was part of the project of the School of Medical Sciences, phase two, as I mentioned, November, 1974. And, finally, in November 1976, two years later, phase three came along which was an addition to the School of Medical Sciences, phase three.

Phase one, of course, we talked about, in which there was some political misgivings, but that was straightened out. The one interesting thing about the project was that it was—we chose to build it up on the upper or eastern side of the slope, it went to the east, down a sloping on this beautiful hillside to link up with Evans Avenue, extended. There could be a road built around, then link up again with either North Virginia Street, or into a new road that bordered around the north end of the new playing field. That’s what happened eventually.

The road wasn’t put exactly as I had shown it, but it did honor the area selected for the med school. So to this date, there’s been no encroachment on that side, which is good.

Phase two was designed to be twelve feet, or just one story below phase one floorline, so that when phase three came, knowing that now we were getting tight for space, phase three could link up as a connecting unit between two levels. Thus, phase three was a two-story building which had its main entrance on the ground floor of the phase two development.

Going back to phase one, it was built very simply. I think I mentioned the fact that most of it would be classrooms of a sort, with basic facilities for the laboratories in each so-called classroom or laboratory. There were no cabinets, but simply the elements of water, distilled water, compressed air, electricity, and gas.

Then each room had its own little testing laboratory or performance laboratory for the professor who had a likewise space at the end of the window wall area of the building. So, all of these laboratories were sort of inside rooms. Their supporting areas were across the hall, such as toilet rooms, storage rooms, and so on.

I can’t think of what was at the end of the building, the north end of the building. However, when we got to phase two, then we had a more sophisticated group of people. The first time I mentioned that Dean Smith was the appointed dean who organized the School of Medicine. And, of course, he was supported by such wonderful people as Dr. Lombardi and Fred Anderson, another doctor. But, of course, the school, the building, was later to be named the Anderson school, after Fred Anderson.

The phase two building was to be named Edward Manville medical building. Phase three has never been named yet, and it’s just as well, as far as a distinguished person. And I think it’s wise to wait until something really comes along. And here’s Dr. Lombardi, has been honored with a beautiful building in athletics, so you can’t name the school of medical science after him. But, if it weren’t for that, he would have been very deserving of the third phase.

Dr. Smith lasted through—that may be a crude way of putting it—let’s say his era was the latter part of phase one, and all, the completion of phase two. But then, he got restless after he had successfully won the campaign with the legislature, and so on, and got the money. A different source is to build these two buildings. He chose to go east and accept a higher position, in organizing medical schools.

Finishing up phase three, was under that handsome fellow, [Thomas] Scully.

Prematurely gray, but maybe this thing made him that way, I don't know! Later, of course, he had to resign for reasons of health. And I never did get to know the new dean. Well, see, there was an acting dean for a while, and I just met him the other day up in the med school—.

The phase two had some very definite programs. In it was to be an auditorium at one end, and the far end a study of the—well, anatomy. Whenever they had to use the cadavers—. Having to design cadaver trays, all that business, is kind of icky [laughs]. You had to design these refrigerated boxes, and keeping the odor of formaldehyde was terrific. When you do that, then you've got to design a room that's under negative pressure, so the air doesn't escape into other rooms or down the hall. Of course, some of it did, and I was constantly being called, "What are you going to do about the odor going down the hall?"

It's awfully hard. Well, you seal up the doors, and you put on more pressure into the air conditioning that's supplying only that area, but still, you get leaks.

Otherwise, the building was, I think, successful. we had the various kinds of laboratories, the various kinds of offices, and different functions. And the professors got along quite well in their interchange of thoughts and sharing of space.

But still, we were running out of money, and space. So the professors, those that didn't quite get what they wanted, were promised more space in the phase three. Well, phase three, we only had just a limited amount of space now. All we could develop was fifteen thousand square feet on two floors. That was seven thousand square feet per floor. And, when you have elevators and stairways and all the other f iresafety things, you're just eating up space.

Phase three had to have a library, and that was built over a media facility. The media

came along, and that was one thing I didn't understand, but I think they got a good portion of funding f or being able to connect their studies with the art of television into hospitals.

St. Mary's and Washoe thought they had to have a mobile truck. That meant we had to have a garage to store this equipment fully loaded. So it can't be outside someplace. We had to keep it under lock and key.

And that posed a problem. How do you get a garage into a nice U-shaped campus? But we concealed it in a satisfactory way. I used that space on top as a sundeck for the students; the base of the U overlooked a nice court. It was out of the wind, and out of the sun, so it was rather pleasant.

But I had to put the principal entrance, you see, in that area, and it made it rather awkward. The dean had to be moved into this quarter because he wanted a larger area than we'd planned for him in phase two.

There was, by this time, God bless them, there's always a woman in the picture—I'm trying to think of the secretary to Dean Smith, and also to Dean Scully. Edna Brigham. And doggone it, they don't take No for an answer. I had a few bricks that were out of kilter, and she wanted to throw the whole thing out; not quite that bad. But the people who furnished these interlocking bricks, the first time I used them, but I thought it would be a nice change from the ordinary concrete sidewalk. A few of them were chipped. In one way you could say that that added character. In other words, they were imperfect.

So, the deal was, in the spring after they had gone through one winter, if any of them showed that they were frozen or chipped, then the supplier would replace them, and, I'd replace them with Edna's supervision. Well, there's nothing she could do except to accept that, you see, and so forth. [Laughs]

I think there were fifteen initially, and there were twenty we replaced later. Otherwise, the building had fulfilled all requirements.

We did have trouble with the air conditioning in the library. I haven't had a building yet that didn't have some squeaky thing in the air conditioning. It's a very scientific thing, and each time, I have a different engineer, but they all [have] the same problems. There are never two that are the same, exactly.

But of course, it would be too hot or too cold. Finally, we got the problem licked with just the fact that one duct line had been completely sealed off. It was the construction. Well, you might think, "Where was the supervisor?" All the time, we had a man on the job, eight hours a day, from the Public Works Board, supervising the thing. But how is he to know that there's one end that has not been connected, you see. He's not watching for it, he's not an expert. Well, that thing was finally corrected after a whole year of fussing around, fussing around.

The landscaping was not originally specified; I mean we didn't have enough money for it, and there were some raw, unfinished sloping hills. And this caused problems because instead of filling up with plants, it was filled with weeds. And I always hate to cut out the landscaping when it's the first thing you have to cut. If you want to save \$7,000, well, that's where you got to do it—to pay for a motor someplace.

The whole building was built under the eye and scrutiny of HUD. Phase three was peculiar—well, not a peculiar, but a particular fussy phase of Hold's administration where they had all of these so-called experts on providing for the handicapped, providing for the blind, providing for the deaf, I guess you'd call it under the heading of environmentalists.

But when Brian Whalen and I went down to be reviewed by HUD, we went down to San Francisco, they began throwing all this stuff at us: "Barricading the area under excavation between the two buildings."

I said, "There's no sense of barricading because they can get around from the phase two to phase one, by going outside and down the ramp. So it's perfectly safe for everybody."

Well, they wanted me to build the barricade, then to light that barricade at night, then have a sound beeper to warn the blind from falling into the holes, you see, over the barricades. And the whole thing got so ridiculous that I said, "Are you planning this building or am I?"

I just got so irritated at these little people who couldn't even speak English. I mean, they were given a job with the United States government to review and tell the architect what he had to do, criticizing his plans. They weren't trained; they were just given a job to pick and fuss.

And, Brian said, "Well, Ed, do the best you can."

I said, "I know what I'm going to do, I'm going to ignore the whole damn thing, and if they want to come up and shut the job down, let them. Maybe I can push them in the hole!" [Laughs]

Web Brown was my engineer, and we had a very peculiar thing to build a retaining wall to hold the earth that supported the phase one building. And we dug a hole, here we were, twenty feet up in the air with the phase one, up there on the steep embankment. Well, it just meant that it had to be done in a shoring method or doing it in phases, you dig out a certain amount, then you filled that with concrete, after that has been cured and properly enforced, then you dig out the remaining, every other spaces. We got through that all right, it was just the method.

Instead of letting Web Brown do it, from his experience, why they had suggested these other ways.

I guess there are areas in which you get irritated, you know, trying to do your best. Neither one of us want to have that building fall in, nor were we going to let it fall in.

We provided for every—. The library has to expand. It can expand to south by building up a series of columns, have a colonnade, and let the library extend twenty feet to the south, and we left brackets in the concrete, hidden back in the wall, so we could run beams into that. Concrete beams, or steel beams, I've forgotten which. And then, built the floor, not over the first floor; it wouldn't hurt anything, but it would make the building that much more interesting, I think.

Phase two, I think the auditorium was one of my best school auditoriums, acoustically. I always have wished that we could have a chamber music in there, just to test it out. It's a good speaking auditorium, and it does everything that a lecture auditorium should have. We kept it simple. I didn't have too many sliding boards, or big lecture stuff because I felt that the professors, if they had to lecture, most of them have their own paraphernalia. We had a projection booth; I don't know whether it was ever used or not. Acoustically, it was a very nice little auditorium.

We had enough money to do the landscaping on both sides of phase one and two, but never for the front [laughs]. We finally got it, and I'm sure that it's being planned for in the future.

I was thinking I would be retained to carry on with phase four, but they decided they needed somebody with greater knowledge than me for the bacterial problems that would be developed in phase four. Well, so far they haven't even talked about the planning or money for it. Maybe it's just

as well that I didn't get the job. I'd be still waiting around.

[Your buildings are easy to get around in. That's another example of that, I think.]

They worked pretty well, because to continue the circulation from phase one to phase two through phase three, was a bit tricky to get to the elevator, to get to the stairs, and then create some offices as well as the library, all along the second floor. When I hit upon the idea of putting the corridor to one side, and just lining the north side with some little offices, we managed to take care of most everybody but two people, I think. Well, they got their nose out of joint, but they got another area someplace, and they're happy [laughs].

Well, all right then, I'll go back to the order of regular business according to the job by dates.

Picking it up in August, 1969, I made a study for the Youth Education Center of Nevada, Lake Tahoe. Well, that's all it was, a study. It was quite interesting to tie it in with the summer camp. That was really a landscape architectural problem, and it didn't get much further than just being paid for making the study. I've forgotten all who was in on it, but I do remember Dick Cameron was one of the principals.

612, Pioneer Citizens Bank, September, 1969. This wasn't a new job; I didn't build the building. But Pioneer Citizens Bank was on the ground floor on the east side of the building, the entrance was to the north. The south side of the building was Bell Telephone Company.

And it seems—ah, it's only back '69 to '81, that's twelve years, isn't it? Since that time, Bell Telephone has grown leaps and bounds. They built their own building out on Plumb Lane. So that left Pioneer Citizens free to take all the first floor. The owner of the building—

it was called the Triune Building—was Clel Georgetta. He had two huge paintings—oh, I know, they're up in the Historical Society. They were sort of a ranch, ranching scene, painted in oil on canvas. And he wanted me to weave these things into the new scheme.

Well, he had them in the corridor that went from the front entrance to the back where the stairway and elevator bank was to the rest of this building. Well, this is where the Pioneer Citizens wanted to take the space left and vacated by the Bell Tel, and cut two archways into, from their banking area, into another department of loans or whatever, bookkeeping, which they felt necessary on the first floor.

So, the idea was, "Can we do this?" Open it up, cutting away concrete. Well, Web Brown, I had again as my engineer; he's very, very conservative.

He said, "Well, the problem is, you're cutting away the shear value of those two concrete walls."

I said, "Well, I think you can do this without sacrificing too much here. You're going to have concrete on both sides and across the top."

He said, "Well, that won't be enough, unless you do something else with the building."

Well, I thought, "I'm not going to be the one to kill this whole project." So I said to Web, "You write me a letter stating that, cutting openings in the hallway concrete walls is to destroy the shear value and you disclaim any responsibility for such, should the building be shaken down by earthquake, if that's what you're worried about."

Well, that letter's on record now, so, if it's shaken down, it'll probably be my fault. But I don't think it will be. I think that if it is, all the rest of Reno is going to be shaken, put into the hole.

I didn't want to defy Web Brown, but I think that sometimes we can get so over-safe that we lack sense of creativity. Anyway, the bank is there and it functions very nicely, there's a sense of open feeling.

There were other things we did with it on the back end. I put a new facing around the front and sort of modernized it. del Georgetta wasn't too happy except when he got these paintings up in the Historical Society. Why, that was—that satisfied him.

The other thing was that I had shown what could be done to modernize the front of the building by sand-blasting the dirty brick, and putting some aluminum decorative strips alongside of the windows, turned the whole feeling into a vertical feeling rather than the horizontal feeling. And somewhat, like was known as Chicago Style. Back in the days after the Chicago fire, why, architects were doing this very thing of crossing horizontal bands with vertical bands, and so they had sort of a plaid feeling. This was modern architecture at the time, back in the turn of the century.

Job 613, Fred Black, Lake Tahoe. I can't remember much about it. It was September, 1969, a house.

Job 614, John Sinai, miscellaneous. Well, that was probably a good word for it, because John was a man who was always dabbling in things. I never could pin him down. I was doing campsites for him, and houses, talking about his downtown office building, and whatnot. Oh, yes. That developed into a job.

615, Don's Drug store, Second and Center. Some years ago, it was a five-story building, caught fire. Mr. Keith Lockard was the architect for remodeling the building to a three-story building, and lined it with some fluted aluminum. Somehow, they wanted to enlarge Don's Drug store and I—the building was so chopped up that I found it most impossible. And, finally, it was given up,

and, of course, in the meantime, Don's Drug vanished.

Job 616, McKeon Construction Company, October, 1969. That was a case of my falling into the clutches of a contractor/developer who came to Reno with this idea, building two-story walk-up apartments. And would I be so kind as to sign the drawings? "That's all you have to do, and I'll pay you for it."

And I said, "I won't sign any drawings. If you want me to be an architect, then fine."

Well, he said, "All right."

So, I redrew the drawings, but every time I tried to make a suggestive change, which I thought would make the plans better, "No, do it his way." So, this is why I say, "I fell into the clutches."

He paid me for it, but then, three years later, I got calls from Sparks and Reno city engineers. "Parsons, where are the calculations for this such-and-such job?"

I said, "What job?"

"The one you're doing in Sparks."

I said, "I'm not doing any job in Sparks."

Well, this guy was selling his plans over and over still with my name on it, see, and different projects. Characters!

617, Cord residence. Allen Galloway was the contractor. October, 1969. It was one of things where Mr. Cord got into the building, and the contractor did what he wanted done, using all of his fine wood paneling and wood moldings, but it just had that contractor's touch. Nothing—elegant, in a crude way.

Cord was much more of a refined person as an engineer. As you know, Cord was the developer of the Cord automobile. So you don't develop an automobile, and let someone else build a house for you. But that's exactly what he did. And he asked me to redesign the entrance. Well, it's awfully hard to redesign something when you're not quite sure who your client is, whether it's the

contractor—. Allen Galloway was nice about it. "Anything he wants, you do." "Fine, he'll pay for it, don't worry." But keeping track of my time, and trying to keep track of your thinking, and sketching after sketching, and try to fit a new entry into a preconceived opening is awfully hard to do. It satisfied him, but that's the only job I did for Cord.

618, First National Bank, two-car garage. Why, I can't understand why the First National Bank would have me do a two-car garage. That was October, 1969. It didn't amount to anything, I guess.

619, Milbank residence, October, 1969. Mr. and Mrs. Milbank were relatives of John Sinai. John had unloaded a piece of property [laughs] on them up at Hidden Valley at the windiest doggone place I've ever seen. It was a nice hill, it had a beautiful view of Reno, faced the sun, and was a terrible site to build on because it—I didn't like the idea of having a man shrivel up in the wind (laughs).

You had no place to set a yard. So I designed this house around an atrium, a courtyard. [I] thought, "Well, at least they can get inside and feel the warmth in the atrium."

The plan was acceptable. They were quite interested in it, but that's as far as it went. They fooled around and fooled around for about a year and then left the area, then came back. He was a physician for the World Health [Organization]. That was the first time I had ever heard of such an organization, but I guess he was quite a figurehead in that.

620, for Mrs. Kay, Topaz Lake, November, 1969. This was just an impossible piece of property on the edge of [U.S.] 395 that had been slashed by the widening of 395. And now she was isolated, and had to be—she had this piece of ground, and wanted me to develop a house up there. well, it bent, it was

going to be all road, and just very dangerous trying to get off the private property onto the freeway, a speedway. And come up over and around a hill. I said, "This is impossible."

Speaking of freeways, this next job, Job 621, I call this a Freeway Project, Reno, February, 1970. Gene Brown, a real estate developer, who's in my building, still is, had the idea of using this skyway, or the area above a freeway, and leasing it from the Highway Department.

So he wanted to build a hotel that would straddle the freeway. I said, "Good idea, but the problem is getting all the utilities down to the first floor, then what do you do with them? You can't let them pour into the freeway, you've got to pull the pipes to the side. Wouldn't it be better to build the hotel just to the side, and then build just the garage over the freeway?"

Well, this is the plan that we developed. A four-story garage, or five-story garage over the freeway, and then there was a twelve-story building to the side. And he got all kinds of different promoters interested in the thing. He was trying to get the front money to build the project.

Well, it was just a little bit before its time. So now, it still sits there with the beautiful slab of concrete over the freeway at North Virginia between Seventh and Eighth streets.

622, refurbishing and restoring the state capitol building, March, 1970. This was an interesting project because it was my first contact with Paul Laxalt as governor. Bill Hancock, I remember, gave me \$71,000 to do this refurbishing, which really amounted to some drapery and painting, wallpapering, and very few physical changes.

The governor's office had already been done. And I swore that I could do a better job than whoever did that for him because

somebody had taken the west wall of the governor's office and part of the returning end of the north wall, and instead of taking advantage of the round arches which were too much of a problem, I guess, the decorator simply went in there with a band of drapery, square across above the arches, and killed all the arches, you see, and had this band of drapery clear across the wall, which looked nothing more than a stage curtain. But as long as it was blue, that's what the governor wanted. I had nothing to do with that.

But I went into the other office, and upstairs, and with Beryl Interiors, well, we worked together and developed the drapery. I sketched it out, and she fabricated it.

We took bids on it, and she was the low bidder, and supplied the velvet for the drapery. And I made the valance in a fan shape with radiating pie slits coming out from the central button. They were attractive, but awfully heavy. Thank goodness that didn't last more than six or eight years, until—yes, in August, 1975, we started the capitol rehabilitation with Clark Gribben. (So that's only five years.) By this time, the drapery had got pretty sunburned, and dirty—nobody ever cleaned them, except to vacuum, to keep them fresh and nice. So, I just mentioned that as a—

Well, we turned the second floor, the old senate and old assembly rooms into, one a museum, and the other an art room, and added a fire escape or two, and that was about it.

That was right after the state legislative building opened then, or about the same time.

A couple years after. Well, what was still kept in there was the governor's office, in the capitol building— it's still there now—the governor's office, the controller's office, the

secretary of the state, and then the treasurer's office.

We modified all four of those, mostly with wallpaper. I remember we did a cage effect in the 1900s style for the treasurer. Seems that there was, at that time, there was an awful lot of scare of, not robbery, but taking over. so everybody was super cautious.

I think I mentioned the—yeah, the [FNB] operations building in 1968 was one of which we had to guard against breakage and vandalism, and so on. The same spirit was carrying over into 1970. Had to guard against all these nuts that were threatening to overthrow the government.

I don't think there's much use in talking about that because it's all gone and we've done a different project, and I'd like to concentrate on this second phase when we come to that.

623 is Mrs. Long, gazebo and terrace. I don't know whether I've spoke of that gazebo. [Yes.] Then I had it out of order, but that's all right. The terrace and gazebo came along at the same time, and as I said, the interesting thing was an old monkey cage [laughs]. (See above, Job 594.)

624 was Harrah's Middle Fork Lodge, March, 1970. And 625, Harrah's Stanley property. As everyone remembers, Bill Harrah was a most remarkable man, and I had previously had contact with him.

At Middle Fork in Idaho, he had this landlocked property that belonged to the United States government. And how he had this piece of property, I don't know. But it was his. The only way you could get to it is fly into it. He couldn't build a road, he couldn't do anything. So every stick of lumber that he used after that was flown in on a small plane. And was—it was most interesting because the pilot would have to circle twice, grit his teeth, and

come in and land [laughs] between these high peaks in the mountains.

Always, they had cocktails for the trip back—not the pilot, but those who were there. Open up the jug and serve anything that would be—they had these premixed martinis, or whatever. Lot of fun.

The interesting thing was this was a little log-cabin building when he bought it. So he wanted to enlarge it and still keep it a log cabin atmosphere, with simple old peeled logs, those look like a mechanical set. The main addition was a billiard room. So we had to have the conventional Tiffany glass lamps for the two billiard tables, and give it the proper atmosphere.

I think the thing about that job I enjoyed most was simply being with Bill Harrah, although I wasn't with him very much. I was mostly with his coworkers. But when I showed him sketches, he would grunt and say he liked it or he didn't like it. That was about the extent of our conversation.

The Middle Fork was the same thing. There was a few little buildings on another part of Idaho in the town, I mean Stanley. They were done at the same time. Bill wanted to add more little log cabins. I think I've really spoken of Bill Harrah through my association with his house, and Scherry. So there's no use in repeating it.

626 was Jack Ross, May, 1970. I can't recall what that was.

627, Battle Mountain swimming pool. That never matured.

Morrill Hall is—apparently begins in its concept, at least the first written recollection I have is from a letter called the Committee for the Restoration and Preservation of Morrill Hall, minutes, June, 16, 1970.

I think it would be well to read this because it would be shorter than my trying to recollect all the names.

The Committee for the Restoration and Preservation of Morrill Hall, met at the Alumni and Development Office, University of Nevada, Reno, at seven-thirty p.m., on Tuesday, June 16, 1970.

Members present were: Chairman Virginia Phillips, Alumni Association President Jack McAuliffe, and members Margaret Craven, Alyce Taylor, Gus Perkins, Maureen Walker, and Francis Smith. Also present were: Ed Parsons, architect, and Fanchion Davis and Betty Fuss, secretaries. Members absent were: Tom Cooke, Milton Sharp, Frances Crumley, Hank Clark, Jim Carlson, Renee Zimmerman, Bill Thornton, and Dr. Bottsford.

Chairman Phillips read a letter which had been received from the oldest graduate of the University of Nevada, who now lives in Oregon. The committee thought the letter should be published in the next Alumni Newsletter.

Ed Parsons presented the plans he had drawn for the restoration of Morrill Hall.

(I might add that those were very preliminary plans.)

The plans showed the first floor as devoted to offices on each side of the staircase. One side is for the Alumni Association offices, and the other is for the director of development. On the second floor is an alumni lounge and bar, and a meeting or banquet room.

The third floor is reserved as an exhibit area, since there will be a limit to the number of people allowed there at one time.

The faculty area, pantry, and restrooms are in the basement. The basement is separated entirely from the rest of the building so that it can be locked up separately.

The location of the stairway to the basement has been changed. The fire escape will be taken off the porches, for the first and second floors will be put across rear of the building.

There will be a cantilevered fire escape from the second floor porch to the first floor porch.

(Well, what that means is—doesn't call it a porch, call it a fire escape. In other words, we put two porches across the rear of Morrill Hall for the purpose of a fire escape, and thus, it would eliminate the ugliness of the fire escape and provide a reasonable secondary exit, because the stairway, the central stairway, violates present codes. It is a nonconforming exit.)

And there will be a cantilevered fire escape from the second floor porch to the first floor porch. The plans were examined by those members present.

It was felt that the proposed plan should be incorporated into a brochure for solicitations of funds for the restoration.

Ed Parsons promised to have a cost estimate at the next meeting, which will include a cost projection for the preliminary work and a rough estimate in current terms, of the cost of the whole project.

The plans were left with Fanchion so she could go over them and state what will be needed to make the office space functional, and so she could show them to Ambassador Reams.

The next meeting of the committee will be in July. Exact date and time to be announced later.

The meeting adjourned.

That, I think, was very concise. This is my history, and I'm glad I came across it because of those names.

There's another letter that might be interesting to read this, and follows: Dated July 23, 1970. From Robert Laxalt, Director, to Mr. Jack McAuliffe, President of the University of Nevada Alumni Association.

Dear Jack:

This letter is in connection with the Alumni Association's plans to convert Morrill Hall into an alumni center.

As you know, the University of Nevada Press has had its editorial office in Morrill Hall since its inception a number of years ago. Our activities are, of course, the publishing of books about Nevada and the West, with occasional excursions to matters further afield.

Over the years we have had several opportunities to move to more modern quarters, but we have preferred to stay here for a number of reasons: sentimental attachment to Morrill Hall, accessibility by authors, artists, designers, and so forth, and a good amount of quiet in which to perform the painstaking task of making manuscripts into books.

With the Alumni Association now planning to take over Morrill Hall, we would like your consideration of a proposal.

Since Alumni activities, except for the Alumni office, will be somewhat

sporadic, the use factor of the entire building will be occasional, i.e., meeting rooms, museum. It is our feeling that our activities as a University press dealing mainly with Nevada history fit into the Alumni use pattern.

Further, we do have a long-time investment in this building and face the prospect of moving with extreme reluctance.

Further, again, if it hadn't been for our initial furor many years ago, Morrill Hall would have disappeared at the same time as Stewart Hall. In other words, we have a death battle investment in this building.

Anyway, we would appreciate your serious consideration of our remaining in our present quarters when Morrill Hall becomes an alumni center.

(Signed)

Sincerely,

Robert Laxalt, Director

Those two letters, then, started a battle—the clash of ideas, in where we're going to use the space? How we're going to use it? Bob Laxalt wanted to remain on the main floor on the east side of the building, which was formerly the old president's office. It had been remodeled on different occasions. And one of the last times was—I made a remodeling for Dr. Stout, I believe it was, and he was very happy with this arrangement. (I believe I recorded it earlier.)

Anyway, they were thinking that some day it would fall in the hands of the Alumni, and that it might have been condemned by some of the more modern-thinking engineers, that never occurred to me. At any rate, looking back, it's interesting to note that this feud was

developing, and to come to the bottom line, Bob Laxalt won out, in a way. The Alumni Association reluctantly gave him the space.

And, I said to Bob, "Rather than try to do the east side and the appropriate quarters for you, would you be satisfied with going into the basement? That sounds horrible, but the basement needs to be shored up. There's a lot of work has to be done. And I'd put you in the basement, and give you quarters that are independent of everything else. You can lock up the key, and lock up the entire basement, and have it all to yourself. Except for one, might have to have a small space for heating and mechanical."

I showed him how it could be done, and he agreed with that. Then, the committee got a little huffy because we were giving away valuable space to Laxalt [laughs].

Well, I said, "I'm only trying to solve a problem; I'm not trying to interject into politics. But you're all my friends, and I think you should recognize the fact that there is a point here with Mr. Laxalt."

But I got to feel very good about it eventually, solving that problem. And nobody cares about going down the basement, anyway, except Mr. Laxalt and company. And they're very happy because they've got more space, and the area windows provide him good daylight, and a nice view, and because it's modern lighting and air conditioning, he's forgotten the high ceilings and so on. Maybe he'd still like to be on the first floor, but it felt that way.

It would take a lot of time to go through the financing of this, and I'm not sure where all the money did come from. But here's a letter Nick Lauri, from Robert Heaney. We're skipping now to April 11, 1974. Mr. Heaney says to Mr. Lauri:

First, I suggest we consider sending a letter to every law office in the

state asking for their help in making known to their clients the Morrill Hall restoration project, make it specifically request that lawyers recommend to their clients the possibility of making available funds to Morrill Hall restoration through their respective wills and trusts.

At the same time, we would hasten to point out tax advantage and opportunities for suitable memorials by designation of the specific rooms, or parts of Morrill Hall memorializing the donors, (and so on, and so forth).

And, secondly, I would suggest that we contact the trust department of every bank, the same idea.

Third, I would suggest that we personally contact certain persons within the community and state who we believe may have an interest in making contributions to Morrill Hall.

For example, it might be very possible that the Hawkins family might wish to make a contribution in memory of Mrs. Robert Z. Hawkins, granddaughter of John Mackay.

I'm personally acquainted with young Bob Hawkins and would be glad to talk to him in this regard.

I spoke yesterday with Ed Parsons, architect for Morrill Hall restoration, and he gave me a breakdown of the various rooms in Morrill Hall which might be suitable for memorial name designation.

The following is a four-level breakdown of the building, I've just designated by asterisk those areas which would appear to be more suitable for name designation:

Now the basement: faculty, dining room, lounge, and a small bar.

First floor, office of director of development, office of assistant director of development, staff and workroom, main conference room, alumni reception room.

Second floor, meeting and banquet room, alumni lounge.

Third floor, museum, area consisting of three large rooms.

(Well, I could go on, but the letter's all that same vein, and it ends):

Sincerely yours,
Robert E. Heaney

Copies to Larry Struve, UNR Alumni President; Jack McAuliffe, Morrill Hall restoration committee; Virginia Phillips, Morrill Hall restoration committee; Doug Byington, Morrill Hall restoration committee; Ed Parsons, Morrill Hall restoration architect; Les Gray, Attorney at Law.

It's interesting to note that from those people, the ones left in the final committee were Doug Byington and Ed Parsons [laughs]. Of course, I was being paid. I had to be left. But the reason I point this out, over these years, '70 to '78, eight years, there was a sort of attrition and people got tired. They don't want to be serving all along.

But Virginia Phillips was one of the work horses, and so was Doug Byington. The others, I just—maybe I'll pick them up later in the research here—but those people do stand out.

I'd be interested in having you comment about what you thought about these fund-raising efforts and how deeply involved you got with that.

I think it was a pretty good showing among the individual alumni. I knew that that wasn't going to make it, but what did finally make it was three things: bringing in the National Trust for Historic Preservation—through the state of Nevada, they were able to get in three different installments, around a hundred thousand, more or less.

Every time you work with the government, then you have to be under their thumb. And the only thing I had any quarrel with was methods of cleaning the brick. Others were paint colors. But there weren't many problems.

Oh, the other thing that almost put this building in jeopardy was the structural engineer's report, which I'll make reference to [consults papers]. This is a structural survey of Morrill Hall, made by Mr. Rabenstine, Wallace J. Rabenstine, civil and structural engineer, Reno, Nevada.

This is a long, detailed summary of his findings of Morrill Hall, and it's QED, tear it down. And there was just no way to save this thing. So I took this with a dim view, as I generally take a lot of engineers who get overly enamored with their own importance, not to discredit the engineer, but, gosh, they just can't find any other way but what they come down with in their wonderful magic of figures. In other words, the building was going to topple down, so, let's get rid of it. It would cost so much to fix it up.

Maybe I would have used Wally Rabenstine, but he died a few years later than this report, which was, by the way, 1961.* The engineer I chose was Jack Means because he was a man sympathetic with preservation, and if there was a chance, why, let's do it! So he approached it with a different point of view.

*See Parsons papers, UNR Library

Well, all agreed that the third floor should not be used, too, because we couldn't use it as a legitimate escape. But he did fix up the strength in the tower.

We were able to trace down the loads that were just crazy by the original architect. All the loads coming from the tower, the third floor, the second floor, and the basement, none of them fell, followed through, straight down. They were distributed over floor joists, leaving a span of five to six feet in a cantilevered fashion. This presented a great stress on the interior, just like putting somebody on your back, in the middle of your back, and then asking you to carry that person. Where if you could put them on your shoulders, why, you wouldn't feel the weight, but to put them on your back for hours and hours, you'd be mighty tired.

Well, that's what happened to Morrill Hall. The interior of the building was out of—had sunk nine inches. There's an accumulation of three inches per floor. The first floor sunk three inches from the original level, the second floor followed suit, and the third floor followed suit. So there's a total of nine inches, and the contractor had to jack that up.

Well, we recognized it. So we put in columns in the center of rooms, in the basement, in the first floor, and on the second floor. And then that let the loads carry through one alignment over the other. The combination of columns and beams took care of those loads.

The brick walls and the foundations were functionally good. A little patching here and there, but it wasn't anything where we'd have to jack up a foundation. We just had to jack up the interior. So, this made me very happy that Means was cooperative in that respect.

Maybe this should go back to 1970. I find this paper, Feasibility Report, September 18, 1970, Morrill Hall and Alumni Center:

The task of physically preserving and restoring Morrill Hall is not insurmountable, but it is considerable. Built in 1886, it was constructed solidly of brick and heavy timber. In those days, solidarity usually made up for engineering know-how. Thus, the building is standing as a result of sheer mass, being deficient in the more modern engineering principles of design continuity. As a result, some floors sag, which naturally cause alarm.

There are no serious cracks in the foundation or outside walls. Consequently, this structure can be made sound.

Several years ago the third floor was condemned, not so much for its structural weakness, but for the lack of proper secondary exits to meet present day code requirements governing panic and fire. It is recommended that the third floor be used on a limited basis, possibly a museum, restricting the occupancy to a given number of persons at one time. Sealing off the area with new doors at the head of the stairs would seal off the possible spread of fire to the third floor.

The present fire escapes are not valid, and must be considered risky when their use is restricted by having first to climb out of a window.

To make adequate use of the second floor by a great number of persons, efficient exits must be provided. It is recommended that a double tiered porch be built on the north side of the building, changing three windows on the second floor to doors so that immediate exits are created to the porch.

Access to the first floor porch would be accomplished by means of a cantilevered stairway concealed in the second floor-porch structure, when not in use. The building could be made safe from dangers of fire and panic.

The basement, though low ceilinged, can be made habitable because of having to replace the concrete floor, it can be excavated to six to eight inches, and thus enhance the ceiling height.

So much, then, for the negative side. On the positive side, Morrill Hall is an architecturally dignified and proud structure held in deep reverence by all alumni to the University of Nevada.

It is worthy of preservation and modernization so that the high order of use may be continued. To accomplish this, the Alumni Association proposes to develop space for Alumni activities and Alumni staff, for the director of development, and for faculty dining space.

That came in prior to Laxalt's request. Ed Pine was saying, "Well, the faculty will need a place to dine." So, we created a little snug pub, you might say, in the basement. And it was snug and I don't think it would have passed health codes because we'd've just taken up too much space.

Space may also be developed for the University Press, which is historically involved with Alumni activities, and which is currently housed in the east section of the first floor. Few physical changes will have to be made.

(Then I waxed into sort of a visitor's point of view):

As a visitor approaches Morrill Hall, he would only be aware of the fresh look of new paint. Closer examination would expose that moldings, trim, and balusters have been repaired and replaced, and that the front porch was new.

Passing through the double front doors, he would see the familiar grand stairway unchanged except for added carpet.

Turning to the left, the former controller's office would reveal itself as a reception and conference room to the director of development's new office.

Opposite and across the hall the Alumni receptionist would greet him. Sensing that a change in this area had been made in door arrangements, he would discover an elevator. Our visitor is curious. So he rides the elevator to the second floor.

Here, he is again impressed by the stairway unchanged, and turns to the right to find himself in a large, gracious area appropriately furnished as a lounge. It is his.

(I guess I did pretty well in high school English [laughs]. This is all—.)

Looking north, he notices a tall French door, and moves out to the porch, the full length of the rear of the building. This, he decides, is new, but quickly feels reassured as he looks out over the quad at the Mackay statue, and decides things aren't all that changed.

Going west on the porch, he enters the building and finds himself in a meeting room, set up for a class banquet.

Completing his circuit, he is again in the hall and peers into the well-equipped pantry, serviced by a dumb-waiter from the kitchen to the basement. (Which never took place.)

Now, he's curious about what is on the third floor. He, this time, takes the stairs and discovers that the hodge-podge of partitions have been removed and the rooms restored to their former charm, with vertical wainscoting and grained woodwork, and the sloping ceilings of the mansard roof. Now, the area is a museum.

Incidentally, I discovered a picture of Morrill Hall that was attributed to the—some other building. But I knew it was Morrill Hall because of this vertical T-and-G and imitation bird's eye maple, which was all the rage in those days. This was a typing and bookkeeping room to the original building.

Now, the area is a museum with gas panels covered, converted to electric mixtures. Cases exhibit textbooks, term papers, bluebooks, annuals, class pictures, and so forth.

Standing on the tower, he idly opens a compartment door, and finds that his name and class numbers are still there. He pulls the rope, the old bell is back [laughs].

It's interesting. There is a trap door, and everybody seemed to have signed his name in pencil. If it had been these times, there would've been graffiti all over the

place, but it was just the names. It was quite interesting.

Our alumni friend can't leave without going to the basement. Here, he doesn't recognize anything. Even the toilet rooms have been modernized. The stairs are a different location, and the vault door seems in a strange position.

He reads the sign, "Faculty lounge and dining," and opens the door to find himself in a friendly and intimate atmosphere. It is the shank of the day, and there is the bar.

Mr. Alumni may now have discovered that the entire building is climate controlled with modern heating and air conditioning. Lighting is modern with some atmosphere fixtures as wall brackets scattered around.

He muses that a lot of money was spent, but it was worth it, and he was proud that he had did his part toward the restoration.

Interestingly enough, up until the time of this modernization, the president had to leave his quarters, go outside, around the building, and then outside in the snow and ice to get to the men's room. The women had a little better chance. They could come down an interior stairway and into a rather dismal little pocket which they called a lavatory, toilet room.

But here was this thing, all gorgeously in tile, and heavy urinals, floor type, you know. And if you were to lift one, it would take a truck [laughs]! I was wishing that those things could have been preserved, but I didn't have any resources, but they would have been wonderful exhibits someplace [laughs].

The original cost estimate was \$390,870. Did not include chattel equipment such as drapery, furniture, files, and so forth. The final cost was over \$800,000.

Well, so much for history. I don't want to go through all the boring details of preparing plans, changes, securing of bids.

Well, those things are a matter of record. It's really more of what you felt about it, and what you saw the people doing.

Yes. Well, but, then, of course, the planning board— did I mention the planning board? Well, it came into the picture in 1975 or 1976. And, then, of course, everything had to follow the planning board's methodology of doing the plans, securing the bids, and so on.

Every one of these reports suggests that there should be a bar there.

[Laughs] Well, of course, they solved that problem by just having a portable bar now. And that's the best thing in the world. Yes, that is interesting.

I'm noticing a letter here that we've now called this an adaptive restoration. This comes through the state park system for historic preservation.

When I first made the drawing, speaking of that, for the new porch, I was more or less duplicating the porch details of the front porch. Everything was there to copy, and it wasn't all that hard. But somehow, the powers that back east said, "Well, this looks too much like the original building. And people will get the impression that that porch was designed for the original building. Change it! Don't make it so obvious."

Well, it made me a little provoked. That was wrong with copying something that was elegant and good? So I took my original

drawings and I slashed them where I had curved lines, and I straightened out lines, and did angular profiles of the brackets, and the capitals, and so on. The only thing we used in anything round was the spindles for the new railings. The railings had to be—instead of thirty inches high, had to be forty-two inches high.

So I found stock spindles that were not as juicy and heavy as the original ones. In the old days, they had better lumber, soft pine, and they could turn this spindle with a three-and-a-half- to four-inch diameter with big voluptuous curves. These new spindles were not more than the two-and-a-half inches in diameter, and more resemblance. In other words, if philosophy was "change it," then I could change it without my conscience bothering me.

So they accepted my new design, and it just took me a half an hour to make the change. Then, of course, the draftsman copying my suggestions took longer than that. But I can still sense that anger in my being for having to change it because it looked too much, looked too good. I mean it's silly.

But the porch still has the same character. And if one were to go around and compare the two, they'd say, "Well, yes, they are different."

So, I hope some historian goes around and says, "Oh, the guy was made to conform." [Laughs]

Harry Wood was involved in this through the University of Nevada System. I don't have any copies of the bids received, but Ian MacSween was the contractor, Ian MacSween Construction Company.

They were very fortunate to have Mr. MacSween because, though he wasn't an artist, his job superintendent, Ron Caskey, was. I guess his brother who lives in Carson City, he was an expert in detailing and turning out wood. And he loved this work, and that's

the only way you can do a restoration job, is somebody who likes the work.

I think he got mad at me several times because I was a stickler for detail, and he wanted to, you know, slough off through. But all in all, we got along very well.

The problem he had was, he didn't have the right kind of workmen. This was in the '76, '77, '78, somewhere in that period of construction, when they were just impossible to get, good, competent help. And Reno was busy as all get out. They swallowed up all the good help, so he had a bunch of trainees that couldn't operate a machine. They'd plow into the brickwork, and knock down tons of brick, and I said, "My God."

"Don't worry, they'll put it back."

I said, "Yes, but that's brick you're knocking down. when you put it back, you can't put it back the same way."

Then, I had to quarrel with the brick mason, who couldn't understand how to lay brick, old brick. He'd just start to smear it on. I don't think he was even trained as a good brick mason.

Kenneth Ainsworth was the heating engineer from Sacramento. He and Stecher, Stecher, Ainsworth, and Associates, were the mechanical engineers. And, I chose, of course, for political reasons, [Clayton] Carpenter; as the electrical engineer.

My only trouble was to try to get Carpenter to feel the uniqueness of the old structure. But he did a good lighting job. He was also handicapped by the requirements of the University in their underground facilities.

The porch, incidentally, was the salvation of the heating because we put all the heating underneath the porch. This is all the air conditioning equipment, and that's the reason for these big holes, or vents, in there to bring in the fresh air. We had to have a lot of it.

If it hadn't have been for that, we'd had to put something on the outside that would have been an eyesore, you see. So that porch covered a multitude of sins—I wouldn't call them necessarily sins, but it was convenient for many things.

Also, in the design, we had to have a—consider the handicapped. That's why we have the ramp underneath the main entry because down the side of the main entry, slopes down and back on itself, doubles back on itself, to get to the basement.

So you start with the elevators in the basement and you go to the third floor. Just about ready now that they're raising funds to get money for the elevator which will cost in the neighborhood of seventy-five thousand. The shaft is there. All they have to do is punch holes and put the elevator in.

The other thing was making the building conform to the requirements for the handicapped. We couldn't make the toilet rooms big enough to have separate panelled toilet partitions. So we finally had to leave out the partitions to provide for five-foot turning diameter for a wheelchair. This is one of the requirements. Thus the person goes in, has to lock the door, and only that person can use the toilet room, one at a time. I guess it hasn't really posed any real problem because there's no handicapped, so people don't have to lock the door. (That's my assumption)

[Consults papers] I was sort of reviewing a statement of changes and fund balance; don't think I've got any really final summary. They can all be reviewed in my daily request and the contract which I haven't brought today.*

Well, 1977, the grand total estimate was \$690,588. But, that wasn't the final. I see here

*See Parsons papers, UNR Library

where I juggled figures, tried to update it for 1978.

There were many trials and rejugling in figures as these files would testify to. I'm not going to bother reading them. They'll be in the report and if anybody wants to research the cost of any particular item there, why, they can go through it.*

How did you feel when it was done?

I felt good about it.

You'd been living with it off and on for so long. It must have felt like a hole in your life or something.

Well, ten years, almost, is—of course I can't, if I had put every ten years into my life, I'd have been an ancient mariner! I'd been an old man living three hundred years in the number of projects that you take very seriously, that took so many years to develop. The Nevada state capitol, for instance, there was a good ten years. Morrill Hall was ten years. Constant jobs. Well, if they were strung out one by one, that'd make it over a lifetime. But since the other projects being interwoven, then they're not all that time consuming.

The trouble is now, I don't have any help. So everything I do is trying it out myself, and I'm still consumed with trying to make it the perfect job. I don't care, whatever I'm doing, it's—I've got to do it over and over and over.

So I didn't feel any great stress on it. To me, it's part of an architect's life, his job.

Well, looking back is the fact that you're so much a part of it from the beginning until the end. I guess that's it.

Plus, there's lots of pictures.* I'll leave these with the file when I turn over everything. These are progress pictures, and they're most interesting because they show the building

as it was, and as we gutted it, and very few of the final results, but what we had to do in the process.

Nobody will recognize this picture, for instance. It's the basement which we gutted, you see, and had to shore up things. For instance, this is a picture of bracing up the front porch, but here's the original railing. We didn't do anything but replace the balusters, but we had to put another railing across the top without disturbing this, to make it conform to the forty-two-inch height.

So, instead of making it appear like the original, I took a 4 by 4 and twisted it at a forty-five-degree angle, and principally to shed the rain, or water, but as a means of protection.

But because it was so obviously different, anybody would know that that was an addition, rather than the part of it that was originally designed.

These pictures will also show the wainscoting, and a lot of tacky stuff that was added to the building that we had to remove.

People ask me how I got the color of the roof, the shingles, because many photographs show the building painted in a jazzy fashion of the courses in red, white, and blue across here.

But the original building was not in that fashion. The original building was sort of a gray-blue. This picture doesn't do it justice, but what you see now is as near as I could come up with, scraping many samples of original shingles down to the first coat. And then wetting that, you would bring out the color and you could see the black, the old graphite piled up on top. You could see, once in a while, a white, or a red, and you knew you were at that point of the colored shingles. The coursing of the shingles was exactly as the original coursing. The diamond-pointed, the round-point, the square-butt, and so on. But it's all new shingles.

I know the people who are in that building, working in that building, are really pleased with it. I just wondered if you shared that kind of euphoric feeling that they seem to have being there.

Oh, yes! Not that I'd want to live in it [laughs]. I don't even want to live in anything I've done. I want to go out and create something more, something new.

Right now, I'm doing an Indian Colony project which encompasses the roundness of life. From preschoolers to the elderly or the senior citizens. And this isn't supposed to take care of everything in between, but the beginning and the end, so to speak, and they come together.

In searching for a name, I called the psychology department here at the University. And, this Dr. So-and-so said, "Well, I don't have any suggestions for you, but call KTVU in Oakland. I heard a program they put on there which dealt with this subject."

So, I called them, and after several attempts, I finally got this woman, and she said, "Well, I don't know. I have conducted programs where we talk about the North American." (And that was interesting, because I call them Indians, she called them North Americans.) "The North American thinks in terms of the roundness of life."

I said, "That's what I want, I want the roundness!"

So I developed a round building and now, I'm trying to interrelate these groups. I know that I'm a grandparent, I love to see my grandchildren, four and five and six and seven and eight year-old kids. And you like to babysit with them. You want to encourage them for their works of art, and so on, their accomplishments, and their learning abilities. It's a great thing to be a grandparent. And so, I

can relate to it. My hope is I can put this across for the Indians. That they will understand. I don't want to design a tepee, I just want to design the roundness of it. So giving each their own areas, but, being able to shut the door and exclude them when you want to rest. When you've seen enough of grandchildren for the day [laughs]!

In retrospect, thinking about the people who were instrumental in bringing Morrill Hall to a conclusion, were people who are presently on the Alumni group. So rather than risk—well, I'll mention a few that should be included, and that would be Kres Whalen, Colonel and Mrs. Clifford F. Quilici. They were very, very active.

All those people were on the board the last three to four years. I started off in this list with the original group, and of course, they are replaced as time goes by. But they're just as important to the history of Morrill Hall as the ones who conceived the first idea.

As we got into the preliminary plans for Morrill Hall, we had specifications. I had made a report that was sent on to the National Trust for Historic Preservation because they were involved in this through a grant from the state of Nevada.

They must be a very unique bunch because, in this report, I had said that we must get rid of the pigeon dung in the third floor, and especially in the bell tower. Said the third floor had been vacated for a long time, and windows were broken, pigeons were roosting up in there, and the place was a mess. So, in this report, I simply said that you should get rid of the pigeon dung, and went on to say about the cleaning up of the areas, and very brief remarks about the structure and the brickwork, and the kind of restoration we'd be doing.

Well, the first thing I got back was, "How do you plan to get rid of the pigeons?" [Laughs]

Well, I just sensed that there was somebody back there that was in the environmental kick, that we were going to take a shotgun and kill pigeons [laughs] with it. That was mainly my reaction.

Well, I wrote a rather sarcastic letter back and said, "We're hoping that we can shoo the pigeons out and take a shovel and a gas mask and very carefully, remove that dung which is three inches thick in places, from the areas I described." [Laughs]

There was no comment after that. But it was just amusing to me that you have to be distracted by that kind of reaction.

There are no more pigeons up there now because we've got a screen that's a half inch to three quarters of inch mesh. I don't think even a sparrow can get into there. And it doesn't destroy the open feeling of the tower.

That's all I have to say about the Morrill Hall. Just like every job, there's so much you can say about them, and yet, you have to be careful you don't get the names mixed up or dates mixed up. And what is going to be more interesting, I think, to the researcher is the fact that the drawings are there, or will be there, and the specifications, a complete file, and every letter that I wrote will be there.

Thus, if some letters are amusing, [laughs] they'll find them.

629, May, 1970, was a study called Lakeview House for the Nevada State Parks. Nothing came of this. But the Nevada State Parks wanted to put the Lakeview House on a preservation list. As I recall, the Lakeview House is—now at a promontory of the hill between Washoe Valley and Eagle Valley, going into Carson on 395.

And this, as all mining people would know, and you probably would find in other research files, that the pipeline serving Virginia City started at Marlette Lake, if I'm not mistaken, and there were eventually two

lines that left Marlette Lake down in the valley, and then up to Virginia City. Lakeview House was built over the nadir of the pipelines. So they had to put pressure gauges in the bottom of this curve where the pressure would be the greatest. And it would tell if there was a leak someplace in the lines, no matter where. Because if you watched the needle, why, the pressure—and the pressure dropped, that spelled trouble. Get out there and plug that leak. How they told which way the leak was, I don't know. But at least it served its purpose that way.

You know, that was an unique idea putting a house over a gauge so you could watch what was going on. And they had a telephone in this area, right in the living room of the house. Well, of course, there are different ways now to handle that, but they've got a park there that shows some of the old sections of the old pipe—twelve inches in diameter and ten inches in diameter.

And there are junctures of— - You've got a union where you bolt the flanges together rather than screw, and of course, slip something in. So every section had to be constructed in this fashion with a flange on either end, then you put a bolt through, put a washer in it. And imagine the movement you'd get in a line, see, several miles long with all these pipes interacting with just one another.

It was really an engineering marvel. So the State Parks people wanted to make a—oh, what do they call it? An interpretative restoration. So instead of just sweeping out the house and painting up, you would have the different rooms like the bedroom and a dining room and living room devoted to different exhibit areas.

And that's as far as it got, though we did mat a little railroad siding for the V & T, because there was, at one time, a mail drop at that [place].

630, July, 1970, was for Sharp, Krater and Associates, engineers. Milton Sharp, who I used in the past of several times as an engineer, he reciprocated and asked me to design the—he and his partner—an engineering office building on Second Street, I believe. The reason was that his present engineering firm was going to be dismantled because the north-south freeway was coming through it.

No unusual problems. It was just a one-story office building. We used some slap-on rock, which I call it, rock veneer. You simply drill a masonry frame or a wood frame structure, and then plaster these flat stones, usually Arizona stones. To me, they're rather misplaced because we don't have that kind of stone native to Nevada, and it always bothers me that we have to use products that are not really native, except the brick. (We use a lot of brick. And we import brick now. This campus was built a lot from the old Reno Press Brick Company. Now, we import it from Utah, Idaho, Sacramento, and some places from the south. So you can get most any kind of brick that you want, from red to white.) Anyway, we used this Arizona stone. That was the only unusual thing about this building.

631, Chamber of Commerce of Reno, October, 1970. Well, I was always doing little things for the Chamber of Commerce, and I can't recall what this was. It wasn't a building. Something to remodel, some office someplace.

Job 632, Gene Brown Hotel, November, 1970, This was a project tried jointly by Robert Douglas and Gene Brown with Mr. Brown as the promoter. After the disappointment and failure of the I-SO Freeway project to materialize (see Job 621), Gene and Bob asked me to make sketches for a hotel diagonally southwest of the 1-80 highway on the west side of Virginia Street. It was a tight lot, and

the only way I could develop the project was to run the building at a fortyfive-degree angle to the property lines. It was to be ten to twelve stories high, a hundred or more rooms, restaurant, gaming, underground parking, conference rooms, etc.—but it would not “pencil out” and it never got beyond my promotional drawing. It was before its time.

633, Laxalt, Berry, and Allison, office building in Carson City; that was in January, 1971. I liked this job very, very much. All of the partners in the firm, Laxalt, Berry, Allison, and one other (I don't have here) were very fine people. This was for Senator—then Governor—Paul Laxalt, who had an office to the north on a property he had in mind. And he had taken the old Norcross house in Carson City, and remodeled that into an office for his practice.

Incidentally, the—I was amused because Paul pirated some beautiful French doors from the old Moffat house, Governor Sparks house, and it was sitting as derelict for years on South Virginia Street, and these doors have that wonderfully bevelled glass in the panels comprising a French door. So at least they were there. They weren't put on the junk heap as so many things happen with dismantling a building.

But the problem was to design a building for these other partners to—and again, I can't think of the street—but they encompassed half a block. And first, I talked about doing it in a Victorian style. Well, that set for a while but he said, “Gee, I'd like to see it Spanish.”

Because of their heritage, they were more related that way than to—being Basque. Both of them had gone to Stanford and they like the Spanish atmosphere at Stanford.

So I designed a Spanish building. The thing that was unique about it was that each office wanted to have an outside balcony. How do you put five balconies on a building with

three exposures? [Laughs] But I managed to do it. I did get five balconies on the three exposures. The concept was that during a nice day, like even today, you take your client out, open the windows, sit on the balcony, and talk your law business.

Each principal office had to have its own little lavatory—the women called it a potty—in it [laughs], and a lavatory for each principal. The secretaries had to go downstairs to their room [laughs].

But besides a generous office and a secretaries' room, we had lots of storage space for files that were on the first floor, and the work room, mimeograph room, supplies, a lunch room; then, the men had to have an exercise room. And this was a steam room, and then a sauna, and then a place for all of the barbells and heavy equipment to work up a sweat, or knock over a hangover. Besides, the main entry, in which was the secretary-manager, and then the other minor secretaries off the first floor hall, and a nice waiting room.

And we had a circular stairway, open stairway, up to the second floor. And of course, when you do this, you are sacrificing the so-called legal exits. So now you have to enclose legal exits and that causes a problem, but we managed to put those in.

A space was provided for a large tapestry that would hang from the ceiling of the second floor down to the first floor. Because the stairway [was] open, this was quite a dramatic spot. Also, a nice chance to create a unique chandelier that would hang from the second floor ceiling. It became a showplace, and a talking place. Every client they had, or salesman from other states said it was the nicest office building they had seen in the entire area. So, it pleased me.

It must be nice to work with people who have almost unlimited money, and tastes to match.

Yes, well these people are good promoters. They know where to get the money. They use the other person's moneys. They paid me, there was no problem. But another job Paul was enthusiastic about was just an office building, Paul might have missed his calling. He could have been a historian or an architect because he had a great reverence for past history and architectural styles. And he said, "I'd like to build an office building like the Taft house."

Well, "Taft house." I had to look up what is the Taft house. President Taft had built a mansion for himself in the middle 1800s, nineteenth century. And it was—a lot of porches on it, and a unique roof system with bull's-eye windows in the attic portion of this roof. So combining his thought of the balconies and porches, I used that Taft house as the inspiration for his architectural treatment.

So the common entrance was up a flight of steps about five to six steps up to a porch with a double—a porch something like they did in Morrill Hall, railings all around on three sides. And everybody had an outdoor porch to go to, a fallout from this previous job. But I spent quite a bit of time and quite a bit of money on making a rendering, and Paul thanked me for it very much.

Well, I'm talking about other things. I was never paid for it. So you see, you have to be careful when you're dealing with enthusiasm, because this enthusiasm can dissipate itself by the time you've done your work. I had other things to think about.

I think that was between the time he was—had retired as governor and then began thinking seriously of running for the Senate.

I'm not trying to be disparaging of Senator Paul Laxalt. I love him dearly. But it's one of the things that the architect is never sure of what that person means. If he's the developer-promoter type—.Well, the same thing goes

on into politics. Things that Paul Laxalt has said, other politicians have said. It can be misconstrued, or turned around, or done in some other fashion, at a later date.

So I won't be surprised if what happens with Reagan in his four years when he says, "Well, we were going to cut taxes, but now, these things are more important. We're going to increase taxes."

One interesting thing about—before I leave Laxalt—is, when I lived in Carson City and working with the Highway Department, I lived at a rooming house, and then boarded with Mrs. Shewan, where this Laxalt property, or Laxalt office building was built. There were some scrawny old trees on the property. I tried to save as many as I could, but one little old apple tree had to go because it was just in the middle of the property [laughs].

Bill Shewan, who then later became a high figure with the Highway Department, called me and said, "Ed, why did you cut down that old apple tree? You remember how many delicious apple pies my mother used to make from those apples."

[Laughs] Well, I'm sorry. Nostalgia can go just so far, I guess.

Well, I'll pass on to 634, Harrah's Middle Fork Lodge Country Store, March, 1971. I think that was just a sketch. This was one of those kicks that Bill Harrah had about Idaho and Middle Fork, and he wanted a country store nearby the lodge. I don't think it got more than the sketch stage.

635, the YWCA, March, 1971. Oh, that was an ill-fated addition and remodeling of the present YWCA, and unfortunately, as of just ten years later, there was a misunderstanding. The committee brought all these drawings and I made sketches, talked and met with them for four or five times, then, suddenly, the whole thing evaporated, and I was left with the drawings.

Just in about six months, I collaborated with an architect and a friend of mine, and we were asked if we would be interviewed for an addition to the YWCA.

And I said, "Do you remember we talked about a YWCA...?"

But of course, this was a new committee except for one person. And I sensed that that one person felt that I did something wrong in the first contact. So when the final choice was made, the Parsons Design Group, as we called ourselves, was not considered.

636, Fred Bonnefant, April, 1971. Fred Bonnefant was a cleaner whom we patronized. He had a piece of property down in southeast Reno on Wells Avenue. He wanted to build a dual building, one for rental and the other as a pick-up place for his cleanup and cleaning establishment. And this was called, "Pants."

The craze for blue jeans was just starting. The idea of building a whole building around "Pants" was amazing to me, but, this is what the client wanted and that's what we did. One story. Gingerbread.

637, Nevada State Hospital, April, 1971. Well, I'm going to run two together because I can't recall what this one was in 1971. (It's interesting to note that I called it, then, the "Nevada State Hospital, Sparks." In 1973, it was the "Nevada State Mental Health Institute" under Job 656.)

I think the first one, 637, was to remodel or upgrade the old ward building that I had done years ago. And, since the—what do you call them? Geriatrics. They were in another building that had been built by another architect. So this was to remodel the old male ward building into a place for young children and the mentally retarded.

It's rather sad working with those people because you have to have a perfect understanding so that you can do these things in a sympathetic way. Otherwise, you net—

well, turned-off isn't the word—but you just have an inward feeling of revulsion because of what you're seeing. It's hard to describe working around the constant filth that these people create for themselves without—it's not their fault. But you wonder, how is it that people have to live this way?

So you deal with colors and gaiety and especially, the bathrooms have to be so that they are self-sufficient in a way of what we call now, the handicapped, with grab bars and safety items so that you don't have curbs to step over. You have to take your wheelchair into the shower and all such things as that which are quite foreign to a normal person. I mean normal by physically normal.

Nothing lasts in those kind of things. You're constantly having to restore and upgrade it. Paint can be scraped off and peeled off. Tile can get cruddy from the constant use of the shower and the heavy soap so that the stains on the tile, because of the hardness of the water, build up. The dirt gets into the cracks. I tried, in restoring these, to take the old tile and steam it to get the stuff out of it, and scrub it. It got halfway clean, but it never was like a brand-new piece of tile.

Well, how far do you go when you got a limited budget? Tear out all the tile and start all over again? And how far do you go with new fixture heads, and so on? How far do you go with redoing a kitchen? So, at best, it's a patch job. But all in all, you do the best you can. You make a reasonable presentation.

The big thing was to get proper air conditioning, proper heating. So, these were very low ceilings to begin with. So we had to do every kind of thing to put duct work in the hallways, and say, we had a seven-foot-six-inch ceiling height in the halls, and then try to distribute the air into the rooms from there, as well as getting adequate lighting.

The first job I did for the male ward, I thought I was quite brilliant by building a concrete enclosure around the light fixture and using a heavy glass, shatterproof glass. Well, nobody broke the glass, but I didn't realize that the heat from the light bulbs themselves would burn out the lights within a week's time. So later, I had to devise a way of lowering the lens of the fixture so the air would circulate around the bulb and let some of that heat out. That was before the time, of course, of the fluorescent light. Now everything's in fluorescent lighting. You don't have the problem with heat generating. Not that much heat, anyway.

Well, in 1973, was a more interesting job because it took—it was a landscape job, as well as working with the fire department, the Sparks Fire Department in providing roadways for their fire trucks. Well, to hear the firemen talk (Bill Farr was then chief of the fire department), you would have to have a twenty-foot road wherever you wanted a path just to get the fire truck there. So what I did was gave him his twenty feet, but paved a ten-foot-wide strip of asphalt, and then put an ornamental sidewalk on the other side in fine-pebbled exposed aggregate.

This softened the idea of it being a street, and made it more of a country road. And I deliberately curved the thing so it went in and out [between] buildings; then, took advantage of the areas for planting. And it made a real transformation. It's just like taking a simple dress and with a few ornaments, why, you had an elegant dress.

Again, I think the drawings can be more descriptive than what I can say there. The only thing is that the landscape architects got jealous and decided to have their own law, and then that cut out the architects. So, we now have to have a landscape architect's law, and no architect can touch

the landscaping unless he has a license to practice landscaping.

Job 638, First National Bank Park Lane branch. This was a very interesting job. The building was to be built at the northeast corner of Park Lane shopping center. Sonner Greenspan was manager and he said, “Whatever you do, it must have the same architectural character as the rest of the mall.” Well, you hate to have things imposed on you, but the bank said do it.

So, the main feature of that mall was a heavy band of corrugated plastic at the roof line and extending out three or four feet all the way around. So, using that as a theme, and trying to get some dignity into this—they said, “Don’t make it too tall.”

Well, the bank has to have—you can’t make a squatty little thing right in the middle of town, if it’s out there in the sagebrush, fine.

so, we got a compromise which they accepted, and we used as the basic material, a tilt-up. Since this was the building to be put right in the corner, and isolated from all other buildings, to me, it was very visible from all four sides. The main entrance had to face, and relate to the shopping center. So, I turned its back to the intersection of the two streets, [Plumb] Lane and I forgot the one to the east.

I thought, “Well, will I treat these four corners—’ and I’m always searching for something new—and I thought, well, I’ll use a sagebrush theme. Light the four corners with tiny lights that will be serviced from the inside of the building. And I’ll design this thing in clumps of sagebrush.

Well, only a person who would know what a sagebrush leaf looks like under a microscope would ever get the thought. That I had was a cluster of bear paws, is what it looked like to the average person. But they all radiated from the base of the leaf—fingers of the stubby branches.

It was Jordan Crouch who said at the opening of the dedication of the building, “And there, the bear [laughs] claws climbing up the walls.”

Whether they got the idea of sagebrush or not, it doesn’t matter. It’s just that it was effective because at night these lights do create a glow and make it unique. I don’t know how many times they have to change them in their burning-out process.

But the manufacturing of it was a lot of work. I would have to supervise the placing of these leaves—or bear claws in the form of the tilt-up panel. The way I did it was to make a grid that was similar to a small-scaled grid of my drawing. So, I stretched these wires across the form and then placed these “bear claws” in the area—and these were made of styrofoam, just simply cut out. Then the electrician came in and carefully ran his conduit through in the middle section of the slab, which was four inches thick. They also had to lay all of the steel work, reinforcing steel so that we didn’t have steel going through the bear claw [laughs].

It was a lot of fun that way and the workmen got a kick out of it, but I don’t think the contractor was all that enthused, ‘cause it was time. But I didn’t get too many complaints. The thing was that once you’ve poured it, you’re stuck with it. But nothing went wrong, and that was great. The wiring was done, of course, through the conduit, so that there was no problems of having to chisel out something and do it over again.

Well, besides, when we got that all done, then we had to—. Oh, the exposed aggregate was first placed on the slab with a—you’d paint each slab with a material where you could peel the concrete off without adhering to the form, or the slab. So you’d carefully distribute these “pillows” in a uniform fashion. Then, when the concrete was poured, it had to be

poured correctly down, and gently, and, then, tamped slightly, and I'd tell them, "Don't do it too hard!"

Then, of course, the vibrator would have to come in because you can't get that concrete to adhere to steel unless it is vibrated.

So it was always a guess, or a gamble, how would these things come out? You got too much vibration then you've got a fine cement coming down, and enveloping the little pebbles.

And then, the secret, of course, after the initial cure, which is about a day and a half to two days, you could very carefully tilt that up. As soon as you do, then you've got to look under it and take a hose and wash away the latents, the latents of scum that you don't want embedded in the surface. So it's timing. If you let that go three or four days, why, it's too late. You can't get it off.

We had some forms that weren't too good. So what we did was—panels, I should say, not forms. we sand-blasted some of this out and then set the pillows back in a paste of cement. From a distance, you can't see it, but, I could see it, of course, and, I was critical.

We did a good job of landscaping because in a few years, why, most of the trees and bushes had grown up and hid the bad spots.

The other thing I did was paint the ceiling blue because it was a high ceiling and I thought, "Well, the blue will lower the ceiling, give the people a feeling of interest."

The only complaint I had was some reverberation in the echoes, conversation, because we didn't use an acoustical tile on the side walls. We used acoustical tile on the ceiling, of course, and there was no carpeting.

Banks are very funny. They'll carpet what they call the platform where the officials sit when you want a loan, but the rest of the area, the peons have to do with vinyl asbestos tile.

[Laughs] Why don't they carpet the whole building?

639 was Mrs. Hugh Long, a spiral staircase. I don't know, I may have mentioned this before on her house that was formerly the Landers house. But she was always very playful. Nothing would do, she had to have a spiral staircase to leave from her back balcony off the bedroom to the ground. So it was just a fun job.

640 was Harrah's Middle Fork Lodge (Cook's Cabin). Believe me, I don't know what I did there. Probably just a sketch. I think that's all he needed because they had competent carpenters and they could go on from there.

641, First Methodist Church canopy, June, 1971. This was an elaborate piece of metal work that never got built. All churches are plagued by pigeons, and this was a way to try to keep the pigeons from fouling up the steps. But it got to be too expensive and it was never completed.

642, Douglas County courthouse, June, 1971. This was a job that went on for several years. Well, it ended up, not as a restoration, as much as a fanciful type of treatment for the courthouse.

The history of that old courthouse—that was built in Genoa, but the new courthouse, of course, was Douglas County [Minden].

Yes, it's the same job in 1973. I have as Job 655 as Douglas County courthouse restoration.

How it was done in two parts, I forgot, but let's call it one job. The restoration was a combination of what it might have been when they did an addition to the north, and what the original building was. I'll explain it this way.

That old building was around forty feet wide and a hundred feet in depth. And it had a porch over the entrance, the full width

of forty feet, divided into three bays. (It's the courthouse in Genoa, so it should have been called the Genoa Courthouse. But it was the original courthouse, and then was made, finally, into a museum.)

But its history was the fact that its—after it was built, there was an earthquake, there was a fire. There was something else after the earthquake. Then they needed an addition. And they broadened the width of the building from forty feet to sixty-four feet. That was it.

So the original building had three bays and four columns that spanned the forty feet. After the earthquake and fire, and the addition was made, they abandoned the porch and put a hip roof over, embellished it with a lot of tin cornices, which was the vogue in those days of the turn of the century—stamp out cornices with dentils and curved moldings just like an automobile manufacturer stamps out bodies now. And you could order this stuff like spaghetti [laughs]. But it was part of the history of the thing. So that had to be left.

And they even went so far as to, after the fire, they painted all the brick on the front a red. Painted in the mortar joints white. So this looked like, now, a building'—they even changed the fenestration or the window spacing. When you put in an addition, of course, your doorway is going to be eccentric. But that didn't bother them; they simply moved the door over to the center with the building, and then placed two windows on either side of the main entrance.

The committee decided that, as I said before, that the true courthouse look would be a porch with the columns. So I just simply spread the columns, kept the three bays as originally. Instead of being three bays for forty feet, it was now three bays for sixty-four feet. It changed the proportion of the brick bays. But that didn't bother them.

But the National Trust people said, "What period are you going back to? You got to take it back to one period!" The idea of combining periods would be a falsification. So they withdrew from any participation and this made the Douglas County people provoked.

I don't blame them, in a way, but I learned one thing, that Douglas people, Minden people, or Genoa people are very, very bound together. They've made that county. Their families have been there for ages, and some people have just been born and die there. I'm not criticizing them. I simply admire them for their tenacity, and they'll by golly, do this thing in spite of anybody. Well, they did.

They raised their money. They brought some—I think they may have got some money from the state legislature. But, they just sort of—well, politely thumbed their nose at any federal aid.

So the building has a lot of charm to it with this new front. I might add in that in the transition from a courthouse, and after the new one was built in Minden, it was then turned into a school, and that lasted until 1934. Then it sort of reverted into a museum.

Some of that old school-ground equipment, play equipment, is still there. Big old cottonwood trees have grown up, and make it impossible to take a decent picture of the courthouse because you can't get a straight-on view. You have to get in and around.

My job, then, was to legalize this whole thing codewise, because the stairway originally was in the center of the building. But when it was made into a school, it had been set to one side. So you entered in sort of an awkward manner to get to the courtroom.

The courtroom fortunately hadn't been disturbed in all this remodeling process. The stage was built into the thing but that was

taken out—the stage for the classroom, or auditorium for the school was taken out.

But they did not disturb the old ceiling, which was pressed tin, and these beams. And fortunately, the light fixtures were saved. So it was easy to restore that room into an antiquated courtroom. They found some railings of some other era and used that. That was good enough; it became reminiscent of an old-time, typical courtroom.

As I say, the stairway was moved over where—that was very easy to find because the floor had been patched, you see. And we just simply cut a new hole, and entered that way, and built a railing around the well.

The rest of it is museum. One of the nicest things about the courthouse, on the ground floor, is a replica blacksmith shop, out in the country where they made—you know, the forge, all the tools and the plow heads, horseshoes. So it's quite a museum.

There's also a model of the original Ferris wheel. I don't know how they happen to have that. Well, that's there.

There's a great fraternity among the people there. They wanted the contractor who was there to do this job, and yet, when I tried to get him to correct deficiencies, he wasn't about to do it. It was "good enough."

But the committee said, "Look, you're going to make him do it aren't you?"

Well, how do you make somebody do something that they've already given a contract to? And I didn't have a regular architect's agreement that he had signed. All he had to do is say, "I'm going to do it for so much money."

656 was the Mental Health Institute, which I've already combined with the previous one.

So, 657 is Joanne McLaughlin, apartment house in Gold Hill. Joanne McLaughlin is a very fine person. I admire her very much. But all I did was sketches for this.

She had a way of saying, "Well, not now." So it ended up with nothing.

Next, came 658, a computer facility, Dinter Engineering, May, 1973. This was an addition to my original computer facility in Carson City. And the prime contractor in this case is named Dinter Engineering because it was mostly mechanical and electrical, and I was just to build a shell around it. Therefore, it's one of those things where you have to combine an architect with an engineer and put the control in the hands of the engineer.

The addition was very small, as I say, just a continuation of the concrete tilt-up panels. In the meantime, the original manufacturer of the tilt-up panels had gone out of business and he had used the very loving care with the casting of these things.

The new contractor was sort of indifferent, but he says, "Oh, heck. I can do that. There's no problem whatsoever."

Well, he didn't get the same color, he didn't get the same materials, and I had difficulty there.

Most of the job went according to Hoyle. Mine was, as I say, minor; it was simply a continuation of the building, and most of it was air conditioning and electrical work.

Computer facilities are always running out of space, always not enough load, not enough air to cool the computers. They're always gasping for breath. And if they don't have the right atmosphere, why, then, they fog up and die, so to speak [laughs]. So it's very vital that they have plenty of air conditioning.

The next job, 659, was the Reno International Airport, Fire and Rescue Station.

Fire stations are generally built up by the number of bays they have. This was to be a six-bay station. Three that went out forward right to the runways, and the other three were to be able to serve Reno, so they were sort

of back-to-back, but any fire engine could service any area.

I don't think they would take an airport fire engine and run around serving the city of Reno. They would wait there until [laughs] the whole town burned down, waiting for an airplane accident.

But the interesting thing, this was done by the government, under sponsorship of the government, and I had certain criteria. And it was so archaic. I said, "Don't treat firemen that way. I've done enough stations to know how a fireman is, should be respected."

So I won my case. And when the job was all done, the people from San Francisco were so impressed that they got on the phone and called Washington D.C., and said, "Hop a plane. Come on out here. We want to show you something."

I think that was a job that influenced the change in housing of firemen. There was no quarrel with the station itself. We had the thing big enough so that it would take a man standing up in a truck and not take his hat off as he went out the door. This was the common fault of many stations. You designed the thing to take care of an engine, but not with a man standing up!

There were a lot of refinements. I put in plenty of storage room. I found that out. I went to the international station in Chicago, O'Hare airport some years before. So I knew what a station should have.

The foam equipment has to be stored properly, and other life-supporting elements have to be stored. Have to store stretchers and that sort of thing, in case there's a big accident. You've got everything right there at the airport.

So it was a two-story job. And I wanted it to be enduring. And the complaint then among—let's see, who was the airport manager; he was pretty progressive.

He said, "Can't we get some color besides white?"

I said, "Sure, I'm all for it."

So we chose blue, and I decided on the tile, with the color impregnated right into it, almost a navy-blue color. (Navy blue is too dark. It was more of a sky blue.)

But anyway, this was a very handsome-looking station with this tile. The only thing was that the tile was put too close together. The mason didn't allow enough spacing in certain areas where the expansion-contraction chipped the edges of the tile, some tile. So now you got a chipped piece of tile and there's nothing you can do but spit on it and paint it again [laughs] and try to make it pass the color. But I think that was the important thing was the way I housed the firemen.

And then recently, this flap over women being given city jobs, they've tried to get women firemen in there. And there was an extra room designed for a captain. Well, they kicked the captain out and put the woman, you see, in there. So then, what do you do for a shower? Well, she took the men's shower when they weren't there.

These do funny things with wives, who know there's a woman in that thing, and "my husband," thirty-two of them and one woman [laughs]. I don't know how they managed that. They figure they make it so tough on them that they phase out.

That was always a political job. You always put a sign up on it declaring the Reno council and the mayor, airport manager, on down the line and finally the architect and the contractor. They all get on it. So you make them big enough. Then there was some flap over the changing of the administration while this thing was still going on.

Next was 660, Ray Smith, Incline, apartment complex, October, 1973. And 661, Ray Smith, Gardnerville shopping center.

I had done some other work before for Ray Smith, and he's quite a gung-ho guy being former city planner. He tried to squeeze a four-story building into three stories in this Incline complex because there was a height limitation. That's if we were to make it look like three stories.

Most of this was sketches, but I lowered the roof line, putting in some false dormers into the mansard roof, which is now sort of common practice in a lot of jerry-built commercial buildings.

It never materialized; he never put together a real financial package. I know he was working with some foreign element, Iranians, or somebody like that. They always have money, but they don't know how to use it. So it ended up with nothing. The shopping center, 661, was just an exercise in planning, but he couldn't make that go.

662, November, 1973, was the IOOF lodge building, Order of Odd Fellows. They had built several buildings, or occupied several buildings in Reno up until this time. They had a piece of property just east of the cemetery off of Fourth Street, Highway 40, sort of in a gravel pit, and the idea was to get this above the gravel pit and on a ledge. And it had a beautiful outlook of the bend in the Truckee River and Southern Pacific tracks.

But I don't know what happened to the financing of it. I think it was mostly a case of conflict in zoning. They wanted to build a truck garage on the main floor, on the level with the gravel pit. There's nothing wrong with that, but then going up around the back, come in on the second floor level with an adequate parking. And then the lodge. And the lodge was beautifully worked out and everybody was happy until they got the cost estimate, and then it blew up.

I'm not sure where the whole thing ended. There was another try on another piece of

property, and then it was impossible because it was too inaccessible, right on the cemetery.

But I'll have to say this, that the IOOP people were very fine and a nice client to work with and I hated to bill them for a dead horse but it—the plans were all done and then they had to stop.

663, Sparks fire station, March, 1974. I don't know whether Sparks fire station was completed before the Reno International because we're only months apart there. However, there was no correlation between the two. I did this with and through the auspices of Fire Chief Bill Parr. Bill Farr is a wonderful fellow to work for.

Each station has its own individual way of handling personnel. That we used here, and I guess he heard of this thing before I did, so these were collapsible beds that went into the wall, and thus you could use your room as a training room. And it meant that you had to make your bed well to have this collapse into the wall.

The other thing is that most stations felt they would have to go through a three-man shift. So really, maybe the beds were permanently down. But there was at least a lot of fancy gadgetry to have these disappearing wall-beds. Each man has to have for his personal things, a cabinet, a big deep drawer in case he's interested in crocheting, water color, weaving a rug, or whatever, he can roll it up and stick it away. But everybody was very happy with it.

664, Nevada National Bank, Elko, April, 1974. This was a case of, to remodel the existing Nevada National Bank in Elko. I've forgotten the streets, but it's right near the railroad. And it's in the downtown—let's see, Idaho is one street, I think, and about Third. It was a very handsome building, built in the 1930s. I could tell by the architectural style. They wanted to loosen things up a little bit.

I measured up the place very carefully, and made some preliminary sketches, and then they abandoned it, so nothing came of it except an exercise in drafting.

665, August, 1974, Harrah's garage. I think I spoke of this before in connection with Bill Harrah's work. It says "garage only." By this time, Bill Harrah had so many advisors around, and he was telling advisors to get ahold of Parsons, and they couldn't work it out.

I told them that, "You've gotta cut down a tree if you're going to build anything in there." But they were trying to make an underground type of garage, and it was just a lot of nonsense. It's awfully hard to talk to Bill Harrah, or it was, if he had an idea that that's the way to do it. So I'm just passing that quickly.

666, First National Bank, Industrial Center office. I had done several jobs before for the First National Bank. This one was to be built in what they called the Industrial Center near the airport in the southeast section of town.

I made one of those studies when you go around to people and say, "If we had a bank in your area, would you patronize it?"

"I sure would."

Well, the funny thing was that the bank people had a different idea: take it easy. "Let's build not six thousand square feet, but three thousand square feet. And then later on, we'll add another three thousand."

Well, you know it's awfully hard to plan a building, then what you're going to add to it. But in this case, I said, "Well, the only way to expand is towards the west." And I designed a knock-out window that could just be moved, the whole thing. Make the whole façade move to the west. Eventually, that was what was done.

The worst thing of it is that—there's always two contractors involved—the floor that had to be adjoined to, looked good when the two floors were put together, except when it got to

the finished asphalt tile—vinyl asbestos tile. Then the joint began to show up after you got the polish on there. And to get the contractor back and regrind it and relay that floor was quite a job. Corrao was the contractor. He just wouldn't go back and do a—and I don't mind mentioning the fact that he got so big that he couldn't be bothered with a little bank building. Although the banks generally favor their client, you see. He was a good client, a good customer of the bank, so they had to favor him.

There's lots of good contractors, too. And I don't know why they have to do that. On the other hand, I like it when I'm an architect chosen because I'm a customer of the bank.

But there was nothing extremely unusual about this. I mean the bank itself, they have their own ideas on where the different elements should be. And if you dare suggest anything different, why, that upsets the banking procedure because they move them around, you know. And if you advance a man from some kind of a clerk to now an officer, now he comes into a carpeted area which is called the platform. The rest of the people have vinyl asbestos tile.

It's so silly because, why don't they carpet the whole thing? [Laughs] And let people be people instead of each wearing their little cap that says "I'm so-and-so."

667, School of Medical Sciences, phase two. This was in November, 1974. Phase two was to have, besides laboratories, some special offices and an animal room, a—small animals, laboratory animals—cadaver room, and an auditorium.

Also, phase three was hinted at in the future, so that phase two was set twelve feet lower on this sloping piece of ground so that we could put the intermediate floors of phase three which would be serviced by an elevator and go into phase one, or down to phase two, whichever way you looked at it.

No problem with the animal room. It had its peculiar odors, but the worst thing was the air conditioning of the cadaver room, it was a little weak, and so it allowed some of this formaldehyde to creep out into the corridors. We had complaints there, but finally we got the pressures balanced so that we didn't get that in there.

Dean Smith was still dean, but he was about to move on to greener pastures by the end of the work.

I was rather proud of the auditorium because I hired an acoustical engineer, and I was pretty sure of myself as far as the acoustics were concerned. And I've always wondered if I could get a violin or a trio or a quartet, musical instruments, you know, in there to test it really acoustically.

We designed seats for left-handed people, and put those on the outside row of each row. So, if they—tablet, you see, is on the left-hand side. Well, I know left-handed people that write across anyway, so they adjust to the righthand way of doing things. But this was the infinite wisdom of the government.

It was named the Edward Manville building. I certainly admired Ed Manville. He and his wife are both very personable, very fine, unassuming people. The same with Fred Anderson whom they named the first building for. Incidentally, the third phase hasn't received a name yet.

The trick was to keep all these buildings in the same uniform style of architecture, so when it was all done, it had a continuity. Well, that's always easy when there's only one architect [laughs].

668, Belmont courthouse, Belmont, Nevada, of course, November, 1974. This is a, you might say, a structural restoration done through the Nevada State Park System with National Trust money.

They never give you enough money to do the job completely, but there was enough to do the thing that was vital to this building to protect it from further deterioration. It was mainly the roof, which had been partially blown off. A metal roof, real tin. You'd call it now—well, what we restored it with was sheet metal, and painted it to resemble the natural color of tin. But the main thing was to design it as the original roof with a crimped type of ridges every two feet, or on two-foot centers. And you take this sheet metal and—in the old days, they were called *terne-plates*. They were about the size of an apple box, maybe twenty inches wide, and twenty-eight inches long, or something of that sort. They were delivered in that fashion, then the sheet metal worker, who is an artist in that respect, would crimp the things right on the job, and build this roof from—just shingle-fashion—right on up.

They were marvelous roofs because they understood expansion and contraction. The pieces of metal were small enough to do that. And a little solder here and there would keep the roof from blowing off.

But of course, mother nature set in over the years. That lives over a hundred years. See, Belmont only lasted for a few months, really, as the courthouse of Nye County. Then it was moved to Tonopah, and here was this unfinished building left—handsome and all with windows in it, some doors and casings. The doors were finished and luckily, with mahogany finish. The casings were still unpainted. The floors weren't in. There was no judge's bench. I don't think there was a hand railing up to the second floor, as I recall.

A lot of odd things that were not finished but you could understand when

*See Parsons papers, UNR Library

you abandoned the city, or town, everybody packed up his tools and left. There was no other—was one woman (wish I could remember her name) who lived there all of her life, since a young girl. Now, she has to be in her nineties. I remember talking with her. She had a beautiful rose garden, a very simple house, but she kept it like a garden in the desert, which it really was. And she had the most beautiful eyes, the most beautiful expression on her face. You think of old-timers of being gnarled up, old, grouchy people, but this woman was just absolutely charming. And she had found her place in life, or peace in life. And love to live in a trailer, camp out, and do the work. And most of it, hand work, you see. I couldn't climb up on the roof—well, I didn't dare climb up on the roof [laughs], I wasn't equipped—but I took photographs of this cupola, and then figured out what moldings were used to get the profile and made my drawing from that. When Smith got the contract and began to dismantle this old cupola, he found the moldings very similar to what my design was. So I said, "Don't use my design, use the moldings of the cupola."

And it was strange combination of crown moldings and cove moldings, all piled up one on the other, and it was— you know what I mean by strange is, they were architecturally correct, but not the way they were integrated. Nothing correct about it. So it just was a pile of wood and wavy profiles, but that's the way it was rebuilt.

It was easy, then, to follow because Smith wanted to duplicate that. I was so grateful that he took this all back to his shop, and then, laid it all out on a piece of plywood, 4 by 8, the whole profile. And then, I went out to his shop and it was just great, as this is a true restoration job; we're not guessing at anything.

And then he gave me a few of the pieces that were cut to scribe the profile and some of the square nails, and a photograph of the achievement, and I still have it in my office. (I'll just turn it over here to you because it shows the love and care that went into that.)*

So, it was the roof, and the cupola, and of course, the painting of the trim of the roof. So it wasn't hard to use up the—I don't know—seventy-five to a hundred thousand dollars appropriated. This wasn't enough to do any interior work, but the rest of it would have been more or less guess work anyway, because you don't put a bench into a courtroom that never existed.

What they will ever do with it, I don't know, but there it is. It's a monument to the desert now. They better take care of it [laughs]!

During the War, there were so many buildings, and—I'm talking about World War II—scavengers went throughout the state hunting for metal, sheet metal and heavy metal, and anything they could find. So they ripped out the old iron for the cells, the gratings. In doing this, they simply tied a cable around it, and put a tractor or horse at the end of it, and pulled all the stuff down, and destroyed all the brickwork of the holding cells. So that was never rebuilt. In fact, if it did, why, you'd have to fake the ironwork. Just as well they don't do it.

669 was the Wingfield condominium. That's a misnomer there, except that George Wingfield had bought this condominium, and it was sort of, to him, unrefined. He wanted me to give it an air of classical taste. Incidentally, the date is January, 1975.

There was a fireplace, I retrimmed that. He wanted a bookcase, a cornice, and some moldings around the ceiling, a new stairway, balusters and moldings. So we turned very ordinary, modern condominium into more of

a classic architectural style. He was very happy until he moved [laughs] out two years later.

670, Reno Fire Station Number Six, cost estimate, July, 197\$. Station Number Six is a building on about the area of Tenth or Eleventh, on some street something like West—.

Well, the problem was that it had been condemned because it was built on a clay base, and clay is vicious if you don't get it out of there, and the ground swells, you've lost your building. And so they had to strap the building with iron bands around the middle to keep it from caving in.

So I made plans for a new building, made the cost estimate, and then, I guess administration changed or something, and that's as far as it went. I just got paid for that amount of it.

The two jobs that are run together here are 671, the capitol [rehabilitation]. This was J. Clark Gribben's job. In this case, he was made the prime contractor, and he selected David Vhay and myself as co-architects for the rebuilding of the capitol building. I don't know why it wasn't called the rebuilding because that's just what we did. Except that the exterior was kept and the interior was just made a shell, a concrete shell.

The other job is 672, was the Heroes Memorial Building, October, 1975. But the Heroes Memorial Building came first and that's why I'd like to speak of that first. Otherwise, I'll get things all confused.

This was done at the time of Attorney General List's administration, and he was housed in the Carson City Supreme Court-Library building at one corner of the ground floor. And of course, he was running out of space.

He had his assistant—I want to say Jim Anderson or something, it'll come later—and Norrine [Barber]. She is still his secretary as

governor, by the way. She was a prime person. I didn't get mad, I got agitated a few times when she would just—I'd think everything was all settled, and then she would begin to nitpick a little. And I accepted it.

Maybe it was good because we got a very nice job and got everybody all housed. It took the whole building, which originally was built as a memorial for the veterans of World War I. And that lasted for several decades. Then it became in disuse.

The Highway Department went in. Then, other agencies went in. Finally, it was given to the attorney general, and the stipulation was that we still have to give space for the veterans.

Well, for these interim periods of reassignment of space, back in the thirties, a concrete, two-story building had been built as an annex to the building for the Highway Department. And it was called the testing laboratory. And I was an unlicensed architect working for the state at that time and I was assigned a little office in the testing laboratory, along with an associate, Herbert Swinburne. He became quite a prominent architect in Philadelphia. Now, he's retired.

So here was this annex building that had only one connecting floor, and that was the ground floor—basement—of the Heroes building. We had to connect up all three floors, the basement, the ground floor, and the second floor of this little laboratory building. So we had quite an intricate stairway system that tried to meet all these levels, and also bring in some sense without bumping your head into the various other half-conceived types of remodelings.

So the easiest and natural thing to do was to gut the Heroes building, the partitions that had been so mutilated, the original building. There were some structural disabilities, you might say, because of the way the code had changed the use of buildings.

I got Jack Means as the engineer. Several engineers wouldn't touch the job. They'd come up with, "I don't want to bother to try to fix up an old building." But Jack had sympathy with this kind of work, and we worked together very well.

what we did was, strip off all the old plaster and furring, got into the rubble stone, and just the same thing that was found in the capitol building. In those days, they would put a dressed stone on the outside of the wall and back it up with rubble. Why there wasn't a better class of mortar, I don't know, but it was a lime mortar which disintegrated very quickly with the atmosphere, and it was just like powder. So really, the outside wall was holding up the inside wall. The trick was, now, to reinforce the walls from the inside.

So we built a network of steel bracing and anchored that by drilling holes into the rock, on twelve-inch centers, hoping that one-third of them would work because you couldn't drill steel on the job, you'd have to drill steel at the shop, and then, hope that you'd penetrate one of the pieces of rock, you see, by boring into the rock through the hole in the steel.

The next thing was to provide a diaphragm of the two floors and the roof. And this was fairly easy. Nail a plywood on the existing flooring, hitting, of course, a joist. Then you anchored the diaphragm to the wall by running a base angle and the straps out to the new floor, that would be—it was very, very thin. So just by putting this eighth of an inch groove in the floor, the strap was flush with the floor, and, of course, then, the rest of it would be either carpeted or asphalt tile, vinyl asbestos tile, over it. (Asphalt tile comes from an old nomenclature that went back years and years ago.)

So as long as we got the diaphragm and the stone reinforced, then it was just a matter

of replastering, or resheetrocking the area. Now, the refinements came along.

The thing that pleased the governor so much, Mr. List, was, I guess, at the insistence of Norrine who wanted this conference room open right off to his office, and then, be adjacent to the office of the assistant attorney general. You could view that conference room three ways. From the hallway, from the governor's office, from the assistant attorney general.

Then we made some very special lighting goodies of that. You could have the dim lighting, you could have the bright lights, you could have soft music—well, I'm kidding there [laughs]. It was just a part of the lush things that people in high office like.

We panelled those two offices with imitation walnut paneling. And the particular blue that Attorney General List liked was supplied by Carson Furniture Company. So we specified that this had to be—it was a public job, of course—the trick was to get Carson Furniture to get the low bid [laughs]. Oh, it was managed some way. I stayed out of that, anyway.

But the growth of that department, instead of—I remember the attorney general's office when it consisted of Alan Bible, and a secretary. That was in the old days in the Supreme Court-Library building. And now, I think there were twenty-seven different people to be housed in this building, clerks, and deputies, and whatnot.

The other thing that's so interesting to me was that Dick Bryan, the now attorney general, every time he sees me, he just goes into ecstasy over that lovely office that I designed! Well, if I were running for office, I think [laughs] I'd have a chance to make it because of his praise in that respect for my work.

I'm going to finish up with the capitol building because it sort of just went into that.

Clark Gribben, as I said before, chose myself and Vhay and Ferrari. By this time, Vhay was beginning to phase out, and most of the work was done by Ferrari. Ferrari was a pusher and a good supervisor, good spec man. They assigned me to the task of designing interior moldings, as they said, "I'd like you to be the molding man" [laughs].

Well, the trick was to get that building to satisfy the present administration, as well as the legislature. I think I was the fellow who saved that building from being torn down, and becoming a monument to the state.

Because of my knowledge of the people in Carson City, I said, "Well, I can go around and find out what these people want, what they need."

And it developed very quickly that the two greatest needs were the governor and his staff, and the controller and his staff. The treasurer was most of their—they were downstairs in the original capitol building. They didn't need much space. Of course, the controller had already been moved out of the building except for the figurehead of the, head of the department, Mr. [Wilson] McGowan. We had McGowan and—oh, poor guy [laughs], he was the only [Republican] among them. The treasurer at that time, he had been married and divorced five or six times. Italian name. Oh, it'll come to me. You know him as well—Mirabelli! I thought of records.

So, Mirabelli and McGowan were easily taken care of. The big job was these other two. And since the original building was at a major and minor axis, the north-south long axis, and the east-west short axis, and, at the crossroads were the four principals' offices, the governor, the controller, the secretary of state, and the treasurer.

Then I thought, "What they're doing now at the building, is going across the hall, each to get more storage space, more of people

(I'm trying to say). This is not good. Why not close the corridors, because that's all lost space? We'll find another way to take the exits from the building." So I simply just chopped off the two ends and wrapped the governor's suites around the north end, and the secretary of state's requirements around the south end.

Shortened the hallway, kept the original stairway, with the monumental stairs that went up from the sides of the crossroads. I found that I could create an exit to the east, for both ends of the corridor. And we also had to put in a qualifying stairway because the open stairway would be illegal. We got that in there, created the proper exits. I put in the toilet rooms on each floor. Voila! They have the thing with thirty-three percent space gained by this process.

When I showed this to the governor, he was happy; it was O'Callaghan. Secretary of State Swackhamer, he didn't care too much. He didn't think too much of the whole thing, and he left everything up to his secretary, and she was a jewel. She knew more about the operations of that than, of course, the figurehead. She died after the preliminary plans were made. I was glad she did not die before that time. But she was a tremendous help to me. She knew just where to put everybody.

And I got everybody spaced properly. We got the records downstairs, we created an extra stairway in their office. We provided a sneak stairway into the—a spiral stairs of the governor's office—down to the basement level. So he was never trapped in his office. And we had a very workable plan. Of course, the legislators and the legislature and the senate had been moved out years before. And that space was simply turned into a museum on one end, and an art gallery on the other.

Then, the next thing was to reestablish the identity of the courtroom. The original

building had its courtroom on the central—the minor axis, north of the east-west axis, but when the Supreme Court-Library building was built, they no longer needed it, and the press took it over, and mutilated the whole room with a lot of partitions and so on. I used the space through the courtroom to connect the arcade to the octagon building, which I was to do later on.

So the courtroom was a very odd and beautiful room, architecturally. I just moved that off to the side, created a corridor to the arcade on the second floor. The second floor was devoted, as I say, only to the treasurer. That was easy to do, just move their vault upstairs, the cage, and gave the key people a nice view of the central area.

The whole capitol building was relighted. In order to preserve the integrity of hanging light fixtures, the ornamental fixtures that were—these were not imitation gas, they were electric because the second phase of the capitol building was rebuilt in 1915 by Fred DeLongchamps. And, by this time, the electricity's well established. But the monumental fixtures were still preserved in the main corridor. We duplicated those remaining fixtures—most of them with round globes and sort of clones of the two principal fixtures—and then went on to devise chandeliers. In fact, I had designed chandeliers in 1971 for the original redecorating of the capitol building. No one found any fault with that; they thought that was fine, so they were basically happy.

Well, when it came up again for review from the legislature, Swackhamer then had to take a good look at these plans, and he said, "By golly! These work! I didn't think much about it at the beginning!"

So the legislature had, by this time, appropriated the money. The estimate was made, about six and a half to seven million

dollars. And that's a pittance compared with the money they spent and squandered in Sacramento, over fifty million dollars, and they're still not done. So we should all be proud of that building.

I've spoken of the lighting fixtures. The moldings were based on—most of them were original. And where we could preserve cornices, such as the hallway, we did that. I had no trouble in the courtroom. Some of them, we had to invent for the first floor and the second floor because we had to get the air conditioning where there was none before. We invented new cornices then. And the floors were, I think, twenty to twenty-one feet between the first and second floor.

The whole structure was built of concrete now, concrete first floor, second floor, and a concrete slab for the so-called attic, the third floor. Well, the reason for all the concrete up there was to provide a diaphragm, again, to hold up the whole structure of the stone.

Let's see, I didn't say that in this case, instead of trying to hold stone up on the inside—the old rubble stone—we very carefully took out sections of the rubble stone, poured concrete down in place of the rubble stone, so that bonded with the exterior stone. And this wall then became about sixteen inches thick, rather than two and a half feet thick. So this is one of our ways of gaining space, and it's surprising how much wasted space you can reclaim.

We had to take off the original roof, and rebuild that. And, of course, the cupola was taken down, and it used to be—it was a wooden cupola, and you climbed up into a very risky, winding stairway that went in to the cupola. Old-time pictures show people out there with flags draped over the banisters and people up in the cupola waving at the parade down below. There's no way to get up into the cupola now except by ladder, and there's

no reason to go up there because everything now—the cornices, the balustrades, the cupola, and even the windows—are built of plastic.

Now, these are—I kind of use the expression clones” because you took one window and used that as a model for the windows, and they were so—. You extract the molding (or impression) against the original wood; even a nail dent will show, or even a graining of the paint would show.

So we chose the color of plastic by which we would paint, a white paint with just a touch of mellowness, would look like aged paint. So the casual observer would think he was looking at a wooden-frame building with wood trim. Now, nothing will ever have to be painted and it’ll stay that way until the building is torn down, if ever.

We don’t know how long that plastic will last, but I know it’ll last a hundred years, and, that’ll be good enough. But so many people, when they heard “plastic”—. We’d get telephone calls at night, “Mr. Parsons, you should know better. That’s desecration. I’m from Virginia City, and I know.”

One man called, and I said, “Where do you live in Virginia City?”

“Well, I live in the Sutro Tunnel.”

I said, “Well, that’s fine. We’re not going to touch the Sutro Tunnel.” I just was sarcastic [laughs]. He wasn’t an authority. But you do get these kind of crank calls.

Oh, the other thing I wanted to mention. The original marble flooring was taken up and relaid, polished. It’s this beautiful gray, white and gray marble. Sane for the wainscoting—it’s about six feet high on the ground floor.

The stairway, I mentioned, that wooden stairway was carefully restored and rebuilt—I mean put back. And just by touching up the paint, why, it looked just as good as the first day it was built. That was recarpeted. The

doors and the casings, they were carefully replaced. Even what they call the “governor’s arch” was replaced.

At first, when I made up the plans, I showed the governor’s room as one big room, but this so-called arch—we’ve given that the “governor’s arch” because it was Governor O’Callaghan who said we’ve got to keep the arch because all the old-time pictures show that arch in the background, and we don’t want to have anything changed. So since the walls were made wider by the space gained, and just a matter of a few five or six inches, the arch wasn’t going to fit. So I had to fake the pilaster a bit to bring that out, and also widen the keystone. The keystone was about, originally six inches wide, and I made this ten inches wide. Well, these combinations of trickery, no one can detect unless they were to really study it. You know, one picture against another.

But the governor’s arch—I call it “O’Callaghan’s arch”—also provided for three television spotlights up in there. Any time that the governor wants to sign a proclamation, and get the TV cameras in there, instead of coming in with a whole bunch of wires and arc lights and so on, you turn on these bright lights, and it’s good television lighting without having to disturb everything.

Every principal’s office was given his own little toilet room. This was a device that we used in the Heroes Memorial remodeling. So Governor List was happy that he had [laughs] his little toilet room. Secretaries took a dim view of this, that they had to go downstairs someplace, or across the hall [laughs].

Of course, everything that we did in the way of modernization had to be built for the handicapped. Even the arcade between the two buildings, the capitol and the octagon had to be brought up to the floor levels of each building. Fortunately, they were built

on the same level. So they have this easy flow without any steps in between.

We designed new columns, and also new balusters, railings between the two buildings. This enclosed, or hid the air conditioning equipment. So it's all up there getting all the air it needs, you see. This is one of the problems with air conditioning: where you put the equipment, and there was a good place to do it. The boiler room was a brand-new boiler room, and air conditioning room. I didn't have anything to do with that. But everybody that uses the building now enjoys it very much.

We all got special plaques and awards, and so on for having done it. So I think it's a great tribute to Clark Gribben, myself, and to Dave Vhay, and especially George Ferrari. Sure we made some mistakes, but they were not— they were minor.

One of the other things I want to mention, there was a painting in the first floor corridor, it was against the ceiling, a bank. I think done by—in 1915. Anyway, it depicted the elements of the products of a state. Mining, agriculture, well, various symbols from those two elements. There was a pickaxe, a mining pan, and various wheats and barleys and so on. A plow, and a bull's head.

The centering of the doors were changed slightly from the original position on the first floor which altered the positions of the feature emblem. Because to emphasize the door, why, they put a ram's head or some element of design over the door. But, now, we've changed the doors, and what do you do?

We found that it would be easy to remove this thing because it was put on with just a paste. And just, we peeled it off, rolled it up, and then it was to be reused. The painter, or paper hanger, when given this assignment, pieced enough of the material so that he made everything come out even. You see, we

shortened the hallway, but there was a lot of elements we couldn't use because they were not— they were badly cut up. But he was very clever on how he spaced these. We all had our hands in it, but at the same time, he was the man that saved the elements and made every piece of scrap—. I have one little scrap in my office, just as a memento, but, boy, there's not another piece left.

Everybody that worked on that job, from the plasterers to the painters to the carpenters, loved it. Just thought that this was wonderful. They were so used to working with jerry-built stuff, you know. But, here was a time to express themselves, put their best efforts forth. And even when I kidded Al Solari, who found that this was not mahogany as it appeared to be, but it was simply imitation graining on pine.

Well, what to do? He couldn't retouch the stuff so he just regrained the whole— everything except the doors. And immediately below a deep recess, he painted a knothole in one area, and I said, "Nobody would ever put a piece of wood up with a knot in it" [laughs].

He said, "That's great. You leave it there" [laughs].

And I like to point it out every time I take a visitor through there, this little trick of Solari's. It shows what a good sense of humor he had, you see, to paint that knot in there.

* * * * *

This is Job 673, First Methodist Church, April, 1976. The First Methodist Church was designed and built by Fred DeLongchamps and then there was an addition made to it later on by the same architect, I think, all in concrete. Then, the problem was to remodel this building which had existed in the sort of catch-as-catch-can method of serving a congregation.

I liked the First Methodists because they had a very open frame of mind. I think they were always very jolly and happy and outward to people without being stiff and snobbish. Some other Christian churches are.

So this job was to, as I say, remodel the existing conditions. And there was a query among all people at the time, "Should we build new, or put some money into this old pile of concrete?"

And I say that with due reverence to the Episcopal church and the Catholic church because they're all faced with the same problem when they're downtown. You can't expand, what can you do?

But there was a good committee, and especially one was quite architecturally-minded, the decorator, Joy Meewig. Joy Meewig had a lot of good common sense. I worked with her as a decorator (and I shouldn't call her a decorator, but environmental planner, maybe [laughs]) - But she had a good sense of color, and she had a good sense of proportion, and just all around, just common good sense.

So she established the needs of the church. We juggled that thing around to put A in place of B, and B in place of C, and C in place of A, I guess like making a cake [laughs] and getting all the ingredients together, and then finding what space is left, and working it out.

There were some amazing things that had to be done. Most of it was structural, you know. The plumbing was obsolete, the wiring was all shot, the heating was just in a total disrepair. The only good thing that was left was the boiler, but on this, underground piping had to be replaced. A lot of the work was done on the cost basis by the members of the church themselves. And this is often a case of church congregations.

To go into all that we did is sort of—well, I don't think it's—it's rather unnecessary. But

one thing that was done was to move the caretaker (you call him a sexton) out of the choice ground floor space. They could use part of that space for a new community room, put this man upstairs. But in order to do that, I had to get an outside exit. So we created a balcony over the entrance, and built a porch, all for the sake of an exit to meet the code, you see. But everybody was happy in the end.

A little while later, I helped with the design of an organ, not exactly the design of it, but the confirmation of the choice of how this was going to go.

One of the staunch members of the congregation, his child's head was, like other prominent people of the congregation, had the children's heads placed in a plaque over the—which would be like a stain glass window, but it was very cleverly done with these impressions of the cute little faces over, like little angels.

Okay, the organ pipes had to go someplace. So, one design would have eliminated or obscured three or four of these faces. Of course, this one prominent member's child's face would have been totally obscured. So instead of the pipes being in the pyramidal shape [gestures], which you might say is like hands pointing to an apex, we then made the hands like in an open expression [gestures], outward.

Thus, the small pipes were around the bottom, the longer pipes up around the side, so no face was obscured. And this—they asked me if I'd make a sketch of this. And we did make one, just a crude sketch, but that put over the message, and satisfied people that this organ would not be a monstrosity and would look—nobody ever [laughs]—.

Well, I'll pass on now to 674, which is the Mackay Science, medical technology alterations. There's nothing much to that except that it was the branch laboratory of

the School of Medicine. It was in the Mackay Science building. So it was a matter of just putting in these laboratories and updating the plumbing and the heating, and so on. It was more of an exercise in plumbing and heating.

675, addition to the School of Medicine, UNR, phase three. I think I've spoken of the whole thing, so I'll just pass that.

676, the restoration of Fort Churchill. This was to be a joint venture with Sheehan and Haase.

Some years back I had done a study on this, but there was a new group of people over in Carson City who were looking for other types of technology. I had already told these people what could be done, but they thought we were on the wrong track, so, really—. This is January, 1977.

We did go through this study for Fort Churchill, but with these kind of restoration jobs where you had to recreate mud, it's almost a losing cause. And to back up this statement, I was recently in Australia, Melbourne, and we went out to this desert habitat which they had made a restoration. I guess the government have some—I was going to say prehistoric, but they were when Australia, I guess, was more or less of an explored colony, rather than a part of Great Britain.

But these mud forts were in a very bad stage of disintegration, and the same kind of thing was destroying Fort Churchill. In other words, just wind, rain, and the substance that was melting these things away.

Well, they had tried to restore it putting some more mud blocks on top of mud, and then the whole thing washing down in another five years, which is the "flustration."

They had also rebuilt a kind of a fortification; it looked like a fortification, but the story they gave us, as tourists, was the fact that it was a harem, all these little windows

symmetrically in rows, were very evident. So it was built new.

Well, it had no real historic significance. They just stood on the bluff and looked at it, and said, "Well, that's interesting." I think a drawing would have been just [laughs] as good, to recall history that way.

Well, the same thing, I think with Fort Churchill. If they would make out to find the parade grounds and to find where the different buildings were, protect the foundations rather than try to build up on them, or trying to protect the mud from sloughing in because as soon as you do that, then the white frost getting on the inside, and then that further aggravates the condition, and pops the whole thing off. So in a few years, you've got this acceleration of this condition.

Well, I'm not technically equipped to go into that, so I don't—I'm just putting forth my idea. I'd like to see more of the definition of the parade grounds, and I would suggest that as the tourists go around, you'd hear a faint recording someplace of a taps, a bugle, or in the laundries, some women arguing, muffled voices. And then, you could bring up your own mental picture, and then go over and have a hot dog someplace, and say that you've been to Fort Churchill.

In the same year, Job—it's out of order here for some reason, but anyway—633-A, was an addition to Laxalt, Berry and Allison.

Oh, I know what that was. It was a proposed addition, but when Paul Laxalt left that organization, somehow it seemed to go to seed, and the partners couldn't make up their minds on how they wanted to take in new partners and further expand. These attorneys get a little ambitious, you know, and I think [laughs] they overdo things.

633-B, same period, was Peter Laxalt office in Reno. This was simply taking an office building that was being built and working

out the office space for him. Well, he was the fair-haired boy at that time.

677, the restoration of Lake Shore House in Glenbrook, June, 1977. Again, an interesting job. A lot of research connected with this in trying to establish the fact that this house was truly the first Lake Shore House, because the first impression of it if you compared it with a picture, an old-time picture, it couldn't be the Lake Shore House. But it had been so altered in the course of time to make the house look like a part of the famous Glenbrook Inn.

See, the Lake Shore House was built prior to the Glenbrook Inn, and there was some question, and I'm quite sure that it was moved from the original location into the new location, as well as being altered with some refined Colonialtype or salt-box architecture. Here was this heavy open rafter tails showing. So it was evident that it was the same house.

You compared the pictures, there was a chimney in the same location, your windows were in the same location, but the doors had been changed on the first floor. The porch was gone, and this great big cottonwood tree was in place of the porch. But you look back and think, "Well, cottonwoods grow fast." And in seventy-five years, why, that tree could have grown up from a seedling, and it became a monster.

It meant that the restoration had to be adapted in a way to get this porch to be comfortably away from the tree, so that some alterations had to be made there from the pictures.

Oh, I forgot to mention that this was for—not the Bliss family; Bliss had sold it to a California firm. They had bought the whole establishment. And I thought they were going to remodel and repair the old Glenbrook Inn which everybody was familiar with. But they wanted to restore this house to get a historic overlay and then qualify for building some

more houses in the back area by establishing the historic value of the Lake Shore House.

So my work was limited just to this kind of research in making sketches for the front, putting up and restoring the foundation. It really wasn't restoring the foundation, it was building a new foundation [laughs] on there. Levelling up certain areas. But it turned out a nice job.

All I've got to say is that restoration and remodeling is just so "flustrating" because of the different attitudes and approaches people take to it and think that the architect is some kind of genius that has to do everything [laughs].

536-A is a remodeling for Dr. West's home. Well, the reason I gave it that number because—is called formerly Clyde Munn residence. So the original job was 536 and I just put this remodeling into the seine file. There wasn't much to it except to add a room and a bath for the children up behind this garage, Clyde Munn's residence.

678, Indian Colony Teen Center and Smoke Shop. This was just an exercise in planning. The Indians, of course, make their money in selling cigarettes. So they decided to put a teen center and a smoke shop together [laughs]. Well, it didn't work. Later it served as a study for a job I'm doing now as a teen center.

679, First National Bank, the MGM branch, July, 1977. Most of the banks that I've done for the First National Bank were very trite in their organization. They must have things just so, and don't change the order of things. But when they showed me what they wanted, and the space they had in the first—ground—floor of the MGM, I said, "Well, you're not going to have just ordinary brown and black, and conventional carpeting. You've got to be in competition with the rest of those razzle-dazzle stores and shops in the basement."

They gave me a chance to come with a wild design [laughs], so to speak, and it took them two days to get over the shock when I made the sketches, all in color.

The interesting thing about the space was that it had three, call them modules, twenty-foot squares each. The columns in the basement were twenty-four inches square on twenty-foot centers.

So this produced three squares, two on one side and one that went into the back. So it fronted two bays across the front, and one to another side. In other words, the crossroads of two intersecting aisles, or portions of this mall, gave me an idea then. Working with these squares, I began thinking in terms of circles. Do circles and squares.

And I thought, "Well, I'll make it into something really razzle-dazzle to match with the upstairs, kind of phony architecture."

I didn't mean to say that my solution was phony, except it was a good chance to do something besides just dropping some electric fixtures, fluorescent lights. I chose a centertype fixture, with my engineer. Decided we could light this dome, flat dome, with indirect light, by concentrating the light on the ceiling, and the plaster moldings throughout, and then radiating spokes with some light applied-plaster molding strips.

I wasn't trying to suggest a wheel, I was just suggesting a tie for the whole thing. So it had really two "wheels," side by side.

Then the beams, I put on plaster-decorated strips again, taking the circle, and that could be the emblem of the silver dollar [laughs], or whatever way you wanted to interpret it. But the circle was the emblem.

In every bank you have to have an enclosed area for preferred customers, a little conference room. And you have to have an area for examining your safe-deposit box material.

I didn't want to create dual rooms. So again, circular type of treatments, and without apparent ceilings, but a low ceiling in each of these rooms. And then, I put in planters along the top, let their vines hang down, so that these were just floating types of things in the room itself. The ceiling was untouched, you see, by any perforations, or intrusion upon the ceiling, as well, you see.

Then the counters are, again using the free flow of a, not exactly a circle, but in this case, a circular motion. The whole idea, then, was in blue and gold. The reason I chose that, because everybody else was red, "Gambler's red." The hallway serving this was red, the carpeting was red, and across the aisle was red, and here I had blue.

This is why I made the remark that it took the committee a couple of days to let this soak in. So that once they saw that this was going to stand out against the red, then they accepted this deviation and went with the blue-and-gold. We had a deep blue carpet, white ceilings with gold trim, some gold wallpaper that was quite stunning.

This was the first time I ever really told the First National Bank what'd be good for them, rather than them telling me. I enjoyed it very much!

Job 680 is an operations center remodeling for the First National Bank. And I've really forgotten what that was. I don't think it had—there was nothing very exciting about it except push out some walls, get a larger space for the computers. Computers are the—well, just constantly being changed and added to for bank operations.

681, the Joiner house. For a time, I couldn't figure out what that was, but now I recall. This was August, 1979 by the way.

An official of the Nevada National Bank called me. Had nothing to do with banking, but he was a trust officer for a case in which a woman

was injured and became a paraplegic. And she had got quite a sum of money in settlement of this case. So she wanted to build a house. And they called me. Would I be interested?

And I said, "Yes. I think it would be very interesting," because houses weren't what I was interested in, but helping this person might be an interesting job.

Well, I met with the—I'm trying to think whether she was a widow or not because I've never remembered a husband. She had a nurse, a practical nurse. And the two of them were quite a pair. They used mule-skinner's language, which didn't embarrass me too much, but I was shocked just the same to hear this, and once in a while apologizing to me for the use of such language.

I said, "Go ahead. It doesn't bother me if it helps you—get what you want.

But it got into a little more than the preliminary drawing stage. I sensed that these people really didn't understand the value of an architect. But they liked everything I did until I said, "Now, this is going to cost some money, and I want you to know what it's going to cost."

They had a lot that was in Sparks, just outside of the city limits, and somebody had unloaded this thing on them. The problem was that there was no water and there was no sewer. And, of course, you have that, and then you have to go to the expense of putting that in. And if people want to add to it later on, why, you're reimbursed. But the initial cost is quite terrific.

So, all in all, it was just an exercise in planning for paraplegics. Everything was big, oversized. The bathrooms were big, so you could turn the wheelchair. You had to provide a shower for the patient to go in and shower in the wheelchair itself. Towel bars had to be a certain height. And the toilets wide enough—I mean the space wide enough for easy access and so on. The bedrooms were

big, closets were big, hallways were wide. And that was the nature of the house. So that everything got so big and expensive that when I finally told them, they were shocked, and then, they didn't want to pay me.

So I had to go to the bank and say, "Look, this is the problem. I've done this in good faith.

I just used that last name there because I didn't want to—the people are still alive, and I didn't want to have to pick on them, single them out.

682, Trinity Church, June, 1977. Well, again, this is one of those things we're always doing for Trinity Church, or I was always doing, and I can't recall what it was, but nothing significant.

Oh, yes! Yes. It was a—1977—it was to upgrade the basement a little bit, put on some new windows. And the main job was new steps because the old ones were just not serving, and were steep and awkward and dangerous.

So we tore out all the original steps system. The only way I could think it'd come, to get down to the street level without running right into the sidewalk was to split the bottom seven or eight steps and run two ways from the center, thus creating a landing, and this broke up the appearance of being something forbidding to climb, and to think it terms, too, of getting caught in something down the steps. Weddings, of course. So it was rather successful, had the usual problems of course, but—concrete freezing and some headaches, but it went through very well.

683, I see, is First Methodist Church again, but I'd just say it was part of the other job.

684, the Archives building. This was in Carson City, October, 1977. This was the old printing office, and I think it was built as a printing office. I remember it as a young man going into the printer's office, did recall his

name is Farnsworth? Joe Farnsworth. Yeah. He was there for years.

But then after they—what happened to the state printer's office? I guess they finally built a new one, because the building then was used as a sort of a warehouse for the Buildings and Grounds. And whenever they move into something, they really let it go to pot.

So the wood floors were all greasy from the storage of pipes and whatever. The problem was to make it then into an archives building, because it—the architectural style was reminiscent, hand-in-glove with the capitol building right in front of it.

So we didn't do anything to the exterior except to repair doors, and make one into a window, which wasn't hard to do. The interior was sort of—not gutted, but mostly it was taking out old partitions that were put in for these various uses over the years.

So we made a fairly presentable forward portion where the public come in and browse. They weren't allowed into the back of the archives, but they could state their name. And then, the material was brought in to them, and set on tables, and they could browse and research at that point.

Most of it was trying to get enough space for storage of these documents that were sent in from all over the state. Most of the different counties were tired of keeping their own material, so they dumped it on the state! The people who are using it were happy with the building; we didn't have enough money to air condition it.

What's that little brick extension out in the back there? Is that that old boiler room or something?

No, that, well, let's see, there were three remodelings of that building over the period of years. one, I did under Governor Russell's administration was to add a—what was that?

Yeah, it was for the state printer. Just to add another warehouse type of structure.

Then, later on, somebody else added something. They put some green brick, and so did—. Then, there was a boiler room stuck on, but on the south side.

The building is kind of a U-shaped with a, almost like a courtyard in the U. Then there's this little brick extension that just really doesn't look like it belongs to the rest of the building.

Well, that's typical of all that whole structure. My mind, I was blanking that out because I was thinking in terms of how we made this into something that created the archives picture rather than just a building.

Funny how different governors assign different things. Now, when Laxalt was governor, and he being of an athletic frame of mind, he wanted someplace for people to go and have a steam bath. Well, that was put into this old building by someone. And now, that stuff was ripped out.

The second floor was used independently by some minor office. I think the State Fire Marshal was up there at one time. I never had anything to do with that.

I saw in the Wall Street Journal this morning where the White House architect is saying that the Supreme Court is going to have to move sometime, and where are they going to find the space for it? And in the paper, there's a little diagram of what's surrounding the capitol building with these various buildings that have been built there since—during our lifetime. Three Senate buildings and five Congress buildings. So the federal government's just as guilty as the state of Nevada!

The next job here is 685, FNB Industrial Center addition. Well, I think I spoke of the addition, with the first portion.

686, feasibility study, Pershing County School District, November, 1977. Well, that was an exercise in frustration. I teamed up with an engineer and we definitely told them what their problems were. They were going to use this old building which had a nice architectural character, but unfortunately it didn't meet present-day standards. Somehow we didn't click, and the job was given to another architect.

687, the Carson City Civic Center. This was the Parsons Design Group, June, 1978.

The architectural firm of Jack Miller and Associates from Las Vegas came to me and asked why couldn't they make an association and go after these jobs in the northern part of the state.

And I said, "Fine, because I think in associations there's strength."

Well, we went into Carson City, and presented ourselves in a manner that got us the job. So we immediately set up headquarters in Carson City with Robert Fielden as the representative. He wanted to be the designer, and that didn't bother me because he's an energetic, clever, young man.

But we conducted hearings and research and set up our little office right there in Carson City, invited all the people to come in and see us and set forth their ideas. We talked with all the different agencies of the city, and got their acquiescence to a lot of ideas.

But the big problem was finding a site. So we began to study various sites. I think there was some twenty-one sites altogether. Then we began to rate them on charts and with all the little tricks that architects use with dots and pinpoints and nomenclature. And then we drew them and made these on big pieces of butcher paper so they'd hang up on walls in the auditorium and talk with a pointer from them, and more or less try to woo the people. But we didn't woo anybody.

The problem was that no one liked to take any site except right where there was congestion. Some people didn't want to give up the golf course, and it meant closing the streets. It meant diverting a stream of water.

So we rated all these various sites according—on a scale of one to twenty. But the more we talked, the more the people of Carson City resented the whole thing. And I don't know whether we came on too strong, or just what. I think the real problem was that Carson City just couldn't get together.

Mayor [Harold] Jacobsen was pushing for one area, and they could sense that, and the rest of the people weren't so inclined.

It was the Mills Street site was the one that was most favorable.

So I don't know what I'm making on any of these studies now, but when we got all through, we just bundled up our material. It was like a circus breaking, striking a tent. And, so now, here was the Parsons Design Group with all this material, and what are we going to do with? We stored a lot of these charts in my office in Reno for a couple of years, but I was getting tired of keeping this junk. Nobody else wanted it.

All of our feasibility was made in one concise form and was published in a two-page spread in the Carson City Appeal, and so that was the only record they had after spending \$50,000 in architectural fees and promotional hoopla. That was all there was to show for it.

I think then, that was sort of a kiss of death as far as I was concerned in Carson City because when we went further into another area, such as Douglas County High School, we were openly opposed by one of the board members that happened to be on the board for the Carson City crew.

So once you get somebody not relating to you properly, you're a cooked goose.

The same thing happened to me later on in a library building, a different association, but I think they recalled, remembered that we were a bunch of high-flying promoters, which we weren't at all. Mr. Fielden was a spirited person. He had that Las Vegas dynamic, pushy way of doing things. But it's the job that did no one any good, and no use going into it any further.

688, First Western Savings, mobile façade. Have you ever designed a cocoon? Because that's just what this was.

The idea wasn't original with First Western Savings, but in California, like the MX system, they have the idea of moving a mobile bank from one station to another. And in any small town, you just simply say, "Well, we'll be in to see you on Mondays, Thursdays, and Fridays," or whatever time. Then the rest of the week, they'd be in other areas. So they drive this mobile unit in, open the doors, and you're in business. So the façade was simply a cocoon, as I called it, to drive into.

The object was to create steps that would go up to the side door of the unit, at which you had to have a porch. You had to have an entrance for the truck to drive into.

Okay, what do you do when the building is vacant? You've got to lock all that system up. You have to have your power there, so you can attach your air conditioning to the system. They've got to have water and sewer outlets.

So the first unit was to be built in—well, there was three of them. There was Yerington, Tonopah, Hawthorne. Not necessarily in that order, but that's, the circuit that they made.

And each—there was just one type of design. Three buildings, one design. So I had to make it in this more or less collapsible type of unit so that—because you couldn't trust this thing to pickup labor in a small town. It developed, it could have, if you knew the right type of smalltown contractor. There

was only one that could have handled this if I had known about him, but we chose Walker Boudwin as the central contractor.

So we built this thing, the three of them on the ground. Nailed them up like stage scenery on the job. It's more or less simplifying it, but we had to go in and build foundations and utility poles, and everything else for the three locations. And in one case, I had to get the approval of the planning from the city administration. I think that was Yerington Well, they got so successful that Tonopah needed a permanent place. So that created a job for me later on. The other two, I think the other—. Oh, yes, at Yerington we had to—that was successful when they finally bought an old building on Main Street, which used to be a florist shop, which used to be something else. Well, I remodeled that into a, sort of a small-town Colonial architecture type of thing, pitched roof, and everybody liked it.

689, Davidson house, Virginia City, August, 1978. That was a promoter from Los Angeles, said he wanted to build a historic type of house in Virginia City, and build it two stories.

He had his own ideas. Got the plans all done, but he never wanted to pay me. And finally I had to just go up there and say, "Look, are you going to pay or not? I'm just tired of waiting around."

He finally paid me, but he never built the house.

690, Morrill Hall, north porch addition, August, 1978. I think I spoke of that, too, with the original Morrill Hall remodeling.

Same thing with the next job, 691, Mrs. Orvis, October, 1978. Again, I can't think what that was. But some small, little addition.

692, La Quinta, October, 1978. This is a large, motelcoffee shop chain. I think they originate in the southwest.

But they engaged me to do the research on the nature of building codes and city restrictions and ordinances, and whatnot. Well, that's all I did, and they paid me a fee for that. By the way, I saw where, well, it's been built now. I think I saw the acceptance of it.

693, The Mizpah [Tonopah]. Well, this was not the Mizpah Hotel, but a joining together of, well—was the joining of the Mizpah Hotel and the casino-coffee shop.

There was going to be a big sign across this parking area, but the main thing was to put a new front on the coffee shop-casino, which was really two buildings. Only Tonopah type of architecture was a lot of junk. So I put cement-plaster façade on there to try to make it in the Renaissance style of architecture that was reminiscent of the form of architecture that came into Tonopah. You can see some of that evidence in the Mizpah Hotel.

It was a little bit (if I can criticize my own work) it was too much of an unidentifiable type of architecture, and a little out of place for Tonopah. But it certainly dressed up the street anyhow [laughs].

694, Indian Colony health center, Indian Colony Health Care Clinic, I should say. This is the Reno-Sparks Indian Colony Health Care Clinic, January, 1979.

Well, this was the third really major addition to that colony. We built it between and to the east end of the area, in between the all-purpose building and the gymnasium. It worked out very well.

695, Virginia City courthouse, January, 1979. Well, this is '81, we just finished the job. So it shows how long it takes from the start of talking.

This was very interesting, though. The courthouse was a tremendously well-built building. So many buildings in Virginia City

are ready to fall into their own hole. But this one was designed, built just after the great fire in 1876, I believe.

The architect had, at that time, from San Francisco, had designed three facades of content, [laughs] not sure of himself, I guess. But all well done, but the same floor plan, sane fenestration. But three different. One was a wild, rockin' type of architecture. Another, I have forgotten exactly what it was, and the third was the now Victorian type we see, which of course, made sense, I think, to the people of the time.

Over the years, the building had suffered some damage to the brickwork with water running off the roof and getting into the brick and disintegrating the mortar, thus allowing bricks to fall out, and some to freeze, particularly on southwest portion. (You'd think it would be on the northeast, northwest portion, but, see, the southwest portion received the sun and the cold winds from the Mt. Davidson area. Thus the freezing process was a constant one. The sun, the water, the sun, the water, the sun, and ice, and that does more damage than anything else.)

We were fortunate later on to find these drawings that were stored up in the attic in a zinc tube, as well as full-sized detail drawings that were made later on. But they were drawn at quarter scale, and they put a lot of notes on the drawings. Their specifications were very thin, but very knowledgeable and very precise. And you may describe the kind and grade of lumber, the kind of plumbing, as meager as it was. There was no electric light, of course; it was gas.

But the roofing was the most interesting thing. They had put a concrete roof on. And I didn't believe my eyes until I got the magnifying glass out, and, it didn't say in the specs that it was concrete, but in the drawings it said, "Concrete on top of wood."

I'm sure that that was the result of the thinking as a result of the fire. No wood shingles for this, but then again, there had been cracking with the constant movement of heat and cold, which probably disintegrated that concrete in a short time. So it wasn't long before they had to strip all that concrete off.

The other mistake, or error in judgment, was the fact they built a parapet wall down both sides, and then diverted the water with crickets to drain pipes at the corners of the building, which is fine in San Francisco in a mild climate. But again, those things filled up with ice and water and pretty soon you had water running down the inside of the building.

They took off the parapet, which was encased in steel I-beam. That must have been a heavy beam because in those days they made everything heavy, and how they got that up there in the first place, I don't know. And how they got it down.

But every age has its way of doing things. But they had to remove that parapet and then build the new roof with sloping eaves, roof and eaves, so that the water would run right off onto the ground. And this parapet disappeared.

Okay. Then it became a wood-shingled roof. Then, over a period of time, the wood shingles gave way to two applications in succession of the years of built-up roof; I should say asphalt shingles.

So that brings us up to the present time when they began to leak, now to make the repairs to the flashing on the outside. The decision was to strip off everything and start over again with new wood shingles and treat them with a fire retardant, which has to be replenished every five to seven years. I'm hoping that each new board will remember to treat the shingles.

But I think it's still the safest thing because they have modern fire-fighting

equipment now where their ladders can reach the roof. That's the biggest thing that all people in Virginia City fear, is fire.

Other items that had to be restored was, of course, the lighting system. Entirely new circuits. Because even if you plugged in a coffee pot, why, you could blow a fuse, or overheat something. And some little painting. Then we repaired the brickwork. So finally, we got enough money over the period of years to get—I think it was about \$76,000—we spent \$30,000 for brickwork, \$10,000 for roofing, and the balance for electrical. I had to put in a new service so that they could even operate their sheriff's radio call.

Still to be done in the interior would be painting. They didn't have enough money to restore and paint the judge's chambers and a jury room, or the courtroom. The problem now with the courtroom is its acoustics; they're awful. And I'm hoping that next sum of money they get, we can kill the reverberation, the sound reverberation.

It really is one of the more handsome buildings on the Comstock, though.

Oh, yes. It's a magnificent building, and they have a right to be proud of it. And I'm glad they're keeping it up.

[It must have been fun to be a part of that.]

Well, it is. I engaged Jack Means. As I've mentioned before, that Jack is the only engineer, that has a sympathetic approach to restoration work, knowing that in that sort of thing, you can't just tear everything out and start over.

As I say, we had no structural problems interiorly. There was just the problem of how to—what kind of mortar to use that would be compatible with the former mortar.

But we took that to a laboratory and had it analyzed and so we knew how to mix the new cement mortar to be compatible to the old lime mortar.

This is 696, state of Nevada, the controller's octagon building, February, 1979. It's the only building I wish I'd never seen [laughs].

After I had done the, with the association of Clark Gribben on the capitol building, they said, that is, the planning state board of the Public Works system said, "Do you want to do the octagon building? Restore it?" Because it was right attached to and behind the other one. The key to this whole—my problems, which went over, and they're still coming up today—so here it is '79, '80, '81, two years ago, two and a half years later. The job was finished. But the underlying problem is money. They've just allowed themselves to be trapped by the legislature that wouldn't give them more than \$100,000, and when they confronted me with the problem, I said, "You don't have enough money."

"Well, do the best you can."

Well, you know, doing the best you can sometimes is impossible when then they say, when the controller says, "This is what I want."

And their needs—they've been told by the state to take over this building. Now here's trying to give them office space. And I think besides the fact that Mr. King, associated with Mr. McGowan, who are very understanding—I think they became very irritated by the fact that I couldn't give them what they really wanted. We had to do so many things to make the building serviceable.

What I tried to do was correct the hideous stairs that went up and up and up in a winding formation. You'd be actually out of breath getting to the top. Then you got up there it'd be time to go to lunch [laughs]. That's the way it seemed.

That building had many historic uses from the past, but that used to be—I think the last

use was, again, some renegade type of offices that always seem to creep into the state system when you can't find a space for them.

Well, I moved these people out. I think the Building and Grounds were in there for a bit. But it was terribly mutilated on the first floor. That was built as a library, of course. And then it was partitioned off for other offices. And it started back in 1948, and it was continually being changed. So it was really a hodge-podge of stuff.

The main thing was to put the controller—some computers down in the basement of this thing, and I had to get a new floor down there, prepare the stairs, try to get bathrooms on each floor, paint the building, put on a new roof on the lower portion, and I forgot—that was all for less than \$400,000.

But when I ran into trouble and tried to get more money, they said, "Well, that's all you've got."

And I said, "Well then, go after some more."

Finally I convinced Mr. McGowan that he's got to go over and face the music. Let me go with him, I know Bob List. But somehow, they were all afraid to talk to the interim finance committee.

Well, it was done, and they got another \$100,000, but all that did was put a little more grease in the pan before it began to burn the chops again [laughs]!

The carpeting was a cheaper brand of carpet than was in the capitol building, so that created jealousy. I mean it was just one of those too-bad things.

There was a beautiful dome, skylight effect; light coming from the dome into the second floor gave a nice atmosphere to it, but over the course of the years, it has been sealed off because of the heat problem or the ventilating, or cooling problem. All three. We were trying to restore that, but we had to give that up because, again, the funds.

I was just cleaning out some of my drawers and came across these documents that had been lent to me from the state of Nevada, out of the old building, and I wanted to return them. So they said they would send someone down, “but by the way, did you get those ‘as built’ to us?”

And I said, “Yes! I got them to you.”

“Well, they don’t show what we wanted them to show.”

I said, “Well, you built the building, by golly, so it’s got to be out there.”

It’s the kind of harassment you sometimes get from people who are trying to do their job because somebody else in the bureaucracy is telling them, “Get everything all sealed up now.

That’s really puzzling. Wilson McGowan is one of the more powerful people around.

Yeah. I don’t know why he didn’t take it upon himself to go over there and say, “You haven’t got enough money, Ed? Okay, we’ll get you some more. I know you need it.”

But it took all this talk for six months. Maybe I was getting old and crockety along with all that stuff, but—I don’t know.

Oh, speaking of the addition to the Centennial Coliseum [Job 697]. The Parsons Design Group was awarded the contract, but only after, I think, a very extensive interview of other teams of architects. One architect later spoke to me. He said—it was Dolven, Larsen, and Daniels—and said, “We sure wanted that job.” To see this expression of, “Doggone it! How come you’ve got it?” And so on.

But I know we got it because of the splendid presentation. You never know when an architect, or a team of architects are going to be awarded a contract. You think you’ve put your best efforts into it, naturally.

Politics can enter into it, and you can smell it out later. Just as a sideline, I teamed up with some architects, went back to Washington for—some federal building, anyway, this architect from Sacramento and some engineers from San Francisco. We all flew at our own expense, and met with this board of review, whatever it was, and two of the men fell asleep. Well, you know, you spent—that was about ten years ago—I spent \$400. We all spent \$400 each on the fare, and hotel rooms. And then to have a man fall asleep in your face; to me, that’s the greatest insult.

Well, I knew we had a stacked job there. It’s not important that I try to name the job, or who was what, but the fact that these things happen is what disgusts me. And I have never asked for a federal job since that time.

They computerize everything on paper, then send you all your records, what you’ve done in the past. And, recently, I got this record of—the paper stretched seventeen feet down the hall. All computerized paper, you know [laughs]. And here was my whole life set out in computer form, of course. And it was like reading the funny paper in a way. That meant nothing. Who is going to read that stuff?

So they wanted me to update it. I sent them a letter and said, “If you want to give me a job, fine. But if you want me to try to compete when your people fall asleep on me, no.” And I never heard from them. But I—you know, you reach a time in life when that is not important to you.

The nicest kind of an award is that which is given to you on your merits. That which they think is going to be the best solution for their particular need. That, by then, the architect and the client are in accord.

Now, in this addition to the Coliseum, Jack Miller and Associates and Ed Parsons decided to form the Parsons Design Group.

Well, actually that was because they were from the south and they were cracking the north, and that kind of barrier existed—I don't think it exists as much now, but there was a time when the north and the south were not speaking [laughs], in the same terms. So this was an amalgamation, you might say, two kinds of architects coming under one philosophy.

The chief spokesman was Robert Fielden, and then he had an associate, Jess Holmes. He brought Jess Holmes up at one occasion and [had] a presentation. And Jess made Borne comments. He made a very impressive demonstration. And I actually told Bob Fielden, "Look, Jess has got a very sincere presentation. Let's let him be the spokesman."

They used me for historic background as the north. Of course, I knew all of the commissioners and the various people on the boards, and it was on a first-name basis. That's always a comfortable association. But Jess became the main architect after the contract was awarded. I've forgotten how many architects, but six or seven. Each had their own presentation and some were in brochures and so on.

But because of the great success they had in southern Nevada, that is with the convention hall there, they felt secure in taking us. And I'm sure that my name meant something politically, if you want to say that there are politics, yes, I think that's part of the political game, so to speak. They are politics, of course. Politics in the sense that your name is used for a certain purpose, then you're dropped. Especially on my later interest in historic preservation. I guess I've already spoken of the Lake Shore House in Glenbrook?

Well, recently I just saw in the paper where they're expanding the Glenbrook

Inn. Well, I did some research there and saw that—and made recommendations structurally and so on for the old inn. But that wasn't the purpose. The purpose was to get me to get the historic background of the Lake Shore House, and research that architecturally. And that was a real challenge.

The Glenbrook Inn, no problem there because the Bliss family, that was a continuous record. So they didn't have any problem there. But it's kind of disappointing to be used for one little purpose, and then the big job comes along, and they don't need you. (I was just interjecting that.)

Well, architecturally, the addition to the Centennial Coliseum. This is just simply expanding the exhibit hall because the building is no longer needed for local events. They need it for big conventions. And big conventions are those that have tremendous pieces of equipment or a great mass of people.

The dental society may not need that kind of a building, but certainly the logging people need it. The mining people need it, the road-construction people need it to exhibit their huge machinery. And so the concrete floors are designed twelve inches thick and big enough to bring in a herd of elephants [laughs], doors big enough to have that equipment come in.

So it's just one big barn with a lot of technical stuff thrown up into the attic. You don't have to finish the structure of the girders or trusses. You bring bridges and stairways and rigged with lights and speakers and air conditioning and whatnot. Now you don't see that from below because the light, as you're looking up to it, interrupts your view. So you can't see any of this and you're not conscious of it anyway. The average person is not looking up; he's looking down here where the light is focused.

So architecturally, there's no great significance. The walls are painted, they're concrete. Naturally, everything is fire resistive. And you'd say the upper structure's all full of catwalks and whatnot. So it's not an inspiring building to go into. It's not even an inspiring building to look at. It's simply a utilitarian type of structure.

The original building that was done with the chief architect, Neutra, had some very subtle graces in it, although the board didn't appreciate Neutra. He was an individual himself and a very splendid person, but unless people really appreciate the background of a person, this is lost.

Well, I guess that's all I can say about the Centennial Coliseum. There's two other additions to come when money is appropriated. One is for further expansion of the hall, and then the other is a garage structure and parking. It'll be a three-tiered garage, two underground and one above. And there will be a structure that links the second floor of the— hard to call it a second floor, but—a bridge over into the seating area of the major hallway. That will be linking up with, at that point, with stairways and elevators down, and many committee rooms, convention rooms, so that you can [have] small conventions as well as the big thing and have several conventions going on at the same time if you need to. But this is planned for the future. Of course, we hope to be the architects for that.

I would say that all of the present members of the convention authority are fine people. They understand what it's about. And though they politically may be at different ends of the spectrum, like Mayor Bennett, for one, and well, you pick the other side, Mr. Sullivan, a banker on the other end of it. These people can see the ultimate goal, and so, Mayor Bennett will give in where it's necessary for

them because it's not part of the city, it's not part of the county. It's its own money.

Well, let's just move on.

698 was a U.S. post office, University Station, Number Ten. In other words, it was assigned the number 89510. This is December, 1979.

And everybody thought that we were saving them. We got the plans all done and went out for bids and something happened, bogged down.

Brian Whalen said, "There's a flaw someplace. We can't get the money.

And here, the U.S. postal authorities and the University of Nevada had not come to terms over the length of the funding or the mortgage, whatever they'd call that.

The University thought it was thirty years, and the federal people thought it was ten years. Holy smoke! Why wasn't this decided in the beginning? It just seemed amazing that two intelligent bodies didn't work this out. Maybe I'm talking out of turn, but, goodness sakes! Where did that happen?

This was a great disappointment to Ed Pine because he had worked so hard to get that University Station, and the miserable little place they have now is a joke for a modern university.

So it was to be built on the corner of Artemisia and North Sierra Street. It was a good site, plenty of parking, and would be central to the campus as well as to the northeastern section of Reno.

That's one of those things that happen, and so many of those things are happening that way now that are putting people out of business. They just think that everything's going to be rosy, and all of a sudden, you can't get a loan, the interest rates are too high. What is happening? People are left high and dry.

I wondered what had happened to that.

Well, that's—nobody wants to talk about it because there's nothing to talk about. And, nobody's going to admit to any errors there. I don't know whether it was an error on the part of anyone.

And then that leads me to the next job, 699, RenoSparks Indian Colony, rental housing repairs. This was a job that was turned down by another architect because it was too detailed and too small, and too involved with the HUD people. So much work without any remuneration connected with it. So they said, "Well, we can't—sorry, we can't help you."

Just for having something to do, I took it with young Mike Mitchell, architect. By this time, you see, I'd given up any drafting people in my organization. I hired Mike Mitchell as a consultant. We got along fine. But then when we got out for bids, the only people that wanted to bid it were those that seemed to have a prior rapport with the HUD people on Indian type of contracts.

I learned that these kind of contractors—watch out! Because they're looking for the loophole, and took advantage of every kind of little error in the specifications and tried to create errors in the specifications—without having to mention names because I can't even think who they are now.

But after the contract was two-thirds underway, the method of finishing the eaves, the rake of the roofs, all this involved was new siding on the exterior and painting and repairing some rotted trim. When we added the siding, that projected the trim out another three quarters of an inch, that left the shingles unprotected. So I had to put a new verge board on the side. And that was neglected in the specifications. So they just made an issue of it.

Another little thing was some light fixtures. They made the recommendations and then they couldn't hang them, and

then they fell to us, "the architects were not specifying how to hang them."

So I said, "You people made the recommendation for the fixtures, now you hang them."

Then the third was the wage scale. Every contract has a published wage scale and most contractors honor that, and know about it. I don't even have to read it because they pay the minimum wages, and most often pay more than the government regulations.

But these California people decided they would supply their own labor and ignore the wage scale. So they were now stuck with paying this higher wage, which wouldn't bother the normal contractor one iota.

That's how they got the job, you see. They said, well, they had never received the addendum that specified the wage scale. Well, we had them dead to rights because they had signed for the addendum. When they signed the contract, they signed the fact that they had read all the addendum. This held up the contract for two or three months. Finally, they had to just complete their work.

But this is the kind of thing that gets everybody on edge. The architect makes no money. The poor Indians, they are caught in these things, and they had to have their own attorney to act for him. So you don't want that kind of job.

This is where Jobs 700, 701, and 702 [for First Western Savings] come into play in Tonopah, Elko, and Yerington. Tonopah and Elko have the same floor plan to some extent. Elko was to be a fine unit; I thought that it was going to be the best. But it turned out that it didn't compute according to banking standards. I said it was going to cost \$300,000, and they said, "We can only spend \$100,000."

Well, they wanted me to go ahead and finish the plans anyway. I said, "No use bidding it. You can't do it."

And so I have these elaborate plans for Elko. They said, “Well, we’ll have to modify it.”

I said, “No you won’t. I’m not going to put my name on any junk you want to build in Elko because it’s too proud a town. You can build what you want.”

So they took the same side, it was on Main and Fourth Street. Right across from the Commercial Hotel. It was a splendid location. There was an old drugstore that they wanted me to hash up, and I wouldn’t do it.

So we completed the plans for Tonopah. The reason for that was that Mr. Scott—who was the other associate? Scott and—it’ll come to me. But Scott had the fixation that he wanted to develop Tonopah in the 1900s. He had already put in quite a bit of money in the Mizpah Hotel; I wasn’t the architect for it, but they flossed that up.

And I was asked to design a building that was the turn of the century for Tonopah. Well, what is [laughs] turn of the century? The real building unit in Tonopah was cut stone or brick, and oftentimes, this is sandstone. I don’t know where it came from. Quite a bit of the Mizpah Hotel base was that sandstone. And buildings opposite the Mizpah were the same kind of cut stone.

That was too expensive to use, the modern sense, so I used brick and selected a color that had a granite or sandstone color. It was salt-and-pepper white. But using the brick material, converting it into an adaptive use of classic architecture, trying to emulate cornices and dentils, and horizontal bands. It was a successful adaptation, and all very uniform.

I had a central entrance, which served a vestibule, which went to the right, a small convention room, or rental room, and the other was into the bank proper, from the same entrance. So the convention room could be used as a large meeting room or banking necessity, if needed. But Scott noted

that in small communities they never have a suitable room for night meetings, unless it’s a restaurant, you know, and you don’t like to be obligated that way.

So this was his way of doing something for the community. Whether they charge, I don’t know. The idea was to seat fifty people or less. The rooms would exhibit lore of the area, the Tonopah mining.

Yerington was a little green building on Main Street. It had many uses; the last use was a florist shop. We took that, stripped out the display windows, and made that into an area for the public with a manager’s desk out near the front window. The tellers were in the rear. It’s all very simple. I think we did that for, oh, less than \$100,000, whereas the Tonopah job was over \$300,000.

That just showed the difference in temperament. A banker thinks in terms of his return, and he may be community-minded, but the dollar sign is going to be there before the community has its say.

Well, let’s see. Next job is 703, Campbell’s. Hotel, and that just was a group of attorneys with Campbell as the figurehead. Had a lot, undersized, on which they wanted to build a motel. Well, it just proved to be too small, and the city put too many restrictions on it, so, it just fell aborning. Next job is 704, May, 1980, UNR greenhouse, college of agriculture. Well, I call it a greenhouse, but to me it had a greater attraction.

It was to take the front area of the agricultural building designed years ago, and put sheets of glass two stories above the first floor, encompassing the second and third floor, reaching up from the intermediate floor where some of the principal offices are and going up past the library windows. And that way, create this whole slab of glass unobstructed and facing south, in which Dr. [Joseph E.] Howland —was with the

University, hope he's still there, agriculture department—had this concept and I said, "Great—"

And to exhibit exotic plants, we could hang them from the ceiling of the third floor down to the floor of the first floor, one uninterrupted suspension chain with these plants that they could lower and raise and water by cross-over bridges—and twenty-eight feet wide, but it was a fantastic kind of thing, and it was a lot of fun. But it blew up because just—well, like the post office, there's no funds.

705, Newlands house, remodeling for Mr. and Mrs. James Brennan. This began in July, 1980, and here it is about July, 1981, and nothing has been done except to make some sketches and do a lot of talk. But the Newlands house is up there on the brink of the hill overlooking the river at the end of Elm Court. I think that, neglected all these years after—Thatcher. Thatchers died and the—what was the name of Mrs. Thatcher and her daughter?

Anyway, everything just went to pot. So it had been stripped of all the furnishings, the furniture. And then for some reason, the federal government bought the property. And it's the first time I ever heard of this, the federal government—I mean the National Trust for Historic Preservation. Something over \$300,000 for the property, and then their job was to find a buyer who would restore it and maintain it as a historic building. And all they had to do was restore it to the original appearance on the outside and let people into it at least once a month for a tour if they needed.

But the Brennans have made a practice of buying up old buildings then converting them into bed-and-breakfast type of units. They are very successful in other spots, and they did a very nice thing for the Nob Hill Inn in San Francisco, right under the Nob Hill; it

was in the shadow of the cathedral and Mark Hopkins hotel, and so on.

Why that succeeded and this other has failed, is beyond me because Mr. Brennan said, "Leave the politics to me."

And I said, "Well, you know, you just don't go into a neighborhood and say, 'This is what we're going to do, and let's have a public hearing.' First, you soften them up, then you tell them what you're going to do." George Charchalis and myself both warned him that this was what you must do.

Well, they had their ideas and they got up to the wire, and then sent out this notice, the due notice, through the newly-created city planning commission which took the place of the Regional Planning Commission. And they were all for it.

They said, "Well, we should have some preliminary plans."

Well, all I was able to make was some sketches of their grandiose idea of adding to the Newlands house, and there were, I think, seven or eight rooms in the house itself on the second or third floor.

But then adding this other group of condominiums or whatever—apartments—swish type of things—expanded that building so much. And word got out that we were going to have this huge motel.

If you can't spike that rumor, then there's nothing you can do. Let it burn. And of course, the neighbors were all upset. They were primed to have to go down there and create havoc in a mass meeting.

Well, Brennan pulled it out two days before, and said, "We think we should wait a couple of months."

Well, to me, that was the death knell. I don't think it will ever be done. Somehow, the government—I mean the National Trust—will have to take it back, and somebody will do something there in a sensible manner.

How did he think he was going to handle the politics?

Well, this is what I don't know because he was so naive. He asked George Charchalis and myself who these people were. We arranged introductions and let him meet with them and chat with them. And they came right out and said, "This is what we'd like to do." But they just began waving their arms, you see, without showing anything specific.

Well, the neighbors were upset because of the idea of creating extra traffic in there, and people arriving at all hours of the night. Tried to tell them that's not the case; these people are going to pay from \$100 to \$150 a night. They're not a bunch of boozers coming in. They're coming, most of them, by airplane. They're apparently fine people. They don't want to go to a hotel like Harrah's or all the rest of them, the commercial hotels.

But you know, once people get a concept of something, you can't talk them out of it.

Well, that's probably one of the most historic and certainly one of the most conservative neighborhoods in the city.

Yes. Well, I'm very concerned about how it's going, because starting at the top of the hill on California Avenue, here's Mrs. McLaughlin, very, very sick. Then comes the Parsons, then comes Dr. Ford (who hasn't divorced his wife but we never see him), and he's got two lovely children and a very sweet and charming wife, and then the mother—I don't know whether it's mother-in-law, mother, but anyway—taking care of the children, too.

Then comes, going on east, is Dr. [Vinton] Muller's house, which was then—a very fine person from San Francisco—but somehow he got disillusioned in Reno, and then decided

to sell the house. The new owners are Mr. and Mrs. Douglass, of the Comstock Hotel.

Now, comes Dr. [John] Iliac. He had that tragic fire about a year ago Christmastime. He has done nothing with it, and there it's sitting full of cars, and trailers, and all kinds of junky automobiles, and how he gets by using that as a parking lot on this beautiful site and all boarded up

Then next is old Dr. Hood's house; I shouldn't say, "old Dr. Hood," but, Dr. Hood's former house, which is owned by some San Francisco people, I understand. What their business is, I don't know, but they very much resented the program that Mr. Brennan had.

So we've got a neighborhood that is—I wouldn't say it's in transition—but it's certainly stalemated because of lack of any continuity.

Then, on down we get into some very nice old homes that are being maintained by attorneys, young attorneys, buying them and restoring them, and doing a nice job of painting and keeping them up.

I was in the Price house not long ago, and it's magnificent! They haven't touched a stick, unless they put a pair of doors between the entrance hall and the former dining room, creating an office. But they did it in good taste. They put in glass doors in this former framed opening, a conventional central hall and living room to one side, and dining room to the other. Then the stairway going up. The woodwork is in magnificent shape.

Of course, then Mr. Tom Cooke's house, and it's in fine shape. Then down at the corner of Arlington and Court Street, is an attorney's—well, they've done a nice job with restoring, preserving the architecture of the outside. That was, of course, Senator McCarran's house. And it had gone to a state of disrepair up until the last five years. And then these people bought it and now it's a showplace, really. A nice-looking parking lot,

and done in good taste with a brick planter around and nice shrubbery and trees. Good use of brick.

The Hawkins house, which was bought by the NAG, Nevada Art Gallery. Now it has another name. And in the first place, they got the wrong person, in my estimation. A landscape architect, who began to put a colonnade in this quarter-circular formation around, cut down all the trees, and bricked in the parking lot, and then put this semi-quarter colonnade, the columns not matching the original columns. And either that, or there should have been just a nice square post, so it didn't detract from the architecture of the building. It's too bad. To me, it has spoiled the significance of that beautiful house, the Hawkins house. And I remember being in it years ago as a youngster to a tea dance.

I didn't mean to divert into what's happened to California Avenue [laughs], but, it's—. You can keep that as a matter of record, or throw it out later. We'll just see what happens, because it's going to be in a state of flux. Ten years is going to make a big difference.

The Indian Colony addition to the gymnasium, which is simply—will be out for bids soon. It's some of the things that should have been in the gymnasium, a large all-purpose room for dancing, but chiefly to sell snacks. Then off that, ironically, are two rooms to be used for dieting instructions [laughs]. So fatten them up and then take them in and show them how to reduce. That obesity seems to be a problem with the Indian Colony. I enjoy working with them, though. They're nice people, they're good people.

Then, Job 706-A was the acoustical treatment for the gymnasium. We never had enough money to properly do that. So I got an acoustical engineer. We paid him, and that's as far as it's gone; that can be done.

I made some preliminary plans for Job 707, what I call the Indian Colony "community roundness building." This is a building to take care of preschool youngsters and senior citizens.

Now, the idea of roundness came to me when I talked to a person in San Francisco who understood, what she calls Native American philosophy of life. That's the roundness. And I actually designed this building in a circular formation, starting with the youngsters, and finishing life with the senior citizens.

Well, you can imagine what's going into this building, the kind of things the seniors want and the kind of things that you need to teach preschool people.

Then, finally, Job 708 was to be the Indian Colony dental offices, which we never did include with the health facility building. It's an awful lot of planning but nothing gets done.

* * * * *

Well, this brings me up to date, completing the architectural—I don't know how to say it. I hope it's not completing my career, but it's certainly bringing my work to a standstill. Well, we'll have to find a suitable conclusion later.

I was going to ask you, with new economic conditions, what kind of an impact do you see this making?

Depends on side the fence you're on. Certain people, architects and engineers, are completing work that was started a year or two years ago. Such as the pavilion building—Cazazza and Peetz are doing that. They almost lost it to the legislative action, and, now it's going out for bonds. One in Las Vegas and one in Reno.

The Coliseum addition, that, we hope, will go on, but I'm not going to hold my breath because I can't live off promises or politics [laughs].

Sheehan and Haase are very busy with work that they have developed themselves. And they're splendid architects.

But for all of us, the handwriting's on the wall. I don't know what is going to happen. Developers who want to build shopping centers and casinos, hotels, they're going to still press on, and they're the ones who are going to make the money, or set the pace.

It's hard to tell you what's going to happen. I talked to young—I shouldn't say young, but younger than P—Milton Sharp, structural engineer. I said, "How's business?"

"Fine," he says, "never been so busy in all my life."

"But," he says, "I'm doing something that has nothing to do with building."

"That's that?"

He says, "Mining."

Mining has picked up some money because he's so busy making surveys, running his transit. I don't know what he's doing, but that he was so busy keeping the crew going that way. Well, that's fine, but it's not a building sign of any progress that way.

I'll be looking for other things to do.

THOUGHTS ON THE SIGNIFICANT CONTRIBUTIONS TO ARCHITECTURE, THE PROFESSION, AND THE COMMUNITY

Over the last forty years—and, of course, we develop a philosophy in that length of time, looking back at what you feel you might have accomplished. I'd like to divide it up into three categories.

One, "Architecture-Buildings," two, "Contributions to the profession," particularly the American Institute of Architects, as testified by certain awards. And then, three, the community awards, and functions that I've served on and enjoyed over the past. I won't go into every one because it'd just make a long list of stuff that's already been talked about.

But working backwards, you might say, from the most recent, I'd put Number One in the category of architecture, the Nevada State capitol rehabilitation, planning, and interior detailing.

The reason I qualified—because I was not the prime architect; Gribben, Clark Gribben was the prime contractor, as they call it, because they selected him as an engineer, thinking that the architecture was subservient to that. Perhaps that was a good way of doing

it, but I'd like to think it the other way around, that the architect is primarily first, and then the engineer.

However, I was assigned the task of doing the interior because I had a background for the historic past. But more important to me was the solving of the use of the building. Instead of try to make something as it stood, why couldn't we improve it by cutting off, rearranging things. And this is where the "light at the end of the tunnel" came when I said, "All right. We've got to get the two ends linked with the four coordinates of the building. Primarily one area to the secretary of state, and the other to the governor."

And by doing that, it saved the building. Just a simple solution. Thus, we preserved the spirit of the building. I won't go into all the details of planning. So I feel that that was a major achievement.

Two was the Heroes Memorial Building, and this we called "adaptive reuse." Recalling that the Heroes Memorial Building was designed and built for the World War I veterans, 1920, 1921. And it served that way

for about ten or fifteen years. And then, it began—encroachment began to come. So the biggest use I remember was the use of the highway department. They kept the upstairs for the veterans; they met up there for years.

But when I was given that job, we were able to turn a lot of things around, and remodel both the upstairs, the downstairs, for the attorney general's office, and thereby saved another building, and put the veterans in a different location. And everybody's happy. I've had many compliments on that.

Third was the Morrill Hall restoration. That job took ten years from the talk stage through to the final move-in. I don't think I have to go into that because I've already pretty well covered it.

Fourth in value, I think, was the Incline High School, and its addition. It's the only high school I've ever done, but it was a building that solved a lot of problems. Being built in the Incline area, that gave me the opportunity of putting an entry on each floor—a grade entry, I'm trying to say. It's a good solution. Again, I won't go into detail.

Next, I'm proud of the School of Medical Sciences. It was built in three phases, one, two, and three. The last phase hasn't been named, that I know of, but, the first two was Fred Anderson building, the other one was Ed Manville. Each phase solved a new problem. But I just learned that the new architect is using my basic thoughts to go into the phase-four structure. He couldn't find a way to get around me, you see, [laughs] so they had to copy some things. And that's always flattering. I take it as a form of flattery, not resentful, because why they didn't choose me is somebody else's business. (I don't think I failed, but, I guess they just wanted a change of scenery.)

Six, well, are three fire stations: Skyline, Kings Row, and the airport fire station. Fire

stations are fascinating things, and this is why I think I made a contribution in that way to the city.

Seven, there are certain buildings on campus for UNR, which are: the agricultural building, the Home Economics building, greenhouses, and I say Three and Five above which include, of course, Morrill Hall and the Medical Science buildings. So I consider those all as a group.

Eight, are three Prison projects. It's fascinating, now, when you look back, when I first started, I think it was Job Number 71. It was started before World War II, and it was making an addition to the cell block. Then, later on, we had another addition to the cell block, and finally, a recreation building for—well, there's two lines of prisoners, the hard line and the soft line—the soft line prisoners. So, lumping those three, I had quite a prison experience. I felt that I had a contribution there, had made a contribution.

Nine, are seven residences, I could count a lot more, but I'm just stopping with seven. The Dexter, the Payne, the Luce, the Landers, the Beemer, the Marks, and the Christman residences. Each one was a special problem, and unique in that sense, but I look back on them as achievements.

Then finally, Ten, the libraries. The libraries are just as interesting as a school. So there was one in Fallon and one in Lovelock. They're not spectacular, but they are pleasing libraries for the community. The community is proud of them. And so therefore, I am proud of them.

Now, looking at the profession, I look with greatest pride, I guess, at RUDAT. RUDAT was the study for Reno for its possible redevelopment. I can't think of what the initials stand for, but it's in my brochure. The interesting thing was that I was the contact or liaison for the architects. We brought on these

specialists from different parts of the country under the RUDAT program, sponsored by the American Institute of Architects.

Being cochairman, I got a tremendous write-up in the papers for about a month. It seemed like every other day was an editorial or program about RUDAT. The newspapers were fascinated by it.

I was asking Wallie Warren early in the program, "Gee, Wallie, how can we get some publicity here?"

When it was all over, he said, "You didn't need anybody. You did it all by yourself [laughs]!"

It was great. So it was an excellent program, and some of the suggestions have been used, but it has been forgotten as being initiated by RUDAT.

One particularly is the park on the river that links Wingfield Park on First Street, right across from that Methodist church. This brick-terraced park goes down the river and then leads you through a couple of wooden bridges, takes you across the island to the Trinity Episcopal Church. We suggested that in the RUDAT program. They followed our multimillion-dollar-building program.

Number Two, here, the profession, the ALA awarded me Fellowship. It had its roots in RUDAT, also, with the SIR award, which I have listed under "Community"

Third, in my feeling of achievement, after the Fellowship, would be historic preservation. I've listed several projects there beginning with Bowers Mansion, Morrill Hall, the capitol, Virginia City courthouse, the Berlin mill, the Lake Mansion, the Belmont courthouse, and the Genoa courthouse. There are some other historic preservation projects, but, those are distinctive, I think, in their own.

And, fourth, I was made State of Nevada Preservation Coordinator by the American Institute of Architects for historic buildings.

I've served on other kinds of committees for the ALA, but just like being president of your local chapter and treasurer of your local chapter, and serving on a judiciary committee for a period.

You're a founder of the ALA in Nevada, aren't you?

That's right. I was a founder of the—not the ALA, but for the state board [of architecture], yes.

Then under "Community," I list as Number One out of five distinctive things, being awarded this recognition to the AGC with the SIR award, which stood for sincerity, integrity, and responsibility. The interesting thing about that, after the ninth, of which I was the ninth recipient, after this started locally, it was picked up by the AGC nationally. And now, President Reagan has received a SIR award. So, there are going to be lots of them awarded in the future.

And I served for a long time on the Comstock Historic District Commission, and a great number of years on the Regional Planning Commission, and there was a one-year term.

For about five or six years, I served with the Reno Unlimited and "Reno-vation," stressing the "Reno." And I served with the Opera Guild and the Nevada Art Gallery, of which I was a chairman for one year.

I guess you could include six, the—was it in 1959—you mentioned before, you wanted me to say something about Urban Renewal. And I certainly, I draw a blank there. I don't know why it doesn't register more. All I know is that the Urban Renewal was controversial, we stirred up a lot of things in town. I never really believed in it. It kicked a lot of people out of their homes, plowed up a lot of stuff, and then, for years, turn it into redevelopment

area. Instead of letting people live there, it was converted into commercial. I never really identified with it.

I do recall, in contrast to the way things are done now, that we had an awful time with press. We just couldn't get any press. At the time, we met in the city hail, the old city hall, on First and Center Street. Around the corner was the Gazette and Journal office; I guess it was the Journal office, anyway.

No one—say the meeting had started seven-thirty, and nobody was there until eight. And eight o'clock came by, and I said, "Thy isn't the press here?" I was the chairman and I was angry. I said, "Hold everything!"

I went down and raised hell and got the pressmen to come up. I said, "Now, you cover us because you're going to write the wrong thing about us when it's all done. I want you to listen to this step-by-step procedure that Uncle Sam is making us go through."

And there were fifty preliminary steps, and then fifty to follow up with later. I guess that's why I just resented the whole thing.

Well, it had had kind of a stormy history before you became chairman. You know, it was declared unconstitutional, and then the Supreme Court did act and say that it was constitutional. It got all involved in the freeway fight.

Yes, and I guess that's where I just didn't know what was going on. I was too naive. An architect is not—I don't like to get embroiled in political things. But it's funny how you get picked to do something.

I served on all kinds of juries. Boy, I don't want any more jury duty [laughs], grand jury and federal jury and local Washoe County juries. And you've done your part, and I respect—then you get tagged on with this Urban Renewal, which was a follow-up of

something. Well, I don't think I contributed anything to the Urban Renewal [laughs].

That's interesting, for something to go on and take that much of your attention and then for you to be able to—.

Bill Griswold. He was the man I couldn't think of his name. [William] Bill Griswold, a young man then, was appointed as the staff member. Well, being the product of a lawyer, he loved the A-B-C procedure, I guess. To me, it just turned me off. And, I remember, particularly, was a— we were going to clear this one area—people would have to give up their homes.

Well, I was going to clean up on Bill Griswold, who was appointed staff liaison. But we were having a hearing for the people in the area that were going to have to give up their homes. There was testimonial pictures showing these shabby kind of buildings. And that didn't bother most of the people, but there was a woman—can you recall a prominent brick manufacturer? Well, her house was threatened. It was a big two-story house. It was her mother, I think, Mrs. [Dorothy] Ginocchio.

Well, I remember her, and I think it was her mother— another name—but, anyway, her mother's house was in the path for demolition. I had feeling about this, which I know now is true, that it was a government project, it's going to take three years to get even developed, and another three years to initiate it. I figured, well, it would be ten years before that house was ever touched.

I think of this old lady who was then eighty. I didn't come out and say it, but I simply said, "Mrs. So-and-so, don't worry. We won't touch your house."

And Bill [Griswold] pulled me by the shirttail, or the back of the coat, or whatever,

to get me to sit down, stop talking. I was making predictions, or making statements that he couldn't back up, or nobody could back up. But I didn't like to have anybody upset over the fact that they were going to take her house out from under her. That's a way to start a brushfire. There's no question about it.

I learned that more in the years past, too. Anytime you have a zoning change in your neighborhood, and somebody lights the spark, you start a fire and the whole thing's an explosion. It takes years to quiet, But sure enough, she died before the house was ever touched.

I do remember Mrs. Ginocchio as being a flashy person. Those people didn't bother me because they're part of human nature, or of life, and by golly, they've all got a right to their point of view.

I'm sitting there in my house on California Avenue, and got the same situation. Maybe I can edit this out later, but below me, starting east of Dr. Muller's house, which is now the Douglass house, Mr. Jack Douglass, general manager of the Comstock Hotel and Casino. East of him comes Iliescu. Iliescu had the fire. That was a year and a half ago at Christmastime. The boards are still up on the house, the property is full of junked automobiles—it's a used-car lot.

Next to him is the Hood house, which is bought by a San Francisco person. He chopped down all the trees and apparently some day, he'll make something out of it. It'll be sort of a rebirth. I don't know what his plans are.

Now, east of him, is Mr. Brennan, who owns, through the National Trust for Historic Preservation, the Thatcher house —going back the Newlands house, Senator Newlands.

So, two homes, Iliescu and Newlands, right now, are sort of in a devastation area. That's why I say, something's going to happen,

maybe the next couple of years, but it's disgraceful that we let Iliescu clutter up the whole neighborhood with that.

It's disgraceful we can't get Mr. Brennan to move. He wants to build bed-and-breakfast type of project there. But if he'd gone in to the neighbors and said, "This is what I want to do, I want to do things that are not going to upset you. If you've got any suggestions, let me know."

But he let the—he decided he would go through the [city] council first. Well, it backfired, you see. The neighbors, after they got wind of it, then, they got all up in arms.

The same thing happened with Iliescu. And so then, when they made—Mayor Dibitonto made the famous edict, "If you can't trust your doctor, whom can you trust?" [Laughs] It had no place in that at all.

Well, it developed—you can't trust people, and what they say they're going to do. I know, Doc Iliescu, for instance, is very emotional, and he was just struck numb by that fire. He's lost his incentive to do something with it. But, why was it—even before the fire, he had all these automobiles in there. Why was he cluttering up the neighborhood with this kind of thing when it was zoned R-5, and that doesn't include a used-car lot.

So who's going to start to raise a fuss? It's gonna be Ed Parsons because I'm the only guy on that block that has any sensitivity about what's happening. The rest of the people don't care. I hate to be the guy that always is starting the ruckus.

MARRIAGE AND FAMILY LIFE

I'd like to give a resume of my wife's life and history. Helen was born Helen Steinmiller, and is a native Nevadan. She was born October 29, 1911 in Reno. It was on Ridge Street, I believe. She attended Mount Rose grade school and Northside junior high school. She graduated from Reno High School in 1928.

She won a scholarship to Mills College, California, as a post graduate and earned a Bachelor of Music and a Master of Arts degree in 1935.

During her college years, she joined the Kappa Alpha Theta sorority in 1929, became a member of the Chi Delta Phi (Literary Society) in 1931, was a four-year member of the YWCA, president, in 1932, and was an accompanist for the women's glee club, and men's glee club.

She started the Cosmopolitan Club at the University of Nevada. She was on the honor roll. She tells me she originated the secondhand bookstore for college texts, under Dr. Clark.

For three seasons, Helen was a piano accompanist for Dr. Ted Post, playing in the "Messiah" by Handel and the "Elidah" by Mendelssohn.

In 1932, she received the Harold Bauer music scholarship at Mills College. From 1935 to 1938, Helen taught and studied music in San Francisco. It was during that time that I met Helen, while she was in San Francisco and coming back and forth to Reno.

Helen and I met at a bridge party through Florence Nichols. She was a college chum. Both Helen and I played bridge so terribly that [laughs] we thought it was fun. We came to know each other and later fell in love.

During the 1940s and early 1950s, Helen taught piano to young people. In the meantime, of course, Helen and I were married in—don't let me forget [laughs]—September 10, 1938. (Boy, that's terrible [laughs].)

We went to—of course, this was just the climb out of the Depression—we went to Canada for a few days on our honeymoon, and it was in an art shop that I looked in my wallet—I was about to make a purchase, and I said, "Helen, we got to go home." I had ten dollars left [laughs] in my wallet!

We had planned two weeks and I had just one day left, but I couldn't go that far. So we

started for home and made it on the last ten bucks.

After the war years, two children, Edward and Alice, were born.

Helen's civic and cultural activities included a performance at the Twentieth Century Club in 1940, with piano compositions of her own and Debussy and Schumann.

She was cochairman of the residential section for the Red Cross fund drive in 1957. She was membership chairman of the Community Concert Association from 1958 to 1959 season.

I want to pause there a minute because whenever Helen does anything, she does it in a first-class way. She oversold the membership. Mr. Gordon Sampson was a staunch pillar of the Community Concert Association, and when she came in with this over-selling, knowing that all people don't go at the same time, that was still a no-no to Mr. Sampson [laughs]. I think there was a bit of jealousy there, because she had a splendid year for that year.

She was general chairman for the Kappa Alpha Theta fashion show for the Nevada Children's Foundation, in 1959.

She organized and managed youth summer band programs for four seasons—1959 through 1962—an average of sixty students from all grade schools, meeting in the California Building.

And I want to pause there because she's always been interested in music, of course, and bands. The reward for the kids' attending was ice cream and cake after this onehour performance, you see, in the California Building. What was done was to engage a high-school band director each season. One season was Mr. Neal, Reno High School, and they paid them a pittance of ten dollars a night, or sixty dollars a season.

Usually that money was gained by hitting the service clubs for a few dollars, and other

organizations. So they got enough money to buy the refreshments and pay the director.

Then, those kids that didn't have instruments, like a tuba, the high school or grade school would loan them up to a point. And then it became a problem with the insurance. The high school began asking, "Well, look, we can't guarantee these instruments because our insurance doesn't cover them when they're not being used within the school district."

So it just shows how times change. You get something going and then somebody's got to throw a monkey wrench in it, inadvertently. We couldn't criticize the high school or the grade schools, but it just ended the program, after four years.

But at the time, Richard Neutra was in association with us in planning the convention hall on South Virginia, and he said—well, I must just read it as I wrote it before:

The late Richard J. Neutra, world-known architect, whose wife is an accomplished cellist, wrote, "I have been in many towns, and everywhere I can see the pull-together power of music. It is a real 'glue.' It will work amazingly and best when it is applied early to youngsters. Mrs. Parsons is doing a wonderful job in overcoming all obstacles and in succeeding to get her band of young people under fine leadership to practice, perform and love it. I have seen the attentive and eager faces myself when I made it my business to attend one of the early rehearsals.

"Having seen a good part of the world—not as a tourist—I can only congratulate Reno and Sparks for having so many civic organizations

at work in the interest of youth and music.”

Well, that appeared in the paper, of course, and it meant a lot to Helen.

They didn’t have music, and the arts didn’t have the backing that it has now. They’ve got so many organizations you don’t know how to count them now, all geared to youth and arts and so on.

Helen has been serving on the Alumni Council at the UNR since 1978, with emphasis on music. One of her particular interests is to stimulate, and has stimulated the reestablishment of the UNR marching band.

Helen has been a member and president of the Tumbleweeds Garden Club for the last fifteen years. She has been a member of the Monday Club and is past president of the same. Monday Club—that was a very old and established club of elder women. I think that was one of Helen’s ambitions, to become a member. Her mother was a member long before.

I had the pleasure of reading the minutes. They went back into the 1920s, and they were fantastic in their brevity and simplicity. They didn’t keep minutes for the sake of posterity, they were just keeping minutes to say what they

Six, well, are three fire stations: Skyline, Kings Row, and the airport fire station. Fire stations are fascinating things, and this is why I think I made a contribution in that way to the city.

Seven, there are certain buildings on campus for UNR, which are: the agricultural building, the Home Economics building, greenhouses, and I say Three and Five above which include, of course, Morrill Hall and the Medical Science buildings. So I consider those all as a group.

Eight, are three Prison projects. It’s fascinating, now, when you look back, when

I first started, I think it was Job Number 71. It was started before World War II, and it was making an addition to the cell block. Then, later on, we had another addition to the cell block, and finally, a recreation building for—well, there’s two lines of prisoners, the hard line and the soft line—the soft line prisoners. So, lumping those three, I had quite a prison experience. I felt that I had a contribution there, had made a contribution.

Nine, are seven residences, I could count a lot more, but I’m just stopping with seven. The Dexter, the Payne, the Luce, the Landers, the Beemer, the Marks, and the Christman residences. Each one was a special problem, and unique in that sense, but I look back on them as achievements.

It’s hard to get the relationship between, which set of parents they now have, you see. But that’ll work out in time.

We want to have—well, we’ve given a piano to Katie. Want her to take music lessons and we’re going to give those to her when she gets started in school in September. She’s an accomplished ballet dancer. All girls love ballet. But she’s very talented. She was in a class of high school students, and doing this same perfectionist type of work that the high school students were doing.

We watched them perform, and, I never saw anybody concentrate—in her perfecting her steps, she knew what she wanted to do, and she did it. Some kids flitter through it. If they bump into somebody, it doesn’t matter. [Laughs] They still flitter around. But, if Katie ever bumped into somebody, she would be very upset.

David is real boy and he’s a cute little fellow. Katie is slender and always been tall, sort of lanky, as a number of girls are. But David is chubby; he takes after his mother’s side of the family.

CONCLUDING THOUGHTS

I'm not much of a one to pump up or aggrandize my wife or children, or others close by. It doesn't mean I love them less. But some people can go on and on to the point of being boring. I just want to say that I'm a natural parent, or natural grandparent.

I have, I believe, in this world lots of friends but not what I'd call "bosom friends." Never have I been one to go around from week to week or year to year with a particular friend. Some people can do this. They carry that friendship all through the rest of their lives. I like to say I have many friends, but no bosom companions. I don't know whether that makes me strange or not. It's just the way I am built.

I think that one thing that probably affected my life as much as anything else was being orphaned at an early age. Therefore, you don't develop a rapport with the foster parents, or the aunt-and-uncle relationship. I still think of my aunt, Ann Lockman, and my uncle, Frank Lockman as an aunt and uncle. But I should think of them as parents because

they did a grand job of raising my brother and me. To have somebody to absolutely confide in, I never felt a strong desire to go to either of them, or anybody for that matter. This is not to make excuses or feel sorry for myself, I just think that's the way it was, way it is.

I'd like to have known my father better because he died when I was too young to remember more than between the ages of six and seven. And my mother from six to eleven. The rest of the time was always with somebody else as being responsible for bringing us up.

So I developed a degree of self-reliance, you might say, which makes me—I can't—*austere* isn't the word. Reserved. But I always had a good time in high school dances and being able to get around and be with people. I couldn't let everything all go.

But somehow, I feel it was all for the good. Especially at this time now, when President Reagan is having such trouble. Maybe not trouble. I admired him tremendously with his handling of the air controller's strike. I think it's just magnificent. And the reason he's so is

because we're the same age. Being seventy, he knows what the Depression was. He knows what army life is. He knows what selfdiscipline is.

And our people, in this world, are not self-disciplined. They have this so-called "right" to insult anybody on the streets; if they don't like the way you drive, they lean out the window and bawl you out. These are the slobs of life. That, I think, is the best way I can express it. If I were a politician, I wouldn't use the word. But, we got so many of that type of people that think that the world is their apple, and it is not. They haven't learned discipline in their homes. Their parents don't care, and lots of them want to kick them out anyway because they're a nuisance.

Well, [laughs] I didn't come here to philosophize, but I hope that this thing works out to put these people back in their place, so to speak, or give them such a jolt that they'll know they'll have to work for the next job they have.

Well, I'd like to end with something that is meaningful, just a phrase or expression or a sentence. Maybe it's a philosophy of how I've governed myself through all these years, in my relationship with people and with my work.

I've enjoyed all phases of it. Sure, there've been some rough times, but everybody has rough times. It's knowing how not to let it get you down that counts in the end.

I wish I could remember the Optimist Creed, but the first few stanzas are, "Promise yourself to be so strong that nothing can disturb your peace of mind. To talk health, happiness, and prosperity to every person you meet." (Well, I've got to go and get the rest of that creed because it's a beautiful creed without being sanctimonious or have deep religious connotations. I mean, it's just a good principle to live by without being stuffy.)

So let me end there. I hope this really comes out just the way you and I want it.

But don't count me out yet!

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